THE FRA

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The Earth is Given as a Common Stock for Man to Labor and Live on—*Thomas Jefferson*

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



A NURSERYMAN, down South, wrote me a letter and added this little postscript, "In districts where the open saloon has been abolished, I find my business much improved."

That is all he said, but dull indeed is the brain that cannot see here the text for an earnest lesson.

That postscript meant that the surplus earnings that used to go for strong drink, are now in many instances being invested in garden-seeds, flowers and trees.

It does n't take much money to buy a package of hollyhock seeds. Pinks, peonies, sweet-williams, nasturtiums, morning-glories and larkspur are not expensive. They do, however, require care to make them grow and blossom.

¶ I think it can safely be asserted that a man with a taste for strong drink does not plant flowers and trees, nor does he take a pride in his vegetable garden.

Can't you tell the home of a drunkard as you pass it?

Does not a drunkard's team proclaim him?

Do not his little children, with mute lips, relate the awful story of his life?

Does his wife need to say anything on the subject?

The worst about strong drink is not that it wastes money, but that if its use is continued, it destroys in the man's soul all appreciation and desire for White Hyacinths.

Not only that, but it blights and withers all desire for beauty in those about him. He puts them under the dominion of hate and fear.

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They have no inclination to plant trees or make flower beds. They can only weep.
The beer garden may have its use in Germany, but in America, let this solemn fact stand, that the saloon stops the sale of flower seeds
You cannot successfully irrigate flowers with either strong drink or woman's tears.
So speaking just as a business man and a landscape gardener, I say we would do well to use our quiet influence to help the saloon keeper into a better business.
Men with the Saloon Habit are not happy, neither do they have happy families. Only happy people have flower gardens and plant trees. This is because only happy people love; and flowers and trees will not grow in gardens unless you love them.

Time is the solvent and the dissolver of all



ALBERT GALLATIN DOW was born August the Sixteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Eight. He died at Randolph, New York, May the Twenty-fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Eight. His life was the nearest normal of any I ever knew. His death was as natural as life—he simply went to sleep, and forgot to awaken As a successful student of the science of life he was as great as Louis Carnaro.
¶ There are very, very few natural deaths—most people die through accident, because a part gives out.
This man wrote business and social letters the day before his death, signed checks, made garden, gathered wild-flowers, reviewed the political situation, and gently chided a neighboring preacher for his lack of faith in God and humanity, for believing that any one would be punished eternally.
His eyesight was that of a man of forty, his hearing was perfect, his teeth good, his hair plentiful. He delighted in Emerson, read all of the Good Stuff, loved music, and was on good terms with animate nature. He was a business man—a manufacturer, banker and farmer
His life was sane, useful—happy. After his fiftieth year he was never ill. Before this he had had bilious attacks and was subject to moods of despondency.
His rebellious stomach taught him a great truth—he must simplify and cut down his food supply. He did so, and found that about one-half of the quantity he had been eating, fully sufficed his needs.
He ate what he liked, masticating thoroughly. Taste, to him, was the test He made the century run, lacking three months. He was a worker and a learner to the last.

We are Idealists, and therefore know that we, ourselves, are not ideal.



IN the best of modern hotels the bar is modestly referred to as a "buffet." It is usually hidden away in some obscure corner of the nether region The men who patronize it are always apologetic, sometimes apoplectic, and usually try to hide the odor of their lack of sanctity with sensen or coffee grains, or by sundry devices, more or less innocent but always obvious
To use strong drink to excess is always a disgrace
Intemperance in eating should be.
Drink is not the only enemy you can put into your mouth to steal away your brains. Excess baggage in way of decaying food supply stored in your hold, will work the robbery just as well. Senility is caused by toxins in the blood; the brain is improperly nourished and goes a sad, bad way of its own, unmindful of the rudder, landing on the rocks of Doctor's Cove, and they send you to the operating room in a breeches buoy, there to remove your walletoski.
In order to be acceptable to society and the people who have to live with us, we should avoid transforming ourselves into a garbage barge. A bad breath means bad thoughts—for those who have to endure it at least.
Not a little insanity can be traced directly to contamination of the well of English manhood, undefiled.
The engine works, the wheels revolve, but the screw is befouled with a hawser, and the pilot is drunk at his post. Ruin in high heels and a straight front corset laughs a hysteric cry like the wail of a Keener drunk on pepper-sauce. And perdie, your soul is a-wash on a sea of bilge

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Appendicitis is one of the direct results of dietetic sin ❧ Impaction always precedes intestinal inflammation. This condition cannot possibly occur with a person who does not violate Nature's laws. The man who properly masticates cannot eat any more food than Nature easily takes care of. To fletcherize and yet take drugs would be an anomaly, a paradox and a contradiction.

In order to eat twenty-five per cent more food than you need, you have to bolt it. And if you are in the habit of bolting, you will swallow twenty-five per cent more than you need, and telephone in hysteric falsetto for Beecham and Carter to grant you absolution, or Peruna to administer the rite of extreme unction. And you float into paradise on the fumes of a cheap cocktail.

Who wants to go to heaven, anyway! Earth is really better, for when you are on earth you are with your Mother—Mother Nature. Eat rightly and you will not get homesick, nor die in Matteawan of Nostalgia.

Heaven is only an orphan asylum where institutionalism reigns. Here we can do as we wish—and if we wish to do right, Mother tells us how. And if we fletcherize, things always taste like those Mother used to make. With Mother we are happy and content; and when twilight gathers and for us the day is done, she will hold us in her loving arms and croon us a lullaby, as care casts anchor in the harbor of a dream.

❧

Very positive men have a great need of being very right, otherwise they may be very wrong.

❧



AT the recent funeral of Riley Grannan at Rawhide, his friend, H. W. Knickerbocker, made a speech. Neither the deceased, the orator, nor yet the oration require any apology or criticism from me. ¶ Said Mr. Knickerbocker:

I feel that it is incumbent upon me to state that I occupy no ministerial or prelatic position. I am only a prospector. I make no claims to moral merit whatever, or to religious authority except it be the religion of the brotherhood of man. I wish to be taken only as a man among men, feeling that I can shake hands and style as my brother the most humble of you all. If there may come from me a word of moral admonition, it springs not from a sense of moral superiority, only from the depths of my experience.

Riley Grannan was born at Paris, Kentucky, about forty years ago. He cherished all the dreams of boyhood ❧ Those dreams found their fruition in phenomenal financial success. From the position of a bell-boy in a hotel he arose to be a celebrity of world-wide fame. Riley Grannan was one of the Greatest Plungers the continent has produced. He died day before yesterday at Rawhide.

Born where brooks and rivers run musically through prolific soil, where Magnolia Grandiflora like white stars glow in a firmament of green; where lakes, the greensward and softest summer breezes dimple the wavelets; where the air is resonant with the melody of a thousand sweet-voiced birds and redolent of the perfume of blooming flowers: that was the beginning ❧ Riley Grannan died in Rawhide, where in winter the tops of the mountains are clothed in garments of ice, and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton of the desert. ¶ Is there in this a picture of universal life? Sometimes, when I look upon the circumstances of life there comes to my lips a curse. I relate to you only my views. If these run counter to yours, believe that what I say is sincere. When I see the ambitions of man defeated, when I see him struggling with mind and body to accomplish his end, when I see his aim and purpose frustrated only by fortuitous combination of circumstances over which he can exert no control, when I see his outstretched hands about to grasp the flag of victory, and to see instead the emblem of defeat, I ask, what is life? What is life? Dreams, awakening, death. Life is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear. Life is but a momentary halt within the waste, and then the nothing we set out from ❧ Life is a shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound, signifying nothing. Life is a child-blown bubble that but reflects the shadow of its environment and is gone, a mockery, a sham, a lie, a fool's vision, its happiness but Dead Sea apples, its pain the crunching of a tyrant's heel. Omar says it better when he says:

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We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game he plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here and There as strikes the Player goes
And he that toss'd you down into the Field.
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!

He knows. But I don't. That's my mood ✍ Not so with Riley Grannan.

If I have guaged his character correctly, he accepted the circumstances surrounding him as the mystic officials to whom the universe had delegated its whole office concerning him ✍ He took defeat and victory with equal equanimity. He was a man of placid exterior ✍ His meteoric past shows him invincible in spirit, and it is not irreverently that I proclaim him a Dead Game Sport.

When I use that phrase I do so filling it as full of human love as it will hold ✍ Riley Grannan fully exemplified the philosophy of those fugitive verses:

It's easy enough to be happy, when life
goes along like a song;
But the man worth while, is the man who will
smile, when everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble, and it always
comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the homage of earth
is the smile that shines through the tears.

There are those who will condemn him ✍ They believe that to-day he is reaping the reward of a misspent life. There are those who are dominated by medieval creeds ✍ Them I am not addressing. They are ruled by the dead hand of the past. They fail to see the moral side of a character lived outside of their puritanical ideas. Riley Grannan's goodness was not of a type that reached its highest manifestations in ceremonious piety. It found its expression in the hand clasp of friendship. It found its voice in the word of cheer to a discouraged brother. His were deeds of quiet charity ✍ His were acts of simple manhood.

Riley Grannan lived in the world of sport. My words are not minced, because I am telling what I believe to be true. It was the world of sport, sometimes of hilarity, sometimes worse. He left the impress of his character upon us all, and through the medium of his financial power he was able with his money to brighten the lives of all who knew him. He wasted his money, so the world says; but did it ever occur to you that the men and women of such class upon whom he wasted it are yet men and women? ✍ A little happiness brought into their lives means as much to them as happiness carried into the lives of the straight and the good. If you can take one ray of sunshine into the night-life and thereby carry a single hour of happiness, you are a benefactor. Riley Grannan did this.

God does not confine His sunbeams to the nourishing of potatoes and corn. His scattering of sunshine is prodigal. Contemplate!—He flings the auroral beauties round the cold shoulders of the North. He hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above the palpitating heart of the desert. He scatters the sunbeams like shattered gold upon the bosom of a myriad of lakes that gem the robe of Nature ✍ He spangles the canopy of night with star jewels and silvers the world with the reflected beams from on high. He hangs the gorgeous crimson curtain of the occident across the sleeping-room of the sun.

God wakes the coy maid of the morning to step timidly from her boudoir of darkness, to climb the steep of the orient, to fling wide the gates of morning and to trip o'er the landscape, kissing the flowers in her flight. She arouses the world to herald with their music the coming of her King, who floods the world with effulgent gold ✍ These are wasted sunbeams. Are they? I say to you that the man or woman who by the use of money or power is able to smooth one wrinkle from the brow of human care or to change one moan or sob into a song, or to wipe away a tear, and to place in its stead a jewel of joy, is a public benefactor. Such was Riley Grannan.

¶ Did you ever stop to think that this old world of ours is dawning all the time? Down the grooves of time, this earth, flung by the hand of God, with every revolution is meeting an eternal dawn. That may signify our hope of life. In the development of the human soul as it swings toward its destiny, we constantly near the sun.

The time has come to say "Good-bye." For

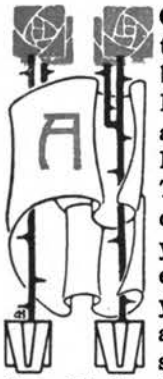
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the friends and loved ones not here to say the word, let me say good-bye, old man. We will try to exemplify the spirit of your life as we bear the grief at our parting. Words fail me here ❧ Let those flowers, Riley, with their petalled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance those sentiments too tender for words. Good-bye.

❧

The Public Speaker who pauses in his Effort, and invites the Audience to ask questions, is either suffering from an ingrowing Ego or a paucity of Ideas, or both.

❧



CORRESPONDENT asks me this:—"Do brilliant men prefer brilliant women?"

First, disclaiming the gentle assumption that I am brilliant, I say, yes.

The essence of marriage is companionship, and the woman you face across the coffee urn every morning for ninety-nine years must be both able to appreciate your jokes and to sympathize with your aspirations. If this is not so the man will stray, actually, or else chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the grave-yard of his dreams. ¶ Prettiness palls, unless it is backed up by intellect. The merely clever woman is nearly as bad as the clever man ❧ All these people who carry most of their goods in the show window are headed for jobs at the button counter ❧

By brilliant men is meant, of course, men who have achieved brilliant things—who can write, paint, model, orate, plan, manage, devise and execute ❧ And by the way, my dear old friend Tom Johnson says that an executive is a man who decides quickly—and is sometimes right ❧ ❧

Brilliant men are but ordinary men, who at intervals are capable of brilliant performances. Not only are they ordinary most of the time, but often at times they are dull, perverse, prejudiced and absurd. However, they are sometimes right, and this is better than to be dead wrong all the time.

So here is the truth: Your ordinary man who does the brilliant things would be ordinary all the time were it not for the fact that he is inspired by a woman.

Great thoughts and great deeds are the children of married minds.

When you find a great man playing a big part on life's stage you'll find in sight, or just around the corner, a great woman. Read history!

A man alone is only half a man; it takes the two to make the whole.

Ideas are born of parents.

Now life never did, nor can, consist in doing brilliant things all day long. Before breakfast most men are rogues. And even brilliant men are brilliant only two hours a day ❧ These brilliant moments are exceptional. Life is life to everybody. We must eat, breathe, sleep, exercise, bathe, dress and lace our shoes. We must be decent to folks, agreeable to friends, talk when we should and be silent when we ought ❧ ❧

To be companionable—fit to live under the same roof with good people—consists neither in being pretty nor clever. It all hinges on the ability to serve. No man can love a woman long if she does not help him carry the burden of life. He will support her for a few weeks, or possibly years, then if she does n't show a disposition and ability to support him, her stock drops below par.

Robert Louis, the Beloved, used to tell of something he called "Charm." But even his subtle pen with all its witchery, could not quite describe charm of manner—that gracious personal quality which meets people, high or low, great or small, rich or poor and sends them away benefited, blessed and refreshed. ¶ Ellen Terry, turned sixty, has it. The Duse, homely, positively homely in features, rests her chin in her hand and looks at you and listens in a way that captures, captivates and brings again the pleasures of past years.

I am encouraged and delighted when I think of how women everywhere are learning to work, work with head, hands and heart, preparing themselves to be the fit companions of men who are able to do brilliant things. ¶ The work of woman's clubs has been of vast benefit to men, for it has cut them out a pace. Woman is no longer a doll, a plaything, a teddybear; she is the intellectual companion of man and he must prepare himself to be her companion and help-meet.

There is no sex in soul.

Men and women must go forward hand in hand —single file is savagery.

A brilliant man is dependent on a woman, and

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the greater he is the more he needs her. ¶ The only man who has no use for a woman is one who is not all there—one whom God has overlooked at the final inspection.

The brilliant man wants a wife who is his chum, companion, a "good fellow" to whom he can tell the things he knows, or guesses, or hopes, one with whom he can be stupid and foolish—one with whom he can act out his nature. If she is stupid all the time, he will have to be brilliant, and this will kill them both. To grin and bear it is gradual dissolution; to bear it and not grin is death.

We are all just children in the Kindergarten of God, and we want play-fellows.

If a woman is pretty I would say it is no disadvantage unless she is unable to forget it. But plainness of feature does not prohibit charm of manner, sincerity, honesty and the ability to be a good house-keeper and a noble mother

There are many degrees of brilliancy, but as a general proposition this holds:

A brilliant man wants a wife who is intellectually on his wire—one who, when he rings up, responds.

This is PARADISE!

The man who is working to succeed is always magnificent; the man who has succeeded is usually atrocious.



THERE are people who cannot understand that where church property is exempt from taxation, all tax-payers in that particular bailiwick have to pay more. In other words, the institution that goes free, shifts its quota upon the community, just as a man who does no useful work, makes everybody else work a little more.

Now here is a concrete example so simple that when a Boston paper published the item nobody winked an eyebrow. I quote from the Boston "Herald:"

The Waltham assessors announced yesterday that the tax-rate for 1908 will be $18.00, an increase of $1.30 over last year. This increase is the largest since the Waltham city government was incorporated. The assessors explain that it is owing to the personal estate of Miss Mary S. Walker amounting to over $100,000.00 being bequeathed to the Episcopal Diocese.

The tax-rate in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is twenty dollars and ten cents per thousand, and yet the city is so poor that it cannot properly repair its streets, nor pay its public school-teachers when their salaries are due.

Brookline, only a few miles away, has a tax rate of ten dollars and eighty cents per thousand, and Brookline has money to loan, even if not to burn. Why the difference?

Simply because Harvard University with assets of twenty-three million dollars, is exempt.

The Roycroft Shop is the largest taxpayer in East Aurora. I am trying to get it made exempt because it does as much good, if not more, than all the nine churches in town—a fact that I frankly admit. But just here we have Church Unity, and as one voice my Christian friends say: "On your saccharine existence—never!"

Good Roycrofters do not usurp the duties of the Night-Watchman, and linger on the night shift. Work in the Day—Sleep at Night Get up before seven and you'll not have Insomnia.



ART is not a thing—art is a way. And it is the beautiful way. Art should extend all through life, for there is the beautiful way of acting, speaking, singing, cooking, serving, house-keeping, dressing. Then there is the other way—the ugly way.

The artistic is the beautiful, the harmonious, the restful, and we must never forget that beauty and use are one.

¶ Especially is there art in woman's attire — the dress proclaims the woman. The woman may select the dress, but the dress has its sure effect on the thought, action and character of the owner.

And our characters influence all whom we meet

Dress is the chief factor in environment. And environment shapes, moulds, colors and tints our lives.

Anybody can be wasteful and extravagant, but to dress well is an art. It is a matter of selection and adaptation Harmony in dress means poise, quiet good-taste, strength, health, happiness and sweet content The well dressed woman blesses and benefits herself—and the world, for she adds to its joys.

Civilization is not a static thing—it is a process

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OHN BRIGHT is a good example of a man with the Study Habit. Not only did he carry on a great private business and at the same time bear heavy burdens in the management of his country's affairs, but he was always a student, always a learner, and also always a teacher ✍ In point of personality he bears a close resemblance to Thomas J. Foster, one of America's great citizens, founder and manager of the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Foster is both a business man and a humanitarian. Neither he nor John Bright, nor Richard Cobden, ever divorced ethics from business, religion from work, nor life from education.

John Bright possessed a perennial good cheer, a sterling honesty and always and forever a tender, sympathetic heart. These things seemed to spring naturally, easily and gently from his nature: they were the habits of his life. And having acquired good habits his judgment was almost uniformly correct; his actions manly; his temper considerate; his opinions right ✍ Private business was to John Bright a public trust. He, of all men, knew that the only way to help one's self is to help others. John Bright was a Quaker—a Friend. I wonder if there is any higher or better religion than to be a Friend—a Friend to yourself by being the Friend of Humanity!

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"Do you read Bernard Shaw to excess?" is one of the questions an up-to-date insurance application asks.

✍



HE cause of high rents is that we allow the increase in land-values (which is the public wages of the people and ought to be taken by taxation to run the city) to go to the land-speculator, and a tax is put on the home to make good the loss of land values ✍ The constantly increasing tax on the home is put in the rent and the private wages of the tenant foots the bill, leaving less to live on every year. Our present system of taxation rewards those who keep land (the first necessity of physical life) idle, and taxes those who use land by putting a home on it and giving work to their fellow man. "Thou shalt not steal" means taking the increase in land values from five million people of a city as well as taking money from an individual. Why tax homes to run the city when land-values would do? ✍ ✍

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A fashionable funeral is a sort of mutual rejoicing and joyous congratulation among the survivors.

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Prayer: A True Story

By M. M. Mangasarian



T the age of seventeen I had a thrilling experience with the Kurdish brigands in Turkey. I was traveling in Asia Minor, going from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, accompanied by the driver of my horses, one of which I rode, the other carrying my luggage ✍ We had not proceeded very far when we were overtaken by a young traveler on foot, who for reasons of safety, begged to join our little party.

He was a Mohammedan, while my driver and I professed the Christian religion.

For three days we traveled together, going at a rapid pace in order to overtake the caravan. It need hardly be said that in that part of the world it is considered unsafe to travel even with a caravan, but to go on a long journey, as we were doing all by ourselves, was certainly taking a great risk.

Let me interpolate here to say that, though I was a firm believer in Divine Providence, namely, that nothing, not even a sparrow, fell to the ground without the merciful notice of God—though I believed professionally, and as I thought at the time, sincerely, that to have God with one was better than to be with the caravan—nevertheless, I was as anxious as my Mohammedan fellow-traveler to hail the caravan.

It seemed to me even then that my faith would be the more secure traveling with the caravan than traveling with God alone. At any rate God and the caravan made, I thought, a very much stronger combination than God alone, against the predatory Kurds who at

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that time and in that region of the Ottoman Empire were viciously active.

I forgot to say that we carried a rifle—one of those flint fire-arms which frequently refuse to go off. My driver had also hanging from his girdle a long and crooked knife sheathed in a black canvas scabbard. Both the driver, who was a Christian, and the Mohammedan, who had placed himself under our protection, were, I am sorry to say, much given to boasting. They would tell how on various occasions they had, single-handed, driven away the Kurdish brigands who outnumbered them ten to one; how that rusty knife had disemboweled one of the most renowned Kurdish chiefs, and how the silent and meek-looking flint-gun had held at bay a pack of those "curs" who go about scenting for human flesh ❧ All this talk was reassuring to me—a lad of seventeen, and I began to think I was indebted to Providence for my brave escort.

UNLESS you really deny yourself something in order to give, never dare take credit for your generosity ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

On the morning of the Eighteenth of February, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-seven, we came to the valley said to be a veritable thieves' den, and where many a traveler had lost his life as well as his goods. A great fear fell upon us when we saw on the wooden bridge which spanned the river at the base of the hills, two Kurds riding in our direction. I was at once undeceived as to the boasted bravery of my comrades, and felt that it was all braggadocio with which they had been entertaining me. As I was the one supposed to have money, I would naturally be the chief object of attack, which made my position the more perilous. But this sudden fear which seemed to paralyze me at first, was followed by a bracing resolve to cope with these "devils" mentally.

As I look back now upon the events of that day, I am puzzled to know how I got through it all without any serious harm to my person. I am surprised also that I, who had been brought up to pray and to trust in divine help, forgot in the hour of real peril, all about "other help" and bent all my energies upon helping myself.

But why did I not pray? Why did I not fall upon my knees to commit myself to God's keeping? Perhaps it was because I was too much pre-occupied—too much in earnest to take the time to pray ❧ Perhaps my better instincts would not let me take refuge in words when something stronger was wanted. We may ask the good Lord not to burn our house, but when the house is actually on fire, water is better than prayer. Perhaps, again, I did not pray because of an instinctive feeling that this was a case of self-help or no help at all. Perhaps, again, there was a feeling in me, that if all the prayers I had offered in my life for divine protection could not save me now, neither would any new prayer I might offer ❧ Or, again, perhaps it was because I felt that if God really wanted to save me, He would not let me perish because I did not pray to Him just there and then. But the fact is that in the hour of positive and imminent peril—when face to face with death—I was too busy to pray.

My mother, before I started on this journey, had made a bag for my valuables—watch and chain, etc.—and sewed it on my underflannels next to my body. But my money (all in gold coins) was in a snuff-box, and that again in a long silk purse. I was, of course, the better dressed of the three—with long boots which reached higher than my knees, a warm English broadcloth cloak reaching down to my ankles, and an Angora collarette, soft and snow-white, about my neck.

My dear mother had also told me never to refuse anything to the brigands, should I be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands ❧ But I was loathe to part with the money in my purse, without which I would be left to perish on the highway.

I rode ahead, and the others, with the baggage horse, followed me. When the two Kurdish riders who were advancing in our direction reached me, they saluted me very politely, saying, according to the custom of the country, "God be with you," to which I timidly returned the customary answer, "We are all in His keeping." At the time it did not occur to me how absurd it was for both travelers and robbers to recommend each other to God while carrying fire-arms—the ones for attack, the others for defense ❧ ❧

Of course God never interfered to save an unarmed traveler from brigands—I say never,

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for if He ever did, and could, He would do it always. But as we know, alas, too well, that hundreds and thousands have been robbed and cut in pieces by these Kurds, it would be reasonable to infer that God is indifferent ✍ Of course, the strongly-armed travelers, as a rule, escape, thanks to their own courage and fire-arms. For, we ask again, if the Lord can save one, why not all? And if He can save all, but will not, does He not become as dangerous as the robbers? ✍ But really if God could do anything in the matter, He would reform the Kurds out of the land, or—out of the thieving business. If God is the unfailing police force in Christian lands, He is no police force in Mohammedan countries, at any rate.

But think! throughout the Turkish realms, the phrase "God be with you" is repeated daily, a million times, if it is repeated once. And yet there is not a single case of demonstrable Divine protection extended to a wayfarer. The strong escape; the weak suffer. The whole land is like a den of thieves, and murders are as numerous as daily orisons. I am of the opinion that in countries where there is more security, there is less praying, and conversely, in the most prayerful country in the world there is the least security to life and property.

Good reader, I speak plainly, not to offend you, but to replace your belief in "other help" by self-help. To explain the foolish beliefs which an ignorant and indolent clergy imposed upon our intelligence when we were too young or too weak to defend ourselves, is not a crime —it is a duty. We have no right to be reverent except toward what is true and just. Superstition is stupid, and only cowards revere it. ¶ But let me go on with the story.

As the two mounted Kurds passed me by, they scanned me very closely—my costume, boots, furs, cap and so on. Then I heard them making inquiries of my driver about me—who I was, where was I going, and why I was going at all. My driver answered these inquiries as honestly as the circumstances permitted. Wishing us all again the protection of Allah, the Kurds spurred their horses and galloped away ✍ ✍

For a moment we began to breathe freely—but only for a moment, for as our horses neared the bridge we saw the Kurds following us. And before we reached the middle of the bridge over the river, one of the Kurds galloping up close to me laid his hand on my shoulders and unceremoniously pulled me out of the saddle ✍ At the same time he dismounted himself, while his partner remained on horseback with his gun pointed squarely in my face, and threatening to kill me if I did not give him my money immediately.

As soon as I could pick myself up from the ground I walked straight to the Kurd who sat in the saddle with his gun in my face, and patting his leg gently, told him that no one was more willing to part with his goods than I, and to prove it I dipped my hand into my pockets one by one, bringing out their contents and offering them to him. I saw at once that I had succeeded in persuading the Kurds that I was the most accommodating traveler they had ever captured ✍ Expecting no resistance from me, the Kurd put away his gun. When the other Kurd had relieved my companions of all their belongings, he approached me ✍ Immediately I turned to him and told him that my mother, whose only son I was, had given me strict orders never to oppose the brave Kurds, or to refuse them anything in my possession. Thus saying, I began to unbutton my vest.

"If you will only spare my life, for my mother's sake," I said, "for the news of my death will surely kill her—I will gladly let you take all that I have."

Of course, from a theoretical point of view, I was not honest with the thieves. But I shall discuss that point later on.

The Kurds, finding that I had no objection to being robbed, allowed me to search myself for them ✍ What I wanted was to prevent them from putting their hands into my pockets, and this point I had gained by my apparent willingness to do it for them. I offered them every article I took out, explaining carefully the uses to which they could be put, but what the Kurds wanted was money and valuables —which I could not let them have.

The robbers were now growing impatient ✍ They were morally certain I carried a purse, and yet they had not been able to locate it. Turning upon me fiercely, the Kurd who was doing the robbing let out a long string of oaths, in which the name of the deity played the principal part. In all countries the name of God figures as prominently in the curses as in the prayers of the people. With a mouthful of oaths, the Kurd who had dismounted accused me of hiding my money, warning me at the

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same time with a blow on my back, of the consequences if I did not immediately hand over my purse to him.

Then the Kurd seized me violently and began a minute search of my person, pinching and thumping me all over.

I can never forget his savage grin when at last he found my purse, and grabbing it, with another oath, pulled it out of its hiding place. I have already described that my coins were all in a snuff-box hid away in my purse, hence, as soon as the robber had loosened the strings he took out the box, held it in his left hand, while with his right he searched in the inner folds of the long purse. While he was running his fingers through the tortuous purse, I slipped mine into his left hand and, taking hold of the box, I told him that I would not part with that little memento, as it was the dearest present I had received from my mother. So saying I carried the box into my pocket, emptied its contents in the twinkling of an eye, and then reproducing it, and still holding on to it as firmly as before, I declared with a touch of anger in my voice that he should at least leave me in possession of this little trinket. The Kurd, incensed at finding nothing in the purse which he kept shaking and fingering, snatched the box from my hand, opened it, and finding it as empty as the purse, flung it, with another oath, in the direction of the river. But it only fell on the edge of the water, which gave me a good excuse to run after it for a moment's relief from the fearful strain.

When I returned I found the Kurd who had done the searching in the saddle again. Of course I hastened to say, "God be with you," to them. But it seemed they had not finished with us as yet.

"Are you Moslems or Christians?" inquired one of the Kurds, to my companions.

"We are all Moslems, by Allah," they said.

¶ In Turkey you are not supposed to speak the truth unless you say "by Allah," which means "by God."

At that time Turkey was at war with Russia, and the lawless Kurds made no ado about killing a Christian or two, to help the cause of the Sultan.

Of course it was not true that I was a follower of Mahomet. My companions told the Kurds a falsehood about me, which I did not correct. When I reached my destination many of my co-religionists declared that I had denied Christ by allowing the Kurds to think I was a Moslem.

¶ To this day my conscience has never troubled me for helping, by my silence, to deceive the Kurds about my religion. In withholding the truth from these would-be assassins I was doing them no evil, but protecting the most sacred rights of man, the Kurd's included. Here was an instance in which silence was golden. But I would not hesitate, any moment, to mislead a thief or a murderer, by speech as well as by silence. If it is right to kill the murderer in self-defense, it is right to deny him also the truth. He who resorts to brute force forfeits his claims to moral considerations.

"You should have told the truth and left the rest to God," said a Philadelphia Quaker to me, to whom I had related my adventure with the brigands.

Oh, dear! If I had, there would not have been anything left of me to leave to God!

I have told this story to show that dependence upon the supernatural makes weaklings of men. There would have been no civilization in the world if people had not stopped praying and begun thinking. Why create safe-guards, provide means of defense—why build bridges, invent machinery, discover steam, and learn to control the forces of nature, if all that is necessary is to pray to God, and He will divide the waters for us, send us quails from the sea and manna from the skies?

Not until we learn that the only bread we can eat is the bread produced by human labor, and that without labor there will be positively no bread to eat, even if there were a thousand Gods to pray to, shall we learn that Human Labor is the only Providence. Can prayer take us across the ocean without sail or steam? Can we tunnel a mountain or span a stream or raise a crop with prayer alone? ¶ I know prayer and a boat will take us across the sea, but is it not true that while a boat can cross the sea without prayer, prayer cannot without a boat?

If we all prayed very hard could we dispense with schools and colleges, or get our education without labor or study?

Will prayer take the place of physical exercise and fresh air? Will it protect a house against lightning? Then why are churches struck by lightning? If our questions appear absurd, is it our fault or the fault of the proposition so pompously paraded that "whatever we ask

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of God in prayer, it will be given unto us?" Do we get our daily bread because we beg for it? Then why is there any poverty in the world? When it rains is it in answer to prayer? Then why does it rain on the sands of Sahara or the watery wilderness of unbeaten seas? And when it does not rain, is that too in answer to prayer?

I know how present-day orthodoxy, honeycombed with heresy, protests against praying for material ends. But the Bible is close at hand, and let us quote just one passage from it:

"Now Elias was a man of like passions as we are: and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not for a period of three years and six months, and the earth gave not forth its fruits."

We congratulate ourselves that the race of Eliases is extinct.

"To pray for private ends is meanness and theft," wrote Emerson. But take away private ends, and who would pray? Is it not more religious to abstain from suggesting to God what He should do and what He should not do? ¶ How can God tell what kind of weather or harvests to give, if the prayers of the churches can change His plans? And if they cannot, why pray? How can God tell whether the Japanese or the Russians will win, if it all depends on which side will pray the hardest? But if it does not, why pray?

Was it not Kant who said that to ask God to do right was superfluous; to ask Him to do wrong was an impertinence? If this is so, then think of the amount of time which could be put to better use than in urging God to do this or not to do that.

But if prayer cannot do the impossible, what is it good for? We can attend to the possible ourselves.

If a man falls into a well, not too deep for him to crawl or climb out of, he will do so without asking for help—human or divine. But if he finds the well too deep, he will cry for help. If any human being hears his cry he will be pulled out, but if his cry is not heard by any human being—will God hear him? Is there a single instance on record, say, during the last two thousand years—of God ever pulling a man out of a well in answer to prayer?

I went to church once. I knew the minister. He said in his sermon that if we had faith we would move mountains. I do not think he meant real mountains, though he added, "With God there is nothing impossible."

After the sermon I said to him: "Of course you believe what you said about faith?" "Indeed I do," he answered. "Why, then, did you take up a collection, and tell the people that the work of the church was suffering for lack of funds?" ¶ "You don't expect us to run this establishment without money, do you?" he said.

I did not, any more than did he. But why did he say there was nothing impossible with God—that faith was enough, when without money all the faith in the world could not keep his church or any church open for a day? And a good many churches have gone to the wall, not for lack of faith, but for lack of funds. Does religion, then, mean rhetoric?

A business firm cannot get along without money any more than a church, but you never hear the former pretend that it is prayer that keeps it supplied with funds. The church, on the other hand, has to make appeal to Almighty God, and move heaven and earth, and whatever else there is, to raise just enough to subsist on. Is that a proof of the efficacy of prayer?

Many liberal Christians who admit the folly of praying for any particular thing, insist, nevertheless, that it is well to pray. Not because God is going to give us what we ask for—but the mere asking for it, the attitude of prayer, is elevating, they say. But if it is the prayerful attitude that counts, does it make any difference who we pray to or what we pray about?

If a man quivers, it is argued, what matters what he quivers at. Accordingly, a fetich, a withered bone, a brittle bit of glass, anything that can put him in a pious frame of mind should answer the purpose. All that is necessary is to believe your relic or rosary divine.

And to keep people in a prayerful mood, that is to say, given to "quivering," they must be kept ignorant, credulous, dependent. For the less they can think the more they will pray and quiver.

THE school teachers have to do their work every day at certain hours, and then dedicate the results to Time.

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Phillip of Spain, one of the worst and most ignorant of rulers, always was in a prayerful mood. He was forever "quivering" before the images of Madonnas, and kissing the crucifix with paroxysms of piety.

The self-respecting mood, is it not infinitely healthier than the prayerful mood?

Is not independence better than humility?

But all this goes to prove that fetich worship is still with us. What did the savage do when he was in peril? He kissed his amulet or repeated the charmed words taught him by his priests What does the Christian do to-day when he wants a favor? He falls on his knees, and repeats a string of phrases Aves and Pater-Nosters, et cetera. To say the six-syllabled charm three hundred thousand times in the course of one's lifetime was the highest aspiration of the Buddhist. Om Mani Padme Houm—the most glorious jewel of the lotus—Amen. In China and Japan we meet with a shorter form of this invocation —Amitabha Buddha—Save us, O Buddha In the streets of the cities, in the crowded mart, in the country lanes, at the windows of the houses—everywhere, the traveler finds the lips of the people forever moving and murmuring "Amitabha Buddha"—Save us, O Buddha.

On the shores of the Bosphorus, as in all Mohammedan countries, the prayer la Illa Allah is repeated from the housetops and the minarets, in the mosques, in the bazaars, in the kiosks—wherever there is a bended knee on a rug or a face turned toward Mecca. It is one unbroken murmur girdling the Mohammedan world—la Illa Allah — "There is but one God."

For the same purpose they have invented in the Orient what is known as the "prayer barrel," or "prayer wheel." At the doors of the houses in the Orient you will find these revolving caskets to which everybody as he enters or as he leaves is expected to give a twirl. While you are sleeping the winds keep shaking the barrel for you. We know, also, that the Jews carry out literally the words of the Bible which says, "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." Accordingly these people have a hollow reed or pipe in which there is a parchment bearing inscriptions from the Bible, among others Shaddai, one of the names of God. This is introduced in the wall to the right of the door, and as the Jew goes out or comes in, he touches this spot with his finger, and then kisses it, whispering at the same time the words, "Preserve me," which, of course, helps to keep him in a prayerful mood all day.

The Turks pray formally five times a day. The mosque is never closed, and the name of Allah is ever on the wing.

Catholics pray oftener and more fervently than Protestants More prayers ascend to heaven from Ireland than from Scotland—from Spain than from Switzerland.

Is there, then, more morality, more humanity, more culture and prosperity, more happiness, where there is more praying?

Do the nations who depend most upon other help have better harvests, better homes, better schools, better governments?

Was the printing press, the steam engine, the mariner's compass, given to man in answer to prayer? Was liberty, political and religious, handed down to us from heaven? Was it the priest's prayers which secured for us freedom of conscience?

In the countries of Europe, prayer has not prevented, though it certainly has postponed, the development of our own manhood, because we have virtually renounced our trust in "other help" by giving our consent to the dictum that "God only helps those who help themselves," which, if it means anything, means that man makes his own destiny.

"Prayer," said Emerson, again, "is a disease of the intellect." Nay, dear teacher! it is more: it is the paralysis of hand and head, making it impossible for the mind to originate, or for the will to do and dare!

Do not pray. Think!

Do not beg. Labor!

ABOUT a month after I arrived at my destination, I received a letter from my mother, to whom the driver, upon his return, had related my adventure with the Kurds. In this letter my mother claimed that it was her prayers which had saved me from the brigands. Sancta Simplicitas!

Plantations change weeds into roses, and the forbears of all the products of our greenhouses and gardens, once grew in hedge-rows or open fields, choked up by unkind competition or trampled beneath the feet of the heedless.

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Marriage and Divorce

By Jacob Beilhart



CARDINAL GIBBONS writes on "Marriage and Divorce" in a recent issue of a Popular Magazine ✍ ✍

If this master mind wrote on any other than a religious subject I would not think of attempting to criticise him, and while I consider him an honest man in his religious views, yet I see he does not begin his subject on "Marriage and Divorce" as he would any subject on which his church had not passed its opinion.

It is strange indeed how a mind that is free to reason and get at the root of any scientific subject, and reason from effect back to cause with precision, becomes so warped and blind the instant the subject taken up is one on which the church has settled matters.

Why should not the church settle the problem of marriage and divorce? Is it not entirely to her advantage to settle it in her own way? What would become of the sacredness of the church if people were allowed to look to Nature and Nature's God for evidence as to what they should do, instead of asking the church what is right or wrong for them?

What would the Clergy and Priesthood do if people really found out that they could get close enough to their God to settle all differences between their lower and higher natures, and instead of keeping up a constant warfare between the two, they could establish peace and give both natures a right to express at the proper time, and Law would be fulfilled? I say, what would become of the army of non-producing men who are keeping the people in ignorance of Nature and her Laws, making them believe that they have a wicked, sinful nature constantly with them, and that this nature is evil, and God hates it, and only as they confess their guilt and observe certain rules established by the church can they hope to be saved?

It is not supposed that a man, not even a Priest or a Cardinal, will talk away his own vocation ✍ It is not human to expect it of them. If the Priests and Clergy should set about to find the best solution for man's problem in Life, they might find it in a short time, and if the truth were told and an example set by teachers, many would see and be glad to obey.

But alas! there is one thing which is of more value than the deliverance of man from the chains of selfishness which ignorance binds about him. That one thing is pre-eminently above all else. That one thing must exist at all cost to everything else. What is it? It is the institution of the church. It is an institution with many offices to fill. It is like a great train with many coaches and many seats in each coach; there are always many persons ready to ride and occupy a seat ✍ Let the common people be content to be used as the rails, or the ties, or the road-bed, or even the fuel that furnishes the power that propels the great train along, but the church must stand, for that is the only place we come in at ✍ You don't expect the ward heelers and politicians to abolish political offices when their party is in power—What are they working for?

¶ Well, says the Cardinal—"Every law has its occasional inconveniences, and I admit that the law absolutely prohibiting divorce may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel."

What is gained by enforcing a law which is admitted as "both rigorous and cruel?" ✍ Is any one made happier? Any one given greater satisfaction? Any one made better? Does the granting of a divorce to a person, allowing them to separate from one with whom they no longer enjoy life, make any one worse? Would the refusal to grant such a right to separate make any one happier? ✍ Would enforced cohabitation and bringing children into the world without the influence of Love, or even attraction, better the world either spiritually, mentally or physically? Ask your stock breeder, for he knows the law and is not prejudiced by religion. It happened to be to his interest to discover the law, while it is to the religionist's interest not to discover it. The former would starve to death if he acted on the suggestion of the priest or clergy.

Yes, it is better for the church in several ways to keep men and women in ignorance of the laws of sex, and force them to bring children into the world under the least favorable conditions, for such children will need all the machinery the church has to take care of their sins, and these children, mis-begotten, will use up all the charity that the church can give and take credit for. These children

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will need priests to whom they may confess their crimes ere the electric button is pressed or the trap is sprung. I know of no better way for the church to keep up its existence and make business for itself than to enforce by law all the conditions which produce inferior children, for how could a church show its superior goodness if it did not keep men and women sinning and forgiving them for a consideration!

It reminds me of a little experience I had about fifteen years ago at the sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, where I was taking a course in professional nursing. I had been preaching for the Seventh Day Adventists for a few years and felt a desire to be more useful to my people and serve them in some more tangible way than only to talk to them. So the Brethren said that I might go to their institution of healing and become a professional nurse. This seemed good, so I went.

After a year there I had become convinced that the Bible taught us that Jesus healed people by faith, and that healing was one of His main doctrines He left for the church, and as with me believing a thing is to live it, I began in a small way to heal people by faith. I saw the outcome of my position in that institution of several hundred sick people, even though I might succeed in healing a few, so I called on the authorities and told them they had better let me off so that I might go away, as I no longer believed in their method of healing (I had signed a contract to work for two years for my board while they made of me a professional nurse.) They did not see the danger ahead, so would not let me off. After three cases had been healed after the formula given in James, 2:14, and the patients began to hear of it, I suddenly became the one person the patients wanted to see. It had created a new hope that they might be healed also.

Now the board of directors realized what might be, so I was visited and told to desist and cease my healing. The directors failed to convince me that it was more important to keep up an institution established for the purpose of doing a thing than to do that thing in a better way without the institution, so Dr. Kellog called me to his private office and tried to show me my errors. "You believe in our church and its teaching, do you not? Our church teaches that this is God's ordained institution for healing the sick." "Yes, I am interested in healing the sick," said I. "Well, don't you see that if you carry your work on to any great extent and heal people who come here to stay and take treatments for months; if you heal them at once they will go home and not need our treatments, and how can we support this institution if people don't remain here for some time and pay us money? God can't run such an institution without money, and it is God's institution, and we are doing God's work when we help the institution."

I saw his point. The light was breaking upon my mind. The sick were a necessity, so keep them sick as long as they will stand for it; to heal them all entirely would be to abolish the institution and that would not do, for it was of God. I said "let me go ere I spoil God's institution by doing that which the institution must not do, else it will put itself out of business."

¶ By all means keep up enforced child bearing by parents not mated by Nature's law, for woe is the institution of the church if we give children a chance to be born into the world under natural and perfect conditions, for surely these children will think, and they will love their fellow men, and they will have the audacity to question the things which have been, and even be bold enough to try to make their peace with their own God without hiring somebody specially prepared for that purpose. I do not charge these people with deliberately directing their campaign against the good of the race but I do say they are doing it just as effectively as though each step were thought out beforehand and the plot laid for this specific purpose.

It resolves itself into a question of the church on one side, and common sense, Nature and man's evolution, on the other. We know who has always won the victory; we know who always comes around about a hundred years after Nature and evolution have won a fight, which was resisted to the very last ditch by the church and then says—You owe all your progress to the influence of the Church.

In the article referred to, the Cardinal mentions the fact that the church has delivered woman and set her on high.

There's no use to take it seriously, for Nature always carries her point. The church causes evolution in the same way the mother causes her boy to eat jam—by telling him he must not.

Efforts for adjustment work for growth

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Ungleaned Corners

By Thomas Dreier



DOWN the ages of mixed night and day there comes to us, like a breath out of autumn harvest fields, the story of Ruth. And back of this woman, with her sweetness and goodness and loyalty, stands Boaz—Boaz, who instructed the reapers to drop a little of the golden grain purposely, so that Ruth's gleanings might be greater. In the fields of business there are many Ruths, and who dares say that the ancient Boaz was the last of his race! Every day in business fields are men, and women, too, who are dropping golden grain purposely, and many there be who leave ungleaned little corners for those who have no fields of their own. Always will there be men who, like Boaz, desire to give of their great wealth to those who, like Ruth, must be content with the gleanings. Selfishness is dying out. Love which sweetens the business of barter is coming into its own. Those who have great thoughts, great ideas, great suggestions, are anxious to share with others. No longer is the golden grain gathered by the few and stored away in mental barns, for men have learned that that only which is given away, is really kept. You remember the character in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" who spent his life storing his mind with the riches of the ages, but who gave nothing out. You remember, too, that when at last he desired to open his chest and give to his brothers in the world, there was nothing there for him to give. All his riches were flown. And so it is with all of us ❧ Only those who give, keep. True greatness comes only from great giving. Boaz lives because he instructed the reapers to drop some of the golden grain purposely so that Ruth might glean it, and the little corners were left to her also ❧ In this department from time to time I shall play the part of Ruth and glean from the field of the composite Boaz of business a little of the golden grain which is let fall purposely.

IT was a so-called uneducated farmer boy who last summer startled the scientific world with his knowledge of astronomy. Over the wires flashed the news of the discovery of "The Mellish comet." Who is Mellish? came the query. I went to find out ❧ I found him sitting in an office in Washburn Observatory in Madison, Wisconsin. Busy was he over some figures. Was this youngster Mellish? He said he was, but acted as if that made no difference. Such things

> "—as Name and Fame and Blame and Shame,
> What are they all?—Mere Talk and idle Whim."

He agreed with Omar, although Omar to him had never lived.

Mellish was born and raised on a little farm near Madison. He had attended the country school—when he did not have to work at home. But he had the Study Habit. Besides he was, what some folks who did not understand, called queer. He was not like other boys ❧ Instead of playing, "Run, sheep, run," and "Pom, pom, pull away," he stayed around the house all alone and made things. The stars attracted him. He wanted to know them and read the meaning of their winking. A little hand telescope came into his hands. For a time it sufficed. Then he bought one, after long saving, which cost him two dollars and ninety-nine cents. This also passed away. A catalogue was sent for. Two hundred dollars for a telescope! Of course 't was worth it, but a youngster on a forty acre farm could not hope to own it ❧ But Mellish had been reading and studying. He had discovered that if you rub two pieces of glass together, one will become concave and the other convex ❧ He would make his own telescope. He must have been, like Spinoza, God-intoxicated. So he bought two pieces of glass, six inches thick. It took almost all his savings. Then he spent the entire winter grinding away patiently, so patiently, so lovingly. ¶ At last it was finished. The boy made it all. And, at four o' clock one morning after months of watching, he saw a misty white thing cross his field ❧ He knew that part of the heavens, and he knew that moving white thing did not belong there. A comet! A comet! Calmly he went to his friends at Washburn Observatory. Professor Comstock believed the story. A wire carried the message across the continent. The next morning came a wire from Harvard saying their instrument had also picked up that comet ❧ ❧

Mellish borrowed some more books and went home to the farm. A few months later he discovered another comet—a bigger one ❧ This was dignified with a name, and the name was

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that of the farmer boy. Throughout the world of astronomers his name was known. But the boy is still on the farm, his nightly dreams scattered through with stars. Folks who seem to know say that Mellish will one day rank with the leaders in his profession.

Can he fail to win? Can he keep from being great? I think not. He may not rank high as a conversationalist, and it is certain he never will be "a hail fellow well met," but he will some day rank as a man among men in his own line of work. His power of concentration, his earnestness, his self-denial for his work, his industry, his patience, his perseverance, his firm belief in himself, his love for his skies and his stars, and his great simplicity —why, his very self is made up of sparkling stars

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AS I sat here the other day thinking of the men who had preached the greatest sermons of all time, and of generals who had issued commands which changed the destiny of nations, it came to me, like a silver flash across the blue, that the greatest command and the greatest sermon was given to us by Christ when he said: "Love one another." And it came to me, also, that the greatest sermons are not always the longest and that the greatest commands are not given with an accompaniment of hissing bullets and bleeding dead If all nations, all governments, all churches, all individuals, would only obey that one command of "Love one another," human misery and suffering would vanish like the morning mist before the sun. The pages of history are strewn with stories of the wrecks of institutions, political and ecclesiastical, whose builders had laid the foundation stones with the mortar of hate. Politicians and preachers who would redeem the world, and win for the majority that true happiness which has somehow given them the slip, can never do it by the calling of names and the fomenting of strife The truth of the saying of Christ stands out like the sun at noon time. It is only the great lover that earns great happiness. In the world of business, where the clink of the coins drowns so much of the finer things of life, Love is daily entering in. Talks with busy men every day discover this. It is only the man who loves himself truly, who loves his business, who loves his employes, above whose sign may be placed the word SUCCESS.

If let alone no man would become insane on religious topics, for the religion he would evolve would be one of joy, laughter, love; not one of misery and horror.

Illusion

By Richard Le Gallienne

WAR
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as death;
And even my peace a-biding feet
Go marching with the marching street:
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 't is all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

Forces work efficiently only when unhurried

EDUCATION does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise, but above all, by example.—John Ruskin.

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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Methinks it would be a fine thing to be a great artist but it would be a finer thing still to be a Great Man.—*Beethoven*

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TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

THE world's supply of coal will be exhausted, at the present rate of consumption, in two hundred years.

The supply of iron will be gone in one hundred years.

Three-fourths of the oil-wells in Pennsylvania that once produced, are now dry.

A hundred years ago whale oil was the one illuminant.

In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine Colonel Drake in digging deep for salt "struck ile."

In Eighteen Seventy-six, Edison sent a current of electricity through a vacuum, and thereby confounded the Solons who declared there could be no light without combustion, and no combustion without oxygen. Edison got his light without either, and thereby proved that light was a form of energy, and that energy was transmutable into light, heat or power.

Petroleum is a deposit—or poetically, it is stored up fish oil. You empty the pocket and exhaust the supply. But electricity is elemental and indestructible. We use it over and over, and like water it traverses earth, trees, animals, clouds and comes back again to do our bidding.

¶ Water is the natural mate of electricity. They go together. Franklin with his kite and key, coaxing from the skies the secret of electricity, could only work in a thunder storm.

Electricity has only one love and that is water. And this love is reciprocated.

The children of this mating are the arts, industries, the homes, factories, parks, the ships that sail on the sea, sending out their

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search lights, and receiving and sending wireless messages—all are born of negative and positive attractions—wool, if you please, rubbed on amber.

Aye, man himself is an amphibian that has learned at last to breathe in the air. The beginning of every life is an unseen aqueous germ, vitalized by a saline solution carrying an electric current, liberated by contact.

Man's body is ninety per cent water, and he dies only because his arteries fail to retain their fluidity so as to be good natural conductors.

¶ So there you have it: The supply of iron is all in sight, and the building of the future will have to be of materials that are at hand. The wood is gone, but rock is plentiful. The rocks of the Grand Canon could rebuild the cities of the world, and then the quarry would not be really opened.

The building material of the future will be concrete. The Egyptians knew the secret of concrete, and it died with them. They built their pyramids and colossi of mixed cement. We are now re-discovering this inexhaustible building material. Take courage.

Iron rusts.

Wood rots. But boats are now being made of paper, and so are car wheels.

But concrete next to bronze, is not touched by the tooth of time.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and lasting as the sun, are nothing but concrete—God's concrete—mixed, melted and smelted by heat, pressure and time.

Man can supply the heat and pressure, and he can eliminate the question of time and make granite in a day. Gneiss, feldspar, marble, quartz, granite, are the accidents of energy.

Mind—human mind—has now evolved so that man, in degree, controls Nature.

And the way he controls Nature is by working with her, never against her.

So man can make pyramids—he can remove mountains. He can crumble mountains to dust, transport them to distant points and there reconstruct them ❧ But in the making of concrete, water is an absolute necessity. Heat applied to water liberates energy, and this was the principle that fashioned the hills and gave form to the mountains. The mighty mixing and explosive power of heat and water is creative. Creation comes from the currents of electricity exploded by contacts—attraction and revulsion, positive and negative, but always and forever the germ of the unseen, only becomes visible when bathed into life by water, and vitalized by a shock. Well do we speak of "the waters of life."

And so we get the keystone of this argument—there can be no concrete without water.

Water is man's most valuable asset.

To conserve our water supply we must plant trees ❧ ❧

Drought and flood follow each other with deadly precision on the treeless plains.

On the plains the water falls in torrents, tears up the soil, runs with violence across the surface and does its work of destruction as it rushes madly to its mother, the sea.

But where there are trees the rain falls on the leaves and branches and trickles to the earth. It is held back, restrained, made sane and useful ❧ ❧

It sinks gently into the satisfied earth, holds the leaves and twigs on the surface of the ground until they become soil and are fit for the planting of the seed.

Then all they need is to be tickled by a hoe to laugh a harvest.

To save ourselves as a people we must do three things:

1.—Cease running sewerage—nitrogen—into the sea, but wisely use it.

2.—Conserve our water supply.

3.—Plant trees and guard our forests.

These three things are really one, for to have beautiful and thrifty trees we must have animal nitrogen ❧ ❧

To prevent the waste of water by floods we must have trees.

The power used in mixing concrete, the building material of the future, will come from electricity.

Our good friends who are fighting to preserve the natural beauties of Niagara are engaged in a hopeless task. As a beautiful place for astonishing bridal couples, Niagara is doomed.

¶ The excursion will run, but it will be to see a beauty, vaster far, and more bewildering than this sheet of water, hastening on the dictum of the Late Sir Isaac Newton, to Lake Ontario.

Before the coal is gone we must learn to harness this energy and transmute it into heat and light, and a power which, without dirt, ashes or smoke, will do the work of five million men and as many women.

To preserve our Illinois prairie with its waving

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blue upland grass and forests of rosin weed, used to be my ambition. But now Illinois has been placed under the dominion of the plow, her prairies help feed the world, and have more than once staved off starvation in India, and kept hunger at bay in Russia.

Niagara and all of our other great water ways will be used, of necessity, for the purposes of creation—light, heat and power with all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries that man needs for his mental and spiritual unfoldment.

¶ Niagara Falls will not be really worth visiting until the cunning of man's brain has utilized every horse-power of that falling weight, not for the Glory of God, but for the Service of Man.

¶ I fasten my faith to the Sons of Jove.

The man who suggested that at the close of his present term of office, Theodore Roosevelt should be placed on the Bench of the Supreme Court has been sent to Bloomingdale.



IN Germany, the land of philosophy, when the savants sail into a sea of doubt, some one cries, "Back to Kant!"

In America, when professed democracy grows ambitious and grasping, and evolves a lust for power, men say, "Back to Jefferson!"

In business, when employer forgets employee, and both forget their better manhood, we say, "Back to Robert Owen!"

¶ We will not go back to Robert Owen—we will go on to Robert Owen, for his philosophy is still in the vanguard.

Robert Owen was a business man. His first intent was to attain a practical success. He produced the article and sold it at a profit.

In this operation of taking raw material and manufacturing it into forms of use and beauty, from the time the seed was planted in the ground on up to the consumer who purchased the finished fabric and wove it—Owen believed that all should profit, that all should be made happier by every transaction.

That is to say, Robert Owen believed that a business transaction where both sides do not make money is immoral.

There is a legal maxim, still cited in the courts, "Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware.

For this maxim Robert Owen had no respect. He scorned the thought of selling a man something the man did not want; or of selling an article for anything excepting exactly what it was; or of exacting a price for it, by hook or crook, beyond its value.

Robert Owen believed in himself, and in his product, and he believed in the people. He was a democratic optimist. He had faith in the demos; and the reason was that his estimate of the people was formed by seeing into his own heart. He realized he was a part of the people and he knew that he wanted nothing for himself which the world could not have on the same terms. He looked into the calm depths of his own heart and he saw that he hated tyranny, pretence, vice, hypocrisy, extravagance and untruth. He knew in the silence of his own soul, that he loved harmony, health, industry, reciprocity, truth, and helpfullness. His desire was to benefit mankind, and to help himself by helping others.

Therefore, he concluded that the source of all life being the same, he was but a sample of the average man, and all men would, if not intimidated and repressed, desire what he desired.

¶ When physically depressed through lack of diversified exercise, bad air, or wrong conditions, he realized that his mind was apt to be at war, not only with its best self, but with any person who chanced to be near From this he argued that all departures in society were occasioned by wrong physical conditions, and in order to get a full and free expression of the Divine Mind, of which we are all reflectors or mediums, our bodies must have a right environment

To get this right environment became the chief business and study of his life.

To think that a man who always considers "the other fellow" should be a great success in a business way is to us more or less of a paradox. "Keep your eye on Number One," we advise the youth intent on success. "Take care of yourself," say the bucolic Solons when we start on a little journey. And "Self-preservation is the first law of life," declare the wise ones.

And yet we know that the man who thinks only of himself, acquires the distrust of the whole community. He sets in motion forces that work against him, and he has thereby created a handicap that blocks him at every step

Robert Owen was one of those quiet wise men

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who win the confidence of men, and thereby siphon to themselves all good things. That the psychology of success should have been known to this man in Seventeen Hundred and Ninety, we might call miraculous, were not the miraculous the natural.

These were troublesome times when Robert Owen entered trade. The French Revolution was on, and its fires lit up, also, the intellectual sky of the whole world. The Colonies had been lost to England; it was a time of tumult in Threadneedle Street; the armies of the world were lying on their arms awaiting orders. And out of this great unrest emerged Robert Owen, handsome, intelligent, honest, filled with a holy zeal to help himself by helping humanity.

ROBERT OWEN was born at Newtown, Wales, in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-one. After being away from his native village for many years, he returned, as did Shakespeare—and as have so many other successful men—and again made the place of his boyhood the home of his old age. Owen died in the house in which he was born. His body was buried in the same grave where sleeps the dust of his father and mother. During the eighty-seven years of his life he accomplished many things, and taught the world lessons which it has not yet memorized.

¶ In point of time, Robert Owen seems to have been the world's first Business Man. Private business was to him a public trust. He was a creator, a builder, an economist, an educator, a humanitarian. He got his education from his work, at his work, and strove throughout his long life to make it possible for others to do the same.

He believed in the Divinity of Business. He anticipated Emerson by saying, "Commerce consists in making things for people who need them, and carrying them from where they are plentiful to where they are wanted."

Every economist should be a humanitarian; and every humanitarian should be an economist.

¶ Charles Dickens writing in Eighteen Hundred and Sixty, puts forth Scrooge, Carker and Bumball as economists. When Dickens wanted to picture ideal business men he gave us the Cheeryble Brothers, men with soft hearts, giving pennies to all beggars, shillings to poor widows, and loaves of bread to big families living in rickety tenements. The Dickens idea of betterment was the priestly plan of dole. Dickens did not know that indiscriminate almsgiving pauperized humanity, and never did he supply the world a glimpse of a man like Robert Owen whose charity was something more than palliation.

Men are under the domain of Natural Law as much as bees. Men succeed only by working with other men and for other men.

Robert Owen was born in decent poverty, of parents who knew the simple, beautiful and necessary virtues of industry, sobriety and ecomony. Where this son got his hunger for books, and his restless desire for achievement we do not know. He was a business genius, and from genius no cottage is safe—castles are usually immune.

The great man in business is one who gets other people to do his work.



THE Quakers are right—a paid priesthood is a superfluity. Not only that, but it is a menace. Let any man who has a message, give it. The things the worker says are simple, limpid, lucid, plain and easily understood. They can be confirmed by our experiences. Susanna Wesley, mother of seventeen children, had something to say, so had Ann Lee, Elizabeth Fry and Benjamin Franklin. They had lived. Would n't you walk a hundred miles to hear Shakespeare, Beethoven or Stradivarius preach? I want no studio theorist to guide me in the way of life, but all day will I listen to one who has lived.

The specialist in Divinity is like a specialist in the matter of love—a dangerous and degenerate party. The only man who is safe and sane is the natural man, living a natural life, working with head, hand and heart, laughing, loving, playing, striving, hoping. Any other separates you from that which you know. A sworn celibate is obscene. He is a fool if he keeps his vow, and a hypocrite and a rogue if he does n't.

DEBT IS THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE

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IN Chicago, recently, a Municipal Judge fined a woman offender, and then added these words, "There is no use of punishing you, because you can never be reformed. The law will not permit me to give you what you deserve. My advice is for you to go at once and drown yourself in the lake; and then all of your kind would do well to follow your example."

The woman, weeping, told the jailer what the judge had said, and then she added, "I think the judge is right, and I am going to follow his advice, as soon as I am free. He represents the church and good society, and there is nothing but death for me and my kind."

The jailer did not agree with the judge. Not only did the jailer buy the woman a square meal, but he gave her a square deal. He got her fine suspended, took her to his house, explained the matter to his wife, and they kept the woman in their care until they had found her work in the manufacturing department of Marshall Field and Company's.

This is a simple little story gotten from the newspapers. I have taken the pains to corroborate it and find it is true.

At last accounts the woman was still at work. She had held her job for a month. But if she falls and goes back to her life of sin, even then, we say to the judge who gave her advice and insult in one mouthful, that his advice had better been kept for himself.

To insult the fallen is horrible.

To strike the man bound in thongs—to spit upon the helpless, is pollution to the Ermine.

¶ Yet I believe that the fact that this incident has had wide publicity proves that the Chicago Judge does not represent the bench. He is a political accident, and an intruder, and soon will dive off into the Cook County obscurity, from the scum of which he transiently emerged.

¶ Public opinion will not tolerate in America a heartless judiciary. At last the people judge the judge. The court of last resort is not the Supreme Court at Washington.

The judge who is not a gentleman is now the rare exception; and a gentleman is one who is gentle toward the friendless. He realizes that the person who has failed to be a friend to himself, needs a friend.

The instincts of the typical American judge are all in the direction of pity and helpfulness. He is not a sanctimonious bigot. Jeffreys is dead.

The wide experiences of a judge dealing with humanity in every phase, makes him slow to condemn. He realizes that the major habit or the minor sin trips its victim over the bank at an unguarded point, and to get back to safety, strong and friendly hands must reach out.

That man who, when any one fell in the canal opposite his house, put up the price of lumber, was not fit timber for the wool-sack.

How any man can look into the mirror and blame any man or woman for anything, I do not know.

We fight on forever and fail; we are mauled to the earth and arise; we stumble forward with feeble vision and tired feet, and only the love that lives in lenient hearts makes life tolerable. When mankind repudiates us and fellowship is dead, we then turn for surcease to the welcoming waters of the lake and find peace. Yes, the judge was right—and also awfully wrong.

The jailer had the Christ-Spirit. The judge was a worse sinner than the woman, for he sinned in his strength and against the light. She stumbled in the dark and in her weakness.

¶ Our common lot is not to succeed, but to struggle, persevere and fail.

The light in the woman's soul had burned dim, but the fact that she has since taken up useful work, is proof that the divine light had not entirely died out, although the judge came near quenching it forever.

When Sam Jones of Toledo, discharged that erring woman and said, "One moment, please, —I fine every man in this court room ten cents, and myself a dollar, for living in a land where it is possible for a woman to fall. And I order the money given to this woman,"—he taught Toledo, and the world, a lesson. There are ten fallen men to one fallen woman, and it behooves male man to go slow in condemning erring womankind. "The sins that ye do by two and two, ye shall pay for one by one"—and we let the woman pay.

It is not for male man to decide that the star of hope shall be blotted from the sky; rather would we say with Walt Whitman, "Not till the sun abandons you, will I abandon you." And in his heart the good judge should and

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does remember, and heed, the words of old Dan Chaucer, "Let no man trust in his own perfection unless he be wiser than Solomon, holier than David, and stronger than Samson." For all these were laid low in the dust by the hand of God.

No, it is not for the rude breath of man to blow out the lamp of hope. Instead, let us hold it high, a guide by day, a pillar of fire by night, to cheer each pilgrim on his way. For have there not been times, O God, when we peered into the gloom, and the heavens were hung with black, and then when life was well-nigh gone, we saw a light. It was the Star of Hope!

Society, this thing of cards, curds and custards, of parchesi, bridge whist, tiddledywinks, pink teas and cheese straws, is born of vacuity, fathered by idleness.



IN all college dining rooms until recently, there was a "Football Table." All of the men in active training ate at this table, where the food was especially prepared. In quality and quantity, it was lavish to the point of recklessness and surfeit.

The intent was two-fold: first, to increase the physical strength of the student through a generous supply of food, and second, to encourage worthy young men to look upon the Football Table as a goal worth striving and struggling to attain. To reach this table was to arrive—or almost.

This table was set apart and made peculiar, unique, and distinguished the lucky fellows who put their feet beneath it.

When the average student, who was at the college—merely to get an education—was satisfying his appetite silently on dry toast, prunes and a poached egg, just across the aisle were the big men roysteringly storing their holds with preserves, porterhouse steaks and truffles

The effect on the men at the Football Table was both psychological and physiological. It caused them to assume a swagger. They put on both lugs and weight.

This condition continued for full twenty years before scientific tests were made to ascertain the actual effect of thus feeding the brute.

Professor Anderson, of Yale, I believe, was the first man to modestly suggest that the difference in the strength of men was not owing to a difference in diet. He offered to show numberless instances where very strong and weak men ate at the same table. In fact he boldly averred that it was n't the meat upon which our Cæsar fed that made him great.

But the rank and file supplied Anderson the smile audible, and the Football Table gave him the coarse haw-haw.

Thereupon Professor Anderson withdrew into his cosmic cavity and pulled the hole in after him, like the woodchuck that fails to see his shadow on February First. ¶ After hibernating for five years Professor Anderson emerged with a mass of statistics that were not to be smiled down. He showed that aside from the question of good manners, and inflation of the ego, the Football Table had a direct tendency towards bestowing "athlete's hearts," and what was gained in weight was lost in endurance. He also declared the food in all colleges or any college in America, was ample, and to educate the youth into a belief that great strength was to be gained from great quantities of the seductive and juicy porterhouse was fallacious and misleading.

In short, Professor Anderson declared that to differentiate between the food of a mental athlete and a physical one, was foolish, fussy and sophomorish. Moreover, he proved by many tests and experiments that the students who had the greatest endurance were the young men who lived the simplest—that strength comes from what you digest and not from what you eat, and that to know how to masticate and how to breathe is a greater gain than to stand in with the cook.

Here the half-backs scowled sulkily, and the coaches pooh-poohed.

The spindle shanked eaters of hash, made from leavings of the Football Table, soon took courage and brought their wits to bear—the worm had turned—and the swagger of the athlete suddenly became ridiculous.

Things never change until they become absurd. The men who ate at the Football Table were really good fellows—the Football Table was not of their devising—they found it when they arrived. Now they got a glimpse of the light, and as one man they exclaimed, "T'ell with the Football Table!" And so it was.

SUCCESS LIES IN MUTUAL SERVICE

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E call the man who cannot read and write "illiterate"—he is pointed out and laughed at as one disgraced, "he cannot even read and write!"

The time will shortly come when a person who cannot sketch with pencil, pen or crayon will be regarded as one of very faulty education.

Think of a man versed in botany and not being able to draw a picture of an oak leaf that you can distinguish from an elm! And what say you of a zoologist who cannot make a picture of a horse that will not also pass for a mule! Then what shall we say of a person who can speak English, French and German, and who has passed high in Greek and Latin who cannot express himself in the very first language, the last and the universal language of the picture. ¶ Hieroglyphics is the first form of writing, but now in our arrogance we think we can skip this stage of our evolution. Nature has given us the hint, but we refuse, so dear is the first step in civilization. Can we leave it out and go unpunished? Dr. G. Stanley Hall says not. ¶ To learn to draw is not so difficult as to learn a new language ✍ Anybody who will apply himself an hour a day for a few weeks can acquire skill sufficient to draw faces. To be a portrait painter of course is another thing—this is not for the many ✍ Only one man out of ten thousand who knows grammar can write a strong and vivid story, but if he could not write letters to his friends we would regard him as a defective.

Thackeray could write stories and illustrate them, and he usually illustrated them before he wrote them. Writing to Dickens, Thackeray once said: "The delight of my life is to draw pictures and I never see a funny face—or a beautiful one—without feeling for my pencil and pad."

The fact that as a people we cannot draw makes us poor critics of art—unappreciative ✍ You must have tried a thing yourself before you know the difficulty of doing it in a masterly way ✍ ✍

To be akin to the artist you must have tried to be an artist yourself. And this great truth is what William Morris had in mind when he made his plea for the education of head, hand and heart.

To have hands that are not trained to obey your brain will yet be regarded as a disgrace. All of our education has been a matter of head and the body has been the prey of chance.

But the hope of the world lies in the fact that educated people are getting awake to the truth that in a manual way we are mostly defective, and from a manual defective to a moral defective is an easy step ✍ You may know the exceptions to the Greek verb and be an adept with the ablative, but if your hands and feet do not obey the helm, if your ears buzz and your eyes see things crooked, you are in danger of the cigarette habit and our classic friend d. t. Genuine snakes are mostly harmless, but imaginary snakes are all very bad.

To draw, demands that you shall see—you must know distance, size, weight. To draw, exercises and strengthens the sense of values—and to know values is wisdom. And wisdom is nothing else than the sense of values. He who is absolutely deficient in the sense of values is a fool—men put distance between themselves and folly only as they cultivate the sense of values ✍ The sense is simply knowing a big thing from a little one—an important proposition from a trivial one. A man who does not know values is a quibbler and a fusser.

The growing recognition of drawing as a vital factor in education is shown in the great success in this branch of the International Correspondence Schools.

To teach drawing by correspondence strikes many people as strange, but when the other day I saw a woman of seventy taking her first lesson in drawing from the I. C. S. I just laughed aloud to see what fun it was for her to follow the straight lines, the parallel lines, the curves and circles and send in her "theme." She was learning the miracle and mystery of the repeated line, to use the phrase of Whistler. ¶ "Your next lesson will be more difficult," I said. "I hope it will," was the reply. Everybody goes to school now-a-days—and should. Even grown-ups are not fully grown—at least none that I ever saw were.

That is the way to teach—lead on by easy stages from the simple to the complex.

✍

Until you come to realize that many things you were sure of are not so, and many you scouted are true, you have not begun to live.

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FOR every dollar in land-values that goes to the land-speculator, a corresponding dollar is taken from your wages to run the city. If we do not take the increase in land-values to run our city we must take your wages to do it. If I buy a lot for five hundred dollars and hold it idle for a year, it becomes worth eight hundred dollars; if you want it you must earn for me three hundred dollars more than I paid for it; if you won't buy, and come back in a year, it is worth one thousand dollars. You must earn two hundred dollars more for me before you can own it. And so it goes, the worker toils for the land-speculator.

Do you expect prosperity through a system of taxation that rewards men for keeping land idle and that fines men for building homes and giving work to their fellow-men?

Do you expect God to send righteousness on earth when we reward the man who keeps the earth crucified in idleness, and fine him for resurrecting it by use?

Moral:—Tax land-values to run the city—not homes

Beware of a hand-me-down religion. It shrinks in the wash.



KANSAS FOR CHRIST movement was recently started at the State Sunday School Convention at Wichita. Walt Mason comments as follows:—They are sending forty preachers to this bleeding Kansas land; forty sweet anointed teachers, who will talk to beat the band. And we're waiting their arrival with an inward pain and smart; waiting for the big revival that will break the devil's heart. Once this Kansas was delightful and the people loved her well; is her wickedness so frightful that she has a brimstone smell? Is she facing such disasters of the diabolic kind, that she needs a bunch of preachers here, to talk the people blind? There are pastors here already, men the people know and love; toiling always, true and steady, showing folks the way above; men who bear the heat and burden, caring for the quick and dead, blazing out a path to Jordan, for the pilgrim's feet to tread. Why should forty language slingers come to fill the land with woe, shouting texts the while their fingers reach around to grab the dough? Let the forty windy preachers go to China or Peru, where the devil overmasters all the folks who are in view.

Think less about your rights, more about your duties.

FRA TORRO McRAYE tells me that while he was clerking in a shoe store at Quebec, the following order was received from a worthy habitant:

MONSIEUR:—Please put some shoe on my leetle family like dis, and send by Sam Jamison de carrier.

One man, Jean St. Jean, 39 year, me; one woman, Sophie St. Jean, 38 year, she; Hermedes and Lenore, 19 year; Honore, 18 year; Celena, 17 year; Narcisse, Octavia and Philias, 16; Batiste, 15; Celeste, 14; Phillipa, 13; Emile and George, 12; Babette, 11; Madore, 10; Pierre, 9; Eugene we lose him; Paul, 7; Alphonse, 6; Gaston, 5; Armand, 4; Maurice, 3; Edward, 2; Muriel, 1 year; Hilare he go barefoot. How much?

Modern persecution: being pursued by autograph fiends.

Out of the Mist

By Edward J. Shay

OUT of the mist of the morning,
Out of the shadow of a night just dead,
A figure comes stumbling.
He falls sprawling in the dust,
Only to rise and stagger forward.
Crude and coarse he seems,
With neck and chest laid bare to the stinging winds;
Shaggy, travel-worn, mouth agape, eyes burning,
He seeks the Infinite.
He is not beautiful, yet his Hope is beautiful;
He is not strong, yet his Quest speaks of the strength of centuries.
Faltering, beaten back, he may never reach his goal;
Yet I love him for having tried;
I love him because he is a Man.

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We live in an Age when every blacksmith shop is an Emporium.

The Agnostic's Creed

By Walter Malone



AT last I have ceased repining,
at last I accept my fate;
I have ceased to beat at the
Portal, I have ceased to
knock at the Gate;
I have ceased to work at the
Puzzle, for the Secret has
ended my search,
And I know that the Key
is entrusted to never a creed
nor church.

They have threatened with lakes of fire, they have threatened with fetters of hell;
They have offered me heights of heaven with their fields of asphodel;
But the Threat and the Bribe are useless if Reason be strong and stout,
And an honest man can never surrender an honest doubt.

The fables of hell and of heaven are but worn-out Christmas toys,
To coax or to bribe or to frighten the grown-up girls and boys;
I have ceased to be an infant, I have travelled beyond their span—
It may do for women and children, but it never will do for a man.

They are all alike, these churches, Mohammedan, Christian, Parsee;
You are vile, you are curst, you are outcast, if you be not as they be;
But my Reason stands against them, and I go as it bids me go;
Its commands are as calls of a trumpet, and I follow for weal or woe.

But Oh! it is often cheerless, and Oh! it is often chill,
And I often sigh to heaven as my path grows steep and still.
I have left behind my comrades, with their prattle and childish noise;
My boyhood now is behind me, with all of its broken toys!

Oh, that God of gods is glorious, the emperor of every land;
He carries the moon and the planets in the palm of His mighty hand;
He is girt with the belt of Orion, he is Lord of the suns and stars,
A wielder of constellations, of Canopus, Arcturus and Mars!

I believe in Love and Duty, I believe in the True and Just;
I believe in the common kinship of everything born from dust.
I hope that the Right will triumph, that the sceptred Wrong will fall,
That Death will at last be defeated, that the Grave will not end all.

I believe in the martyrs and heroes who have died for the sake of Right,
And I promise, like them, to follow in my Reason's faithful light;
If my Reason errs in judgment, I but honestly strive as I can;
If a God decrees my downfall, I shall stand it like a man.

A youth with an ingrowing artistic disposition writes us, with some wit: God does n't care for money—see to whom He gives it!

Despise Not The Day of Small Things

By Stanley E. Bowdle



I AM the Apostle of the Obvious. Not, by any means, the First Apostle, for that dignity belongs to our worthy President; but the Second. And I am not the Apostle of the Obviously Obvious, for then again I should be intruding into the office of the First Apostle. My apostleship relates to the Forgottenly Obvious—those things in legal life contributing to success, whose mere statement carries profound conviction. And herein do I greatly magnify my office

Success (written down in terms of cash) is the object of life. And success consists in getting more than an aliquot part of the wealth of the community—a mere aliquot part would never

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do. In legal life the object is the cornering of more than one's share of the visible business. And yet, see our learned books in pompous sheep, and hear our learned law school addresses, how little do they say of this. How beautifully they tell us how to manage the cases that never come, and to answer the questions that are never asked.

I challenge the astonished reader of these lines to point out in the entire literature of the law a single word on the importance, for instance, of the cigar to legal life. Yet here is a budget of facts that makes its right use of more importance than legal knowledge:

The cigar stands at once as the chief insignia of prowess—proper profanity being next ✍ A lawyer without a cigar at critical stagey moments is as unimpressive as a soldier without his sword or epaulets, or an admiral in his underclothes. Smoking, though few stop to reflect about it, is supported by the same psychology that supports tattooing, or the insertion of wooden ornaments in the mutilated lips by certain Orinoco Savages, habits of profanity, and the like. All these habits are the badges of prowess. These habits represent power of the person, manly fortitude; and in the case of profanity, a contemptuous familiarity with the very Deity. The value of such habits may, therefore, be readily appraised ✍ And in passing, it may be said that it is the element of prowess suggested by epaulets that makes soldiers particularly seductive to women ✍ ✍

The cigar, then, is an asset convertible into more than Clearing House checks. It may be used effectively at all times ✍ I should not approach the Court House, however trifling my mission, without a richly banded cigar ✍ "Ah, but the expense of it"—why, young man, there need be no expense—you need not light it! An unlit, gracefully handled cigar is most impressive. It suggests to the humble on-looker that when not smoking you can actually afford to eat expensive cigars, and that your practice is most promising.

And have you ever observed how impressive a thing it is for a lawyer in the midst of a trial to deliberately take from his pocket a richly banded cigar and with slow affidavit-like monotony clip the end and prepare for a cold smoke? And have you observed how that thoughtful act seemed to take the concussion out of the fearful solar-plexus swat his case got at that moment? And did you see those jurors look wondrously at that cigar and forget that same swat? ✍ And did you see the triumphant calm of that great lawyer at that perilous moment when he seemed to be surrounded by the Furies?—a serenity that reminded you of Napoleon, in that great picture, contemplatively striding the quarter deck of the Bellephron?—Ah, thou Prince Imperial, thou steadier of nerves, thou substitute for brains, thou gracious aid to irksome conversation, accept my praise.

Despise not, then young man, the small things. Remember always that you are in a world of fake, peopled with small things, who love small things. These little things are the big things of a little life. They count more than knowledge, more than college degrees.

I knew a young man, a lawyer, of great knowledge and promise, who was bobbing about on the professional sea like those little wanton boys that swim on bladders, and that young man had an engagement with a good client to consider a constitutional question that seriously affected him ✍ He met that client without the slightest attention to stage effect. He spoke with his usual quick, piping voice; he wore his ordinary dinky sack suit—and had no cigar! That client did not come again, and the papers announced a week later that he had brought suit through "the Hon. Blankety Blank, the eminent Constitutional Lawyer, who stated, (though he declined positively to be interviewed generally), that refuge would be taken in the General Welfare Clause as amplified in the Fourteenth Amendment."—Selah.

Grasp, if you can, the ignorance approximating blasphemy exhibited in assuming to talk upon a "grave constitutional question" wearing a saucy sack coat—a question involving maybe the liberty of a Bucket-shopper, or Vestryman Rebater! And contemplate the positive vulgarity of using your ordinary quick, impulsive, piping, dot-and-dash voice in speaking of that Bulwark of our Liberties, behind whose solid planking you are expected to hide a wealthy grafter, in loyalty to your oath to "aid the courts in the administration of justice!" And astonished reader, without even a Cigar! He lost his client! Well, I should say so.

Be advised, young man: When you have a momentous constitutional matter, make your engagement with your client for an hour towards evening, for the approaching dusk

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imparts a sacramental solemnity to an otherwise dingy office scene. Wear your only frock coat that day and a subdued tie, for to that client you are a minister of the Law's Mysteries. And get an old cigar box and put in it three or four cigars, and at the right moment grandly offer them in Captain Jackson style to your client. Do not, my young legal friend, turn thy large ears deafly to this. Be admonished about thy unconventional democratic ways before thy cash book, and notice-to-quit disclose thy error. A few years and a little experience will compel thee to take the cube root of all thy estimates of men and things. ¶ Why see: How potent would be the Reverend Alexander singing the "Glory Song" wearing a pink tie and lavender spats? Do you still say that clothing cuts no figure? How would the Mourner's Bench or Collection Plate look if the Reverend Torrey exhorted men wearing a checked sack coat, striped trousers, and a red four-in-hand?

All the world's a stage—what, young man, have you not heard that? Yes, it is a stage, and most of us are supers when we might be actors. Get you gone then, young lawyer, to a costumer; watch your cigars; fix up your stage; get some scenery.

When mankind repudiates us and fellowship is dead, we then turn for surcease to the welcoming waters of the lake and find peace.

Nature's methods are evolutionary, not revolutionary

When The People Rule

By Wm. Marion Reedy



WHEN the people will, they will. No check is being found effective against the progress of the movement for the Initiative and Referendum. It goes on in every state and in every city. The people are realizing the efficacy of the device as a preventive of boodling by venal representatives in legislatures and aldermanic bodies Recently there has been one test of this method of government that has attracted the attention of the entire country. ¶ The results of the Oregon elections on the referendums submitted to the people of that State have demonstrated once more the essential conservatism of the American electorate. Several radical measures which the people had not had time to study sufficiently, among them a measure approximating the Single Tax, were voted down by large majorities, and on the other hand many good measures that were well understood and ripe for solution received a favorable vote On the whole, the people of Oregon used the Referendum with discrimination, judgment and good commonsense. Instead, however, of hailing this result as a triumph of the Referendum, and a remarkable demonstration of its efficiency, safety and conservatism, the opposition daily press has tried to distort it into an argument against the Referendum, and has tried to prove that the people of Oregon were tired of innovations. To such lengths are they driven by the paucity of their arguments United States Senator Jonathan A. Bourne, of Oregon, the leading Republican statesman of the Pacific Coast, in commenting on these results, said: "In my humble opinion, Oregon's direct legislation system is the safest and most conservative plan of government ever adopted in America. The great majority of the American people are honest, intelligent and just. I am confident that a majority can never be had for a measure without there is good reason to believe it will advance the general welfare. Agitation and full discussion must inevitably result in their giving a wise decision. Should a mistake be made it can easily and quickly be remedied under this system, which places direct responsibility on each individual voter for every law under which he lives. The initiative especially makes available all the statesmanship there is among the people. No boss or political machine can prevent a fair hearing and decision by the supreme power—the sovereign people."

Michigan has joined the states that stand for the rule of the people. The constitution adopted by the Constitutional Convention to be submitted to the people of the State at the November election provides, as heretofore, for a referendum on proposed constitutional amendments. It contains also the Constitutional Initiative. Twenty per cent of the voters have power to initiate constitutional amendments,

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subject to a veto power in a majority of the members of the Legislature; but this method is not to be used to change this provision in the constitution. The signatures to the petition are to be made on the registration days or election days before the registration or election officers. One-half the members of either house, by refusing to go into joint session, can prevent the Legislature from vetoing the petition. Thus sixteen Senators can practically compel the Legislature to permit the submission of any amendment by voting against a joint session, even if every other member of the Senate and every Representative is opposed. This is an exact reversal of the present situation, as it is now possible for sixteen Senators to prevent submission. All acts of the municipal legislative bodies can be vetoed by the voters—the Referendum. Compulsory referendum is provided for franchise grants in cities, townships and villages. Home Rule is granted to cities and villages. They are empowered to frame, adopt and amend their own charters, subject only to a general law of the State limiting the rate of taxation and the borrowing of money. No special law may be enacted by the Legislature where a general act can be made to apply, and the courts are to be the final judge in each case. No local or special act of the Legislature can take effect until approved by a majority of voters voting thereon in the districts affected by the act. Cities of twenty-five thousand or more are authorized to go into municipal ownership to the extent of owning and operating public utilities for supplying water, light, heat and transportation. Loans made for any of these purposes are to be secured solely on the particular property itself. The decision as to whether municipal ownership shall be undertaken is to be by direct vote of the people, and a three-fifths vote is to be required ✍ This is progress with a vengeance, and not in a wild and wooly state, either.

The new primary election law passed by the Kansas Legislature provides for the selection of United States Senators by popular vote, and the first Senatorial election was held on August Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Eight. In order to become a candidate for the United States Senate it is necessary to have a petition of not less than one per cent and not more than ten per cent of the party voters filed with the Secretary of State three weeks in advance of the primary. The same election laws which govern the holding of a general election are made to govern the primary, and every voter who participated in the primary indicated his choice for United States Senator. The Legislature must go through the form of choosing the United States Senator, but it will be only a form, as the choice will have been made for them by the people. This is essentially the same law that was passed by the Oregon Initiative, and has since been copied by other states.

Senator Saxe has introduced in the New York Legislature a concurrent resolution proposing a Constitutional Amendment for the Initiative and Referendum. The measure proposes that a five per cent petition may be initiated and proposed in either State Legislature or City Council, and also that on a five per cent petition the people may demand a Referendum. The other provisions of the bill are essentially the same as those of the constitutional amendments of the other states ✍ Assemblyman Rudolph A. Braum, of Essex, has introduced into the New Jersey Legislature a Referendum Bill providing that when ten per cent of the voters of the State shall petition the Legislature to pass any bill it may be enacted in the regular way. If the bill fails to become a law in the Legislature it shall be referred to the voters of the State for final decision ✍ This bill has the endorsement of the "new idea" Republicans ✍ There is some talk of substituting a public-opinion measure for this bill. Senator Hill, of Maryland, has introduced a bill providing for the Initiative and Referendum, and the measure has been favorably reported back to the Senate. Delegate Williams, of the West Virginia House of Delegates, is the father of a bill for a constitutional amendment for a Referendum and Initiative in that State ✍ There may be very little outlook for an immediate adoption of this bill, but Mr. Williams is doing a great educational work in favor of his measure ✍ ✍

The people of Seattle voted in the March election upon two charter amendments which reserve to the people of that city the power to control their own legislation, and also to control their own public franchises ✍ The direct legislation amendment was adopted by a vote of eleven thousand, four hundred and nine to five thousand, six hundred and seventy-one, and the public-ownership amendment was adopted by eleven thousand, three hundred and twenty-two against six thousand, three hundred

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and forty-seven. The vote in favor in each case was more than one-half of the votes cast for Mayor. The Referendum petition requires ten per cent ❧ A petition signed by fourteen thousand, six hundred and fifteen voters of San Francisco has been submitted to the Supervisors, asking for a special election, at which all the people may vote on taking over the franchises of the street car and telephone companies. A bill for the Initiative and Referendum is before the Bloomingdale, Iowa, City Council, and is warmly endorsed by the local improvement association and other bodies of leading business men. The petition of ten per cent of the voters of Milwaukee has been filed, asking for a Referendum vote on a non-partisan municipal election system this coming year ❧ Work in favor of the Initiative and Referendum in Missouri is being pushed with persistent vigor. Mr. John Z. White has just completed a campaign in Kansas City which has resulted in the perfection of a strong organization to take charge of the work and continue it, now that he has departed upon his propaganda in the northern part of the State, stopping at Maryville, Princeton, Chillicothe, Moberly, and Hannibal ❧ In each of these towns Mr. White will see all the political leaders and organize leagues among the voters for the support of the constitutional amendment at the next general election. The prospect of a large vote in favor of the amendment in Kansas City is very good, especially as the Kansas City "Star" and the "Times"—morning and evening—have come out broadly in favor of the proposition, and are thus bringing it to the attention, not only of a large following in the State of Missouri, but an equally large one in Kansas ❧ ❧

Friends of the movement are active in all parts of the State, and they are much heartened by the significant circumstance that both David A. Ball and Judge Evans, candidates for Governor on the Democratic ticket, are making a special appeal for the amendment in all the speeches of their respective campaigns before the rural Democracy. Up to date Mr. William S. Cowherd, another prominent Democratic candidate for Governor, has not yet been induced to say anything upon this subject. Those well posted in Missouri politics, however, hardly expect Mr. Cowherd to be enthusiastic for a proposal the enactment of which would be so inimical to the interests of the special interests and the political creatures thereof, who are lined up, almost to a man, in Mr. Cowherd's support ❧ Friends of the Initiative and Referendum should "heckle" Mr. Cowherd and every other candidate for public office on this question, and exact a definite declaration from them.

The Referendum League in Missouri is increasing in numbers all the time, and there is not a township in the State that is not in touch with the central organization in St. Louis. Governor Folk has been doing excellent work in the cause by making a special point of the issue in every speech he delivers in the course of his campaign for the Senatorship.

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The chief virtue of the Christian Scientists lie in this: They comply with all the conditions of health and success, exactly as do all sensible Gentiles, and then they cease worrying about results ❧ ❧

❧

A Humane Press Bureau

By George T. Angell



IF some one would give you a million dollars, Mr. Angell, for your humane work, what would you do with the money? Answer: First—I would immediately establish a Humane Press Bureau which should gather the gems of humane literature from the whole world and suitable for all ages, from the primary and kindergarten schools to the highest universities, and then send them out over our country, and so far as possible, the world, not only to the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines which receive "Our Dumb Animals" every month, but to hundreds of thousands of schools, and so far as possible, into all homes. I should expect by doing this and forming our Bands of Mercy to reach millions of children and youth and insure their becoming humane citizens, and prevent a vast number of incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and other outrages. Second—For the prevention of wars and the tremendous cost of armies and navies I would send eloquent men to address the students in all our higher institutions of learning and make our future editors, congressmen and others of vast influence humane, and then if I had another million

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dollars I would begin to bring all the power of humane education to bear on other countries. I have before me on this very morning, applications to aid in carrying humane education and humane societies into Persia and China. We have had the one book, "Black Beauty," translated into nearly all European languages and three Asiatic languages, and there is nothing to prevent our having it in the languages of all civilized nations if we had the money to do it. There is no investment in this world that would prove more profitable to the world in dollars and cents (saying nothing of humanity), than to carry humane education into all the colleges and schools of every grade in all civilized nations. Of course we should largely use in this work, pictures, music, songs, stories, eloquent addresses and brilliant poems ❧ Some eminent man has said: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I don't care who makes its laws." What we want is to impress upon the millions the great fact that every boy and girl and man and woman can make their own lives and the world happier and better by saying kind words and doing kind acts both to their own race and the other races that surround and depend upon us. The humane education of one boy may save an incendiary fire which might cost a million dollars. The humane education of one student in one of our colleges or universities may prevent a war which might cost a hundred millions of dollars and thousands of human lives ❧ ❧

❧

SUCCESS LIES IN MUTUAL SERVICE

❧

First Offenders

By Frederick Kohler

Chief of Police of the City of Cleveland, Ohio.



FOR many years I have given considerable study and observation to numerous arrests made for minor offenses. I cannot see that these wholesale arrests did any good. The number of them did not diminish; it increased. And I found that the arrests not only did not produce good results; they did harm. They brought disgrace, humiliation and suffering to countless innocent persons in no way responsible for the acts of a thoughtless, careless, mischievous, or even if you will, a malicious first offender. Think a moment, and you will see out of your own experience how true this is. Certainly it was borne upon me that something was wrong.

I found daily at the stations relatives and friends in tears seeking the release of some prisoner who, when I enquired, proved to be not so very, very bad. In Police Court the next day I saw old and feeble parents, weeping wives with crying babies in their arms, and very often other children clinging at their sides—all there to witness the degradation of those they loved ❧ And what was the result? A hasty trial, and since the offense was usually trivial, the prisoner was discharged. Good! But all that suffering was in vain. Sometimes it was worse than vain ❧ Sometimes a friend interceded in the prisoner's behalf and he was released. Perhaps a lesson in "pull." Perhaps the prisoner and his friends perjured themselves—you know how often that happens—and a greater crime was committed. Again, sometimes the offender was fined. That was a "result," but who paid? The weeping mother and children; they were robbed of the necessities of life, and the only gain was a few paltry dollars paid into the City Treasury. Was there one particle of real good accomplished by this process? Watching it all as I did, day after day, I answer "no," and I say now, emphatically, "no!" ❧ ❧

Now, questioning these unfortunates, it struck me that most of them did what they did through thoughtlessness, natural passion, or in a spirit of frolic or mischief. It seemed to me that this should be understood. It did n't seem at first to be the policeman's duty to study the cases and to use discretion. That was the judge's part ❧ But following the cases from the time the persons were thrown into prison to their arraignment before a Police Magistrate, I noticed that as a rule the bench showed little sense of the character, and less knowledge of the habits and environment of the offender. The judge had not, of course, seen the offense committed, and he could n't comprehend the exact situation or the conditions. Or perhaps he was a politician; in that case the arresting policeman was the person put on trial, censured and insulted. There was a misunderstanding all around. And misunderstanding is often injustice.

The "very best result" achieved in all this

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process was that the offender, who may previously have been of good character and reputation, was given a police court record. He was discouraged and his family and relatives mortified and disgraced.

Then I remembered that all persons are not arrested who commit minor offenses and even larceny. Many escape detection and are not exposed. Their escape did not hurt them or society; it was an advantage.

I know, and you know men who have erred thus in youth, and yet later have become good citizens; yes, some of them are the leading business men of the country. Some of them are Chiefs of Police ✍ As we all know, with some, crime is a disease; with others it is a lack of proper education, training and healthy environment; and yet with others, it is a weakness—inability to resist temptation. Now, I finally concluded that it was our duty not to help these unfortunates on their downward course, but to save them. It seemed to me it was up to the police to learn to know the difference between a thief and a mischievous man or boy. And why not? Of all men, who is so able to judge whether an arrest is necessary as a policeman, if given the opportunity, who knows the neighborhood, who is first on the scene, who has all the facts and circumstances at first hand, before there has been time to destroy or make up evidence. ¶ Upon these observations and thoughts my policy was formed. Firm in the belief that some remedy was necessary, I decided to experiment ✍ I determined to have my policemen use their best human instincts. I proposed that my men should exercise that discretion which the judges did not always bring to bear.

To insure the successful operation of the plan, it was necessary, of course, that every member of the force should understand it. They must be made aware of the principle involved, and the benefits to be derived from the policy. To that end I personally met with every division of the officers and men, and in an informal discussion considered with them every detail ✍ Every misdemeanor and crime were carefully dissected, and we decided together just how far the policy was to be applied.

First: Juveniles were never to be placed in city prisons. They were to be taken home, or the parents sent for and the child turned over to them with a warning for parental correction ✍ ✍

Second: Intoxicated persons were to be taken or sent home, unless it seemed necessary, for the protection of their lives or their property, to confine them until sober. And in that case they were allowed to plead guilty, and by signing a waiver of trial, let go without appearing in court. And for your information I might add that under this system of so-called Sunrise Court, during the year Nineteen Hundred and Seven, there were seven thousand, seven hundred and thirty-eight persons released by signing such a waiver without any further punishment.

Third: Juvenile and intoxicated persons are cited only because they appear to be in the majority, but apparent offenders of any misdemeanor charges, are warned and released by simply taking their name and address, unless it can be shown that the offense was committed with malice and forethought, with the intention to injure the person or property of another. And I might add that this policy has also been applied even where it seemed apparent felonies had been committed.

The force was shown how, by conscientiously carrying out this policy, they would save many hours duty in court, a matter of grave importance to the officers on night duty and to the public when officers are on day duty ✍ They would save to the city thousands of dollars in witness fees; much work for the police judges, police clerks, and court attaches; wear and tear of all police apparatus. And they would cut politicians and shyster lawyers out of their source of revenue, and drive them back to good, honest work—maybe. ¶ The force became thoroughly interested, and though there were a few mistakes to correct at first, the policy has proved a success during the five months of severe trial which we have given it.

To show this I quote from our reports the number of arrests for the first five months of Nineteen Hundred and Seven and Nineteen Hundred and Eight:

January, 1907	2158	January, 1908	911
February, 1907	2257	February, 1908	829
March, 1907	2711	March, 1908	939
April, 1907	2434	April, 1908	907
May, 1907	2731	May, 1908	888

Those figures show that arrests have decreased sixty-eight per cent.

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Reports and complaints have diminished at a corresponding rate. Officers, detectives and patrolmen are able to devote more time to the pursuit of the habitual criminal and crimes of a serious nature; to suspicious persons and to those whose livelihood depends upon the swindling and robbing of the honest citizen. This in turn has resulted in driving from our city practically all of these vultures; and those that remain are under such close surveillance that it is almost impossible for them to operate successfully. I think I can truthfully say that Cleveland is well pleased with the result.

I believe in my policy ✍ I believe that if it is properly and generally carried into effect, it will put the American policeman in the position he should occupy. He will learn that the people he has to deal with are human beings, not machines; liable to have mistakes and failures, but not therefore lost souls ✍ And I believe that the patrolman should be the friend and parole officer of these laggards. I believe that the best policeman is he who manages all offenders against the law with the least show of authority, with the least personal pride, with the greatest sense of human justice.

We also have a plan of "Police Repression" which consists in warning would-be criminals; the purposes of it are to prevent violations of the law instead of waiting for them to occur. That plan in connection with this "Golden Rule Policy," has really made Cleveland a good city to live in.

And to take a broad view, I submit that we police can help to make the world a better place to live in. It has been said, and you, detectives, with your long experience in police business, know that the police, unwillingly and unwittingly perhaps, but nevertheless hastily, have been instrumental in making as many criminals as any other agency—poverty, heritage and association excepted. ¶ This we have done by making these numerour arrests of first offenders, by exposing and branding them with Police Court and prison records ✍ ✍

We have discouraged men. We have driven young and weak men to the haunts and association of habitual and expert criminals, who have taught them the ideals and practices of crime. We have punished—we have NOT PREVENTED CRIME. The time has come to change all this, and I believe we in Cleveland have found the way to do it. ¶ For a great many years in Cleveland, the police had done as the police do everywhere with drunks and disorderly persons, petty thieves, bad boys, and small offenders generally—we ran them in ✍ It was the custom in Cleveland—it is still the custom of practically the whole police world; and customs, ground as they are into the very fibre of men's minds, are hard to break. But we have broken the custom of the world and the ages in Cleveland. We are treating men as men even when they are drunk, even when they disturb the peace, even when they insult the dignity of a policeman ✍ We often make arrests, but even then we deal with our prisoners as citizens, as human beings. And we all like the change—not only the offenders, but the police. It works. Humanity pays—The results of our so-called Golden Rule Policy are good.

✍

To Literary Aspirant: In order to write effectively, try these—Forget your grammar; cultivate the Victor Hugo sentence; beware of adjectives; then practice.

✍

A Sonnet

Dasht Off Whilst Thinking About How Pa Acts When Dressing Up To Go To Church

By Nixon Waterman

WHILST pa and ma is dressin' up to go
To church or somewhere, so I've heard ma tell
The neighbor women, pa tears 'round pell-mell
And turns things upside down, and wants to know
Who hid his clothes! and makes ma stop and show
Him where to find them. Ma she know'st full well
They're where he's kept them since he camest to dwell
In our house: that's been twenty years or so.

And when ma's donest her level best to try
To help pa so he wilt not fuss and fret,
And found his clothes, shoes, collar, cuffs and tie,
And there ain't nothin' more for her to get,
Pa looks at her and with an awful sigh
Says: "Thunderation! Ain't you ready yet?"

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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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No God was Ever Jealous, but the Man Who Invents Him Always Is

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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AFOOT WITH THE FRA



HERE is a truth that all wise men know, but which, so far as I am aware, has not been emphasized. ¶ The fear of hell and the hope of heaven have never influenced humanity in the slightest degree. Deferred punishments and deferred rewards lose their power in a fade-away. That is to say, no bad man was ever deterred from a wrong deed on account of something which might happen to him at a remote and indefinite point in a life to be lived after he is dead. He does the wrong deed because he wants something now ❧ Things attract or repel according to their nearness. It is a matter of propinquity ❧ ❧

To be influenced by things that are to happen in after life would require a finer and stronger type of man than the world has ever seen. It lies beyond the limits of the average ken. Only one man out of ten cares for a savings bank account, because the benefits to be received are in the future, and the future is reached by imagination, a thing of which most men have small store. But one man out of nineteen realizes the benefits of life insurance.

In health, and in safety, hell has always been a pleasantry, and the devil a good fellow.

In the presence of great physical peril and an imminent, deadly danger, the thought of hell may sweep over the mind, but fear is born from the natural clinging to life—the aversion to death, and the dread of the unknown. It is the instinct of self-preservation.

Those without hope are without fear. And hope is always a desire of continuing this life ❧ A

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squirrel in a revolving cage has hope, plus. ¶ When a person is so near dissolution that he has lost all interest in this life, he has also lost hope in another. This is absolute.

Fear and hope are attributes of this life, and have their positive and definite use. They always affect the person with the idea of something that is to happen here and now. The sooner the thing is to happen, the greater the emotion. Its intensity lessens in inverse ratio to its square of the distance. What you gain in speed you lose in power. Give me ten cents now and you may have my Carnegie estate in heaven. Quit-claims for cash are quickly obtainable.

The young woman whose wedding day is set twenty years ahead—if you can imagine such a thing—is not agitated. She is quite indifferent—ten years the same, or five. One year may bring to her face a smile. But told that she is to wed to-night, and she comes up out of her rocking chair with beaming, and possibly defiant eyes, and demands, "Where is he?" ¶ Men burdened by debt, give a sixty day note, and with a great sigh of relief say, "Thank God, that is paid at last."

People mortgage their property with glee, according to the distance of the date of payment. Bonds due in twenty years are absolutely clean-cash windfalls—gifts from the sky.

Highly intelligent, educated men, graduates from Harvard, draw drafts on the Bank of Futurity by bad hours, overeating and various other forms of excess. Their intellects tell them that there is a day of reckoning—they know there is, yet if the punishment is not immediate they do the deed and trust to luck that Nemesis will forget one. They take the cash and let the credit go.

Fill the mind of a child with the thought that he may die any instant—"If I should die before I wake"—and you make hell a reality. And you make it a reality just in proportion as you render the child a weak and sickly neurotic. Children's diseases are the results of vaccination with orthodoxy. The virus has taken and the scar is lasting. Fortunately, most children are simply little animals, and so are not affected by the erraticisms of the diseased and plotting minds of churchly adults.

There is something so unnatural in the thought of a bodily reward when you have no body—a life of joy when your life has gone out—songs of Zion when your voice is silenced, that promises to pay are as spider threads. The law makes this plain when it provides that a promise to pay at an unfixed or indefinite time is no promise at all.

Strong and healthy men and women—natural men and women through whom plays the Cosmic Urge—have always forfeited their claim on an eternal future paradise for an immediate and transient heaven, when opportunity offers and Society's back is turned. Postponement is always a sign of weakness—or else of superior strength.

What then about the proud boast of the Church as a Police System!

And the answer is this: the Church never consigns a soul to hell in the future, without, in the same breath, flinging the victim into a social hell here.

"Let no man speak to him, or harbour him, give him work, or greet him by day or night, or offer him so much as a cup of water. Let him be an outcast," etc., etc.,—etc.

Ex-communication does not mean that you are cut off from Saint Peter's paradise; it means that human fellowship is withdrawn from you now. And lack of fellowship is hell. When the priest, the most influential man you know, sets society against you, then, indeed, does your reason reel and your mind totter. We want love—human love—we want the companionship of our kind now, and when you take these things from us, we are wrecked in body, mind and estate.

Fortunately, for the race, the average woman has n't imagination enough to project her image upon the Cosmic Screen and behold herself three fourths of a year in the dim and distant. And as for the average male man, he regards himself as immortal and expects to live right on here forever.

Thus comes the saying, "All men are mortal but ourselves."

Nature never designed that we should live in two worlds at a time, and happily she has fixed her limitations beyond which our minds cannot jump and gyrate.

The man who sees beyond the next pay-day is exceptional. If he can see into the future for five years he is a genius, and if for ten years, he is a prophet and a seer.

However, a community, or a race, may be so unsettled, through diverting the people from a present good, that they are unfitted for their environment, through futile attempts to reach

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a world that they cannot even imagine, save as they multiply the miseries or joys of this.

All Christians are "rice Christians." If there were no immediate rice in way of social advantages, there would be no Christians.

The Church is a social institution and is powerful just in proportion as she can fix the place of men in society. She says you may marry or you may not—we will baptize you, or we will not—we may suffer you to come to the communion table, or we may not. If we give you communion it is our seal that you are worthy; if we withdraw our approval of your acts you are lost.

With a mendacious kind of psychology, founded on wise expediency, the church has always tried to make death and dissolution imminent. Men going to sea partake of the communion; on the eve of battle the Russian priest blesses all; just before embarking on any physically hazardous undertaking, we confess our sins.

To fan the flame of fear, most formal religions have told of "The Last Day," "The End of the world," etc., and "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man shall come." To make this life short, mean, contemptible, transient and uncertain has been the business of priests. The fear of hell, we see now, is the only natural fear of death. "Self-preservation is the first law of life."

As a further proof that it is social damnation that we fear, the person who has been strong enough to defy social usage and brave the conventions, always has had a loathing for all tales of hell, devils, ghosts and gods beyond the grave. Get rid of society's goblins and the goblins of another world are as the tales of children, told and forgotten.

And the argument is: We must show men that Nature gives an immediate return, here and now. Live sanely, rightly, naturally, moderately and you have health and happiness here as a sure and quick result. Violate the laws of Nature and you have sickness, misery, pain and defeat. ¶ To divert the mind from this world to another is to lose this world. And commonsense tells us that the best preparation for a life beyond, if there is one, is to live a beautiful life here, so as not to be a stranger to it when we reach it.

Civilization is not a thing separate and apart, any more than Art is. Civilization is an evolution, and evolution is motion. Each day we have a new civilization.

THIS year The Roycrofters had twenty-seven acres of potatoes that averaged two hundred bushels to the acre. We sold a thousand bushels at eighty cents a bushel, and are going to keep the rest for ourselves and to feed the merry pilgrims, next summer.

We also raised two thousand chickens, five hundred turkeys and a thousand guinea hens. This last we serve at the Roycroft Inn and place on the Menu as "East Aurora Pheasants." Good Roycrofters all wear a guinea feather in their lapel for luck.

Over twelve thousand persons have visited the Shops the past year. Not only is the country getting richer, but it is getting wiser and better—in proof of which let it be stated that subscriptions to THE FRA are reaching us at the rate of about four hundred and fifty a day. ¶ We live in the richest country in the world, and the richest the world has ever seen. The past year has seen bountiful crops, and the prices of these have been very satisfactory. Everything is on the upward turn. Business is getting better every day, and Nineteen Hundred and Nine is going to be one of the best years we have ever experienced.

Happy is the soldier who turns his battlefield over to the poets.

I KNOW a prominent business concern that by the very force of its directness and excellence has incurred the enmity of many rivals. In fact, there is a very general conspiracy to put the institution down and out. In talking with a young man in the employ of this house, he yawned and said, "Oh, in this quarrel I am a neutral."

"But you get your bread and butter from this firm, and in a matter where the very life of the institution is concerned, I do not see how you can be a neutral."

And he changed the subject.

I think that if I enlisted in the Japanese Army I would not be a neutral.

Business is a fight—a continual struggle—

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just as life is. Man has reached his present degree of development through struggle.
Struggle there must be and always will be.
¶ The struggle began as wholly physical, and as man evolved it shifted ground to the mental, psychic and spiritual, with a few dashes of Cave-man proclivities still left.
But depend upon it, the struggle will always be—life is activity. And when it gets to be a struggle in well-doing, it will still be struggle.
¶ When inertia gets the better of you it is time to telephone to the undertaker.
The only real neutral in this game of life is a dead one.
Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of every other good thing.
A business that is not safe-guarded on every side by active, alert, attentive, vigilant men is gone. As oxygen is the disintegrating principle of life, working day and night to dissolve, separate, pull apart and dissipate, so is there a something in business that continually tends to scatter, destroy and shift possession from this man to that. A million mice nibble eternally at every business venture.
The mice are not neutrals, and if enough men in a business house are neutrals, the whole concern will eventually come tumbling about their ears.
¶ I like the order of Field-Marshall Oyama: "Give every honorable neutral the honorable jui-jitsu kikerino."

THE BUSINESS OF THIS BIBLIOZINE IS NOT TO SAVE SINNERS—BUT, IF POSSIBLE, TO PREVENT THEIR PRODUCTION.

Nature's methods are evolutionary, not revolutionary.



AMONG wild animals, members of each species look alike; horses, wolves, rabbits, cattle, quails, prairie chickens, deer—think it over!
Breeds in birds and animals are formed by taking individual peculiarities and repeating them through artificial selection until that which was once peculiar and unique becomes common. White pigeons are simply albinos. But all breeds in time "run out" and form a type, just as a dozen kinds of pigeons in a loft will in a few years degenerate into a flock, where all the members so closely resemble each other that you cannot tell one from the other.
A religious denomination or a political party is a breed. When it is new it has marks of individuality; it means something. In a few years it reverts to type. Political parties grown old are all equally bad. They begin as radical and end as conservative. That which began in virtue is undone through profligacy. Among successful religions there is no choice—they all have a dash of lavender.
When the man who founded the party, or upon whose name, fame and influence the party was founded, dies, the many who belong to it are tinted by the whims and notions of Thomas, Richard and Henry, and it reverts to type.
Only very strong and self-reliant characters form sects. Moses founded a denomination which has been kept marvelously pure by persecution, and healthy by constant migration. Jesus broke away from this sect and became an independent preacher. Naturally He was killed, for up to very recent times all independent preachers were killed, and quickly.
Paul took up the teachings of Jesus and interpreted them, and by his own strong personality founded a religion. Paul was crucified, too, head downward, and his death was really more dramatic than that of his chief, but there was a lack of literary men to record it.
So we get the religion of Christ interpreted by Paul, and finally vised and launched by a Roman Emperor. Now countries are this or that, because the reigning ruler is. This must be so where there is a state religion and forty thousand priests look to the king for their pay-envelope and immunity from taxation. Henry the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth decreed that England should be Protestant. They gave the Catholic clergy the choice of resigning their livings or swearing allegiance to the new faith. Only seventy-nine out of ten thousand dropped out. If Mary Tudor and Mary Stuart had succeeded politically, England would to-day have been Catholic. The many have no belief of any kind, they simply accept some one else's belief.
¶ When Constantine professed Christianity, every pagan temple in the city of Rome became a Christian Church. Had Constantine been circumcised, instead of baptised, all the pagan

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temples would have become synagogues, and every priest a rabbi. Constantine made the labarum the battle flag of Rome. "By this sign I conquer." And he did. So we get the religion of Jesus, siphoned through the personality of Paul, fused with paganism, and paganism being the stronger tendency, the whole fabric reverts to type.

We lose the pouter, the tumbler is forgot, and we get slatey-grey men and women ruled by ruffed Jacobins.

¶ Christianity is one thing; the religion of the Christ is another. Christianity is a river into which has flowed thousands upon thousands of streams, springs, brooks and rills, as well as the sewage of the cities. In the main it traces to pagan Rome, united with the cool, rapid running Rhone of classic Greece. But the waters of placidly flowing Judaism, paralleling it, have always seeped through, and the fact that over half of all Christianity prays to a Jewess, and that both Jesus and Paul were Jews, should not be forgotten.

The blood of all martyrs, rebels and revolters who have attempted to turn the current of this river, have tinted its waters, and that its ultimate end is irrigation and not transportation is everywhere evident.

To keep religion a muddy, polluted, pestilential river, instead of allowing it to resolve itself into a million irrigating ditches, has been the fight of the centuries. The trouble is that irrigation is not an end—it is just a beginning. Irrigation means constant and increasing effort, and priests and preachers have never prayed, "Give us this day our daily work." Their desire has been to be carried—to float with the tide, and he who floats is being carried down stream. Men who have tried to tap the stream and divert its waters to parched pastures have usually been caught and drowned in its depths. And this is what you call history.

All new religions have their beginning in exactly this way—they are streams diverted from the parent waters, and the quality and influence of the new religion depends upon the depth of the new channel, its current and the territory which it traverses.

As before stated, most of the rebels were quickly caught ❧ Moses rebelled from the religion of Egypt; Jesus rebelled from the religion of Moses; Paul rebelled from Judaism, adopted the name and led the little following of the martyred Savior; Constantine seized the name and good will, and destroyed rebellion and competition by a master stroke of fusion—when you cannot successfully fight a thing, all is not lost, you can still embrace it; Savonarola was an unsuccessful rebel from Constantine's composite religion; Luther, Calvin and Knox successfully rebelled; Henry the Eighth defied the Catholic Church for reasons of his own and broke from it; Methodism and Congregationalism broke from both the canal of John Knox and that of Queen Elizabeth and her lamented father; Unitarianism in New England was a revolt from the rule of the Congregational Church, and Emerson and Theodore Parker were rebels from Unitarianism.

Emerson and Parker were irrigators. They gave the water to the land instead of trying to keep it for a fishpond ❧ Neither one ever ordered the populace to cut bait or fall in and drown. As a result we are enriched with the flowers and fruit of their energies; they bequeathed to us something more than a threat and a promise—they gave us the broad pastures, the meadows, the fertile fields and the lofty trees with their refreshing shade.

❧

To succeed you must get out of your groove and change safety for experience. And anyway, does n't stability lie in motion?

❧



THE most successful strike is a defeat. The man who is a striker by nature, sudden and quick to quarrel, jealous of his rights, brings things about that conspire to keep him down and under. I do not care how clever he may be, or how well educated, his salary sticks around eighteen a week at the farthest, with a very tenuous hold upon his job.

At hotels the man who complains is the man against whom the servants are ever in league; and usually, the man who complains most is the man who has the least at home.

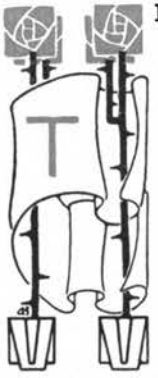
If you are defamed, let time vindicate you—silence is a thousand times better than explanation. Explanations do not explain. Let your life be its own excuse for being—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life. By minding your own business, you give others an opportunity to mind theirs; and

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depend upon it, the great souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it. As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the great reward gravitate to the patient man. ¶ It is but common to believe in him who believes in himself, but if you would do aught uncommon, believe yet in him who does not believe in himself.

Worry is futile and senseless, being born often of a blindness that will not wait.



HE greatest thing about man is his contempt for limitations. Every end he makes is a beginning. He is doing the impossible all the time.

A limit is a barrier set up by the imaginations of weak men. ¶ It is a fence that only cowards fear to leap.

There is in this infinite universe no limit set to anything. You may come to the end of your available strength, but you cannot come to a limit.

You may grow tired, lag and fall back, but still in front of you lies the boundless possibilities of life, still unexplored.

Nature never wrote "finis" on anything Only Weakness, in her delirium, has painted that word across the portals of the room in which it lives.

What one age thought an impossibility becomes a commonplace of the next.

What the coming ages hold for man, if he holds his mind free, erect and self-centered, no one can dream He will smash all that seems to bar him now. He will force every imaginary limit back to ghostland, whence it came

Endless motion, endless growth can know nothing of limitation. Man is a child of infinite forces—and the child is the master in embryo

Strength and freedom have nothing to do with limitation.

Parties who fuss about saving their souls, probably have no souls worth saving.



ICTOR HUGO says, "When you open a school, you close a prison."

This seems to require a little explanation. Victor Hugo did not have in mind a theological school, nor yet a young ladies' seminary, nor an English boarding school, nor a military academy, and least of all a parochial institute. What he was thinking of, was a school where people—young and old—were taught to be self-respecting, self-reliant and efficient—to care for themselves, to help bear the burdens of the world, to assist themselves by adding to the happiness of others.

Victor Hugo fully realized that the only education that serves is the one that increases human efficiency, not the one that retards it. An education for honors, ease, medals, degrees, titles, position, immunity—may tend to exalt the individual ego, but it weakens the race and its gain on the whole is nil.

Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great service, gets great returns. Action and reaction are equal, and the radiatory power of the planets balances their attraction. The love you keep is the love you give away.

A bumptious colored person wearing a derby tipped over one eye, and a cigar in his mouth pointing to the northwest, walked into a hardware store and remarked, "Lemme see your razors."

The clerk smiled pleasantly and asked, "Do you want a razor to shave with?" "Naw," said the colored person, "for social purposes."

An education for social purposes is n't of any more service than a razor purchased for a like use. An education which merely fits a person to prey on society, and occasionally slash it up, is a predatory preparation for a life of uselessness, and closes no prison. Rather it opens a prison and takes captive at least one man. The only education that makes free is the one that tends to human efficiency. Teach children to work, play, laugh, fletcherize, study, think and yet again—work, and we will raze every prison.

There is only one prison, and its name is Inefficiency. Amid the bastions of this bastile of the brain the guards are Pride, Pretense, Greed, Gluttony, Selfishness. ¶ Increase human efficiency, and you set the captives free.

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HE wise mother is working to make herself unnecessary to her children.

The good doctor is endeavoring to destroy his own business by showing humanity how to keep well without him.

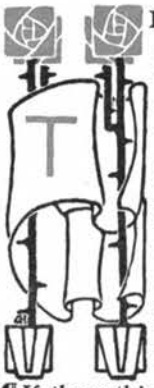
The teacher disappears when the youth graduates.

But the man who tries to graduate from the church is at once greeted with liberal extracts from the Billingsgate Calendar, and the prophecy is made that he is going to a place which does n't exist ✍ That is the difference.

✍

Good Roycrofters can't get sick; they find it very difficult to be poor; and in order to be unhappy, they have to take a lay-off.

✍



HE Roycrofters would have every man a priest, every home a shrine, every school a temple, every factory a college, every workshop a church and every church a workshop.

Roycroftism would run the world on a sunshine basis. Roycroftism would abolish poverty, disease and vice, and thus make almshouses, hospitals, jails, asylums, orphanages and homes for the "fallen," superfluities, all.

¶ If these things can be done in a little corner of the earth they can cover the globe.

Roycroftism does not so much seek to save sinners, as to stop their manufacture; it does not so much seek to heal the sick, as to make health a habit.

Prisons, hospitals and asylums are all indictments of our so-called civilization ✍ Society supplies the candidates for prisons, hospitals and asylums, for she spins the psychology and makes the environment that produces them.

¶ A tainted water supply will make most of the inhabitants of a town sick. Under these conditions Christianity builds hospitals and multiplies her doctors.

Roycroftism would meet the difficulty by going to the source of it, to work the remedy there.

¶ The methods of Ben Lindsey stop the making of criminals. He has shown us that bad boys are good boys who misdirect their energies ✍ He reaches the heart of the boy and finds it sound —a heart welling with love, which only needs love, to make love manifest.

Work, and work for everybody, with head, hand and heart, under ideal conditions, mixed with pure play in right proportion, will bring about the cure of souls. To set the rich and educated classes to work is the task—the poor will follow ✍ The impulse of reformation is beginning in the kindergartens. But we should not let it die there—manual training must be in every public school, and should also be carried into the Universities.

Let our desire be to serve and not to be waited upon, and then we will be well out on the highway to the Beautiful City of the Ideal.

✍

Cease being a creature, and become a creator.

✍



O you own the things you possess or do the things you possess own you? Are you the master of the things you own or are the things you own the master of you?

The desire to possess merely for the sake of having, is a degenerate impulse closely akin to the disease we call "miserliness." It is a monomania. It is the substitution of the shadow for the substance of life.

A thing is only valuable in so far as it can be used as a means to get something more valuable; all that we possess should be but the means of achieving the supreme end and aim of life—self-development.

What will my possessions do for me? How may I twist them into line to subserve the great purpose of my existence? Unless a man puts that question every hour to himself he will become nothing but a gathering machine.

Shall we LIVE, or spend our lives making preparations to live? Is our life to be a mania or a real flesh-and-blood exploitation of our faculties?

In the United States the mania of mere possession has become the great national disease: it carries off more people in its ravages than consumption. If you ask a New Yorker what is the supreme object of his life, he will look at you as if he suspected your sanity—and turn again to gathering in the dollars like a monkey digging in the mud of the gutter for his master's pennies.

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They are only free who are masters of their instincts; the uncontrolled mania for possessions leads to spiritual, moral and mental suicide

In this food question taste is Nature's test of fitness, both as to kind and quality.



THAT the Jews are a joyous people and find much sweet solace in their sorrowful religion is proven by one fact too obvious to be overlooked—they reproduce. Children are born of joy. The sorrows of Jewry are more apparent than real. After every Black Fast, when the congregations used to sit shoeless on the stone floors of the synagogues, weeping and wailing on account of the destruction of Jerusalem, the youngsters and the grown-ups as well, were counting the hours before the Feast of Pentecost would begin. The sorrow over the loss of things destroyed a thousand years or so ago is reduced to rather a pleasant emotional exercise.

Fasts were followed by feasts, also pro and con, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, so in the home of an orthodox Jewish family there was always something doing. Fasts, feasts, flowers, sweet-meats, lights, candles, little journeys, visits, calls, dances, prayers, responses, wails and cries of exultation—"Rejoicing of the Law"—this prevented monotony, stagnation and introspection.

And these are the things which have pressed their pre-natal influences upon the Jew until the fumes and reek of the Ghetto, the babble and squeak of the rabble and the babble of bazaars are more acceptable to him than is the breeze blowing across mesa or prairie, or the low moaning lullaby of lonely pine forests. The sense of separation is hell, and if continued, becomes insanity. The sense of separation is a thing that seldom presses upon the Jew, and this is why he seldom goes insane. His family, friends, clan, tribe are close about him. Zangwill, himself a child of the Ghetto, comes to the rescue of the despised and misunderstood Christian, expresses a doubt as to whether the Ghetto was not devised by Jews in response to their gregarious instinct and great desire to live their religious and family life undisturbed. For certain it is that the wall which shut the Jews in, shut the Christians out.

The first Ghetto was at Venice. It came into being during the Italian Renaissance, say about the year Fourteen Hundred and Fifty. The Jews had settled in one corner of the city, as they always have done, and are still prone to do They had their own shops, stores, bazaars, booths, schools and synagogues. They built close but high, and they built well. There they were packed, busied with their own affairs, jostling, quibbling, arguing—taking no interest in the social life outside.

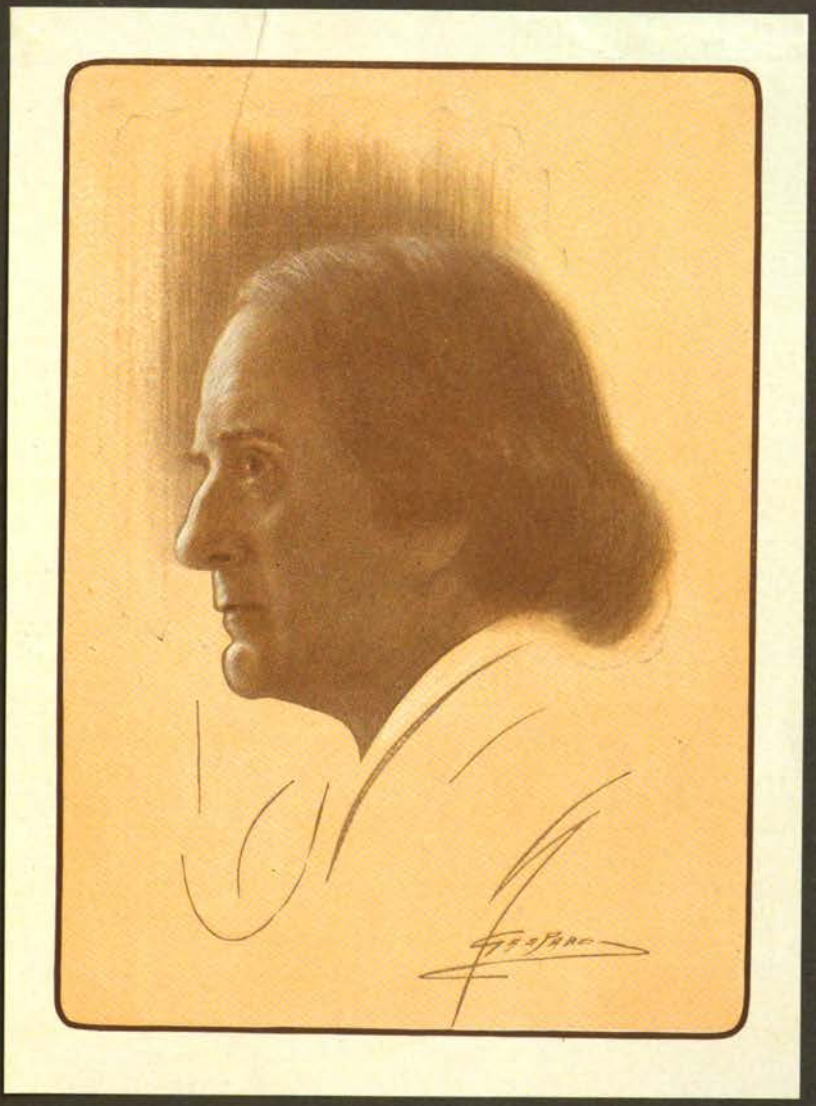
To be sure, they traded with the Christians, bought, sold, run, walked with them, but they did not dine with Christians nor pray with them. There were Jewish architects, painters, printers, lawyers, bankers and many of the richest and most practical men of Venice were Jews.

They made money out of Christians, and no doubt helped Christians to make money, for things not founded on reciprocity do not long endure. There is a history of Venice, written by a pious priest, who solemnly says that the Ghetto wall in Venice was built by Jews, so as to keep Christians from encroaching on the Jewish part of the town. The information does not come from an unprejudiced source, but it may be true, just the same, for even prejudiced parties at times may tell the truth. One fact that looks like corroborating proof is that upon one of the Ghetto gates was a marble slab, warning all Jews that if any of them turned Christian, he should never be allowed again to live in the Ghetto; nor should he be saluted or spoken to if he returned, nor so much as be given a cup of water, but that cord, scourge, gallows, prison and pillory should be his portion. It was a curse somewhat like that cheerful one visited upon Spinoza, the lens-maker, when he forsook the synagogue and took up his home with the Mennonites.

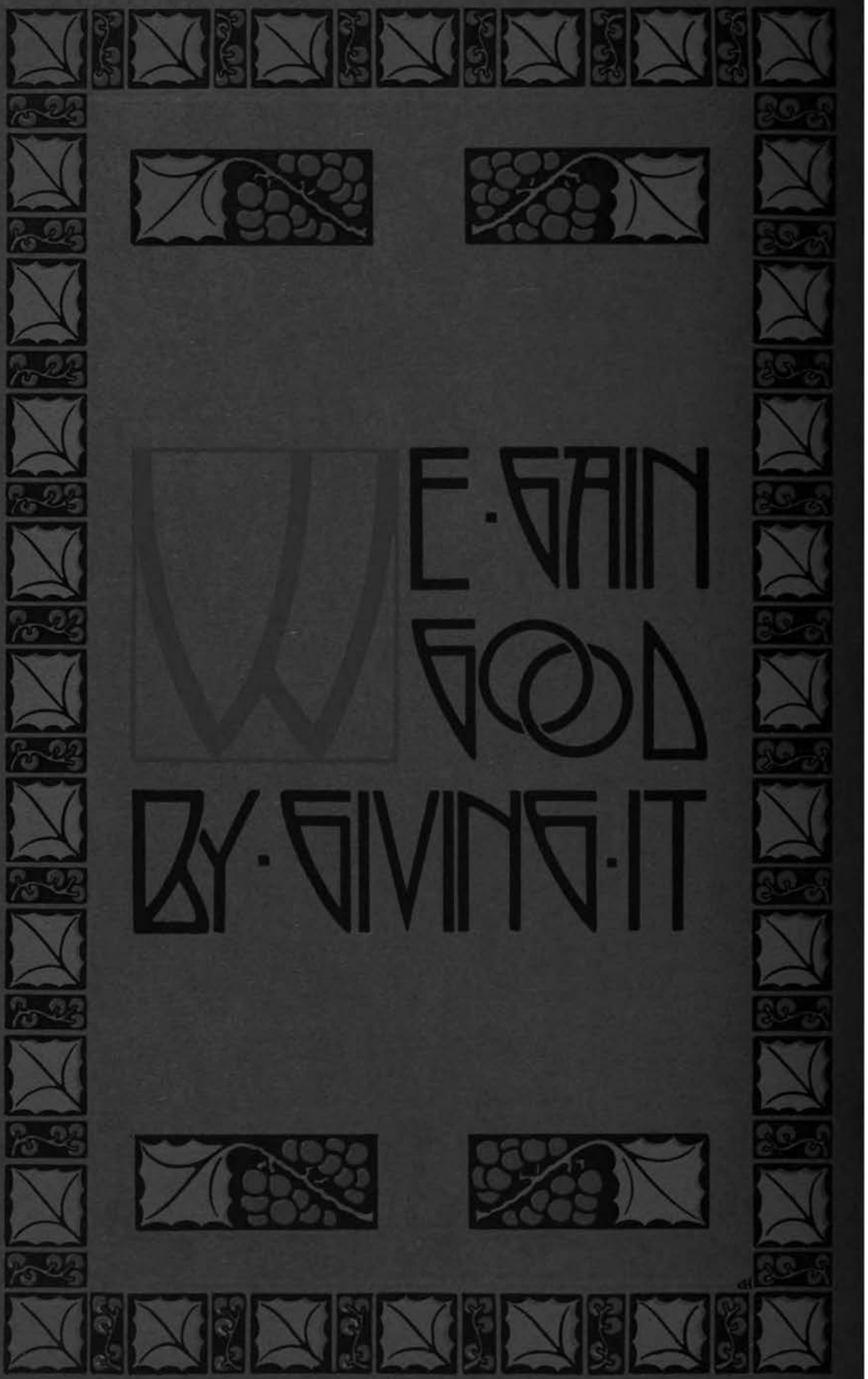
Children born and brought up in the Ghetto always felt a certain pity for those who had to live beyond the gates, in the great selfish, grasping, wicked world Those inside the Ghetto were the Chosen People of God; those outside were the Children of the Devil.

That the Jews kept aloof from the Gentiles and preferred to live apart is true, no matter who built the Ghetto wall. Also, no matter who built the wall, it is a fact that the Government of Venice, which was Christian and under the immediate jurisdiction of the Church,

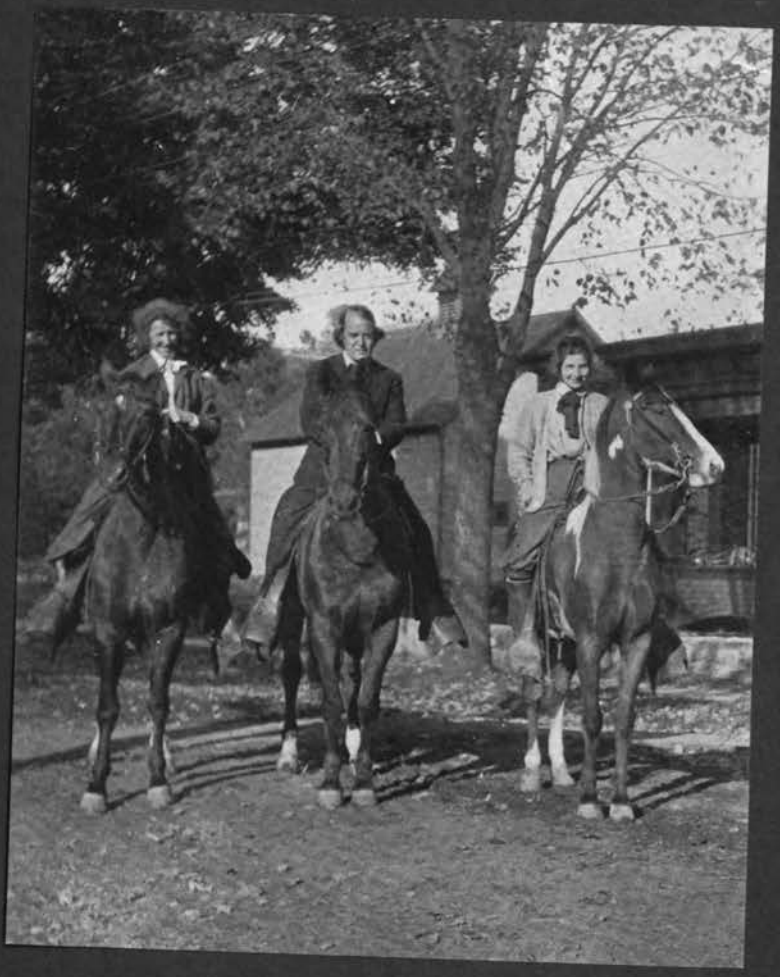
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kept guards at the gates and allowed no Jew to leave after a certain early hour of the evening, nor on Sundays or holidays.

The only exception to this was on Holy Cross Day, which occurred once a year. On this day all adult Jews were ordered out and conducted by the soldiery to some Christian church, where they were compelled to listen to the service and repeat the Apostles Creed. Robert Browning says that they were rounded up all right, but when it came to saying the Creed they twiddled their thumbs and said Ben Ezra's prayer. It is also quite probable that they crossed their fingers, for the Jews are a stubborn sort.

On all other days, any Jew who went out into the city had to wear a big yellow O on his breast and a yellow hat. The Jewish women wore the O and also a vail, across which were yellow stripes. These colors were changed a few times in the course of the two hundred years that the Ghetto existed, and so were the hours in which the Jews were allowed to come and go, but five o'clock in the evening and seven in the morning were the regular closing and opening time. The watchmen at the gates and the guards who rowed round and round in their barcas were paid out of a special tax collected from the Jews, it being argued that it was all a sort of beneficent police protection, devised by kindly persons who loved their enemies.

The man who cannot make a good argument for the Ghetto lacks imagination.

We have all seen that peculiar type of mother who calls out of the window, "Johnnie, come in here at once, do you hear?"

Johnnie does n't hear, so the call is repeated. This time Johnnie hears and shouts back, "I won't."

And the answer is, "Well, stay out there then." Perhaps it was something like this with the Jews in the Ghetto. They chose to congregate in this way, and the salutation finally was, "Stay there then!"

Gibbon, who was a Deist or Monotheist and really liked the Jews, intimates that it was lucky for the Christians that Constantine did n't embrace Judaism instead of Christianity, for if he had, the Jews would have treated the Christians exactly as the Christians have since treated the Jews ✍ Of course, nobody claims that Christianity is the religion of Christ—it is the religious rule of pagan Rome, with Christ as a convenient label. Gibbon, in this connection, says at least one irrefutable thing and that is that the Jewish people are men and women. Christians are men and women, too; both are surely human beings, and it is quite likely that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

I am not so sure that Gibbon was right when he says the Christians were lucky in that Constantine did not turn Jew. To be persecuted is not wholly a calamity, but to persecute is to do that for which Nature seemingly affords no compensation. The persecutor dies, but the persecuted lives on forever. The struggle for existence which the Jew has had to make, is the one thing that has differentiated him and made him strong.

Those first Christians—Primitive Christians—who lived during the years from the time of Paul to that of Constantine, were a simple, direct, sincere and honest people—opinionated no doubt, and obstinately dogmatic, but with virtues that can never be omitted nor waived. They were economical, industrious and filled with the spirit of brotherhood, and they possessed a fine pride concerning their humility, as all ascetics do.

They had every characteristic that distinguished the Jew of the Middle Ages—those characteristics which invite persecution, and wax strong under it.

Poverty and persecution seem necessary factors in fixing upon a people a distinctive and peculiar religion. Persecution and poverty have no power to stamp out a religion—all they do is to stain it deeper into the hearts of its votaries. Centuries of starvation and repression deepened the religious impulse of the Irish, and it has ever been the same with the Jew.

If the Jew has been criticized in America it is on account of that buttinski bumptiousness upon which he has no monopoly, but which goes with the newly-made rich of any nationality who have little to recommend them beyond the walletoski.

There are no poor Jews in America, and it is worth while noting that our richest citizens are not Jews, either. American born Jews have enough ✍ The poverty stricken Jews in this country come from Russia, Bulgaria and Roumania; but their children will have money to loan, if not to incinerate, because they possess the virtue that beckons all good things in their direction ✍ ✍

America is the true Judaic Zion. Here there

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are nearly two million Jews, and their religion is fast taking the form of a healthful Ethical Culture

The downfall of primitive Christianity dates from the day that Constantine embraced it, and thereby made it popular. Prosperity is a form of disintegration—a ripening of the fruit. Things succeed only that they may die.

Liberal Judaism is fast becoming a Universal Religion, taught in fact, if not in name, by priests, preachers and mufties of all denominations. The end of the Jew is near, for we are adopting him, willy nilly.

A well man eats, but a sick man takes nourishment.

The Soul's Quest

By Nixon Waterman

GIVE heed to this, ye silent dead,
Wherever you may be,
Whether you sleep in a clay-crowned bed
Or drift in the open sea;
Whether you died with your prayers all said
Or dying, made no plea.

Some of you died when the world was young
And some of you died to-day;
Some were drowned and some were hung
Some died in the war's wild fray:
Some when you cried in a babe's strange tongue
And some when your locks were gray.

Poet, philosopher, prince and priest;
Millions of dreaming men
Lived, as I, till your breathing ceased;
Where have you been since then?
Are you asleep like the soulless beast
That you never come back again?

Else why, in all of the yearning years,
Has none of your mighty host
Brought me a cure for my bitter tears
From the ones I loved the most;
Brought me a banisher of fears,
A truce from the Holy Ghost?

We pray to Him we call our God,
With sweated blood and groan;
We bow submissive to His rod,
We bow and make no moan:
Oh, can the voice of a mortal clod
Reach up to the great White Throne?

The million prayers that men have said
Since first the world began,
Oh, answer me, ye who are dead,
What have they done for man?
Is a kindlier light on his pathway shed
Where else, there would be a ban?

Oh, speak, ye dead! Is there a door
From that hushed room, the grave,
That opens toward a blissful shore
Beyond the misty wave?
Oh, if there be, send, we implore,
The truth we mortals crave.

THE SENSE OF UNIVERSALITY IS HEAVEN.

Send The Whole Boy to School

By James W. Van Cleave



LET me at the outset, mention two experiments in industrial education which have just been projected. I will use them to give point to my own plan of meeting the need of trained workers in the trades. One of these experiments is to be tried in Pennsylvania, and the other in Massachusetts. Attached to the Bethlehem Steel Works, in South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there is now to be a school for apprentices, in which will be taught the rudiments of all the mechanical trades in which iron and steel making enter. It is to be open to all boys from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. The company offers to pay the boys for all work which they do, and promises to employ all the graduates of the school who show any especial skill.

The other experiment is to be made in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. That city proposes to establish a manual training school for boys of sixteen years of age and upward, to be conducted in co-operation with some of the larger factories in that place. Those factories promise to alter the requirements of their own apprentice system sufficiently to allow them to employ the boys from that school, to let them start in the factories at the point where they leave off in school, and to promote them through all the grades up to journeymen just as fast as they

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develop the required skill. This experiment is to last three years, and then Fitchburg will decide whether to make the scheme permanent or to abandon it.

These experiments are interesting ❧ If they succeed they will be followed up on a larger scale there and in other parts of the country. And to some slight extent, they will supply the lack of trained workers which the virtual abandonment of the old-time apprentice system has created, and which the recent immense expansion in all branches of manufactures has emphasized ❧ ❧

But no matter how widely the example of South Bethlehem and Fitchburg should be followed, the need for skilled workers in the trades throughout the country, could not be supplied. Some larger and far more fundamental method of meeting this demand will have to be adopted. My plan of meeting it is this:

LET'S KEEP THE WINDOWS OPEN TO THE EAST, BE WORTHY, AND SOMETIME WE SHALL KNOW ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Attach a manual training department to every public primary school in the United States.

Begin the training just as soon as the boy can hold tools in his hand; or, say, at the age of nine or ten. Give an hour every school day, under a competent instructor, to the use of tools, through all the primary grades ❧ Make this instruction compulsory on every boy.

By the age of fourteen the boy of average intelligence and industry who takes this instruction will be able to handle, with considerable skill, most of the tools used in the more important mechanical trades. Now let us have industrial high schools into which the boys who have taken the manual training course in the primary schools, and who want to continue the instruction, can enter. Two years in these industrial high schools will qualify these boys to be first-class mechanics. Here, in broad outline, is a scheme which, I think, will furnish the country with all the skilled workers which it will need in the mechanical trades. And it will furnish them in numbers which will increase with the country's expansion.

The United States has had manual training schools for more than a quarter of a century. Many of them, like the Winona Technical Institute, are excellent institutions. The part which these schools were intended to perform, they perform well. They graduate tens of thousands of skilled workers every year.

But these schools meet only a small—a very small—part of the popular demand for industrial education. Virtually all the manual training and technical schools are of the academic grade. Some of them are of the collegiate grade. Nearly all of them charge for tuition ❧ Thus they are out of the reach of the children of poor parents, who, everywhere, constitute the vast majority of the community. Nearly all their graduates enter the technical professions. The ordinary mechanical trades receive very few of the pupils of the manual training schools of the present day. What is needed is a scheme of industrial education which rejects caste and class lines of all sorts. It must be as broad as the entire land. ¶ It must be as free as the air and the sunlight.

It must take in every American boy, regardless of the nativity, the poverty or the obscurity of his parents. The poorer and the obscurer the parents, the greater the need for the training which will equip the children to lift themselves out of obscurity and poverty.

This training should take the boy in charge at his most impressionable age ❧ It should begin at nine or ten, or at as early an age as he can take hold of the ordinary mechanical tools without physical danger to himself ❧ This training should keep step with the boy through his entire course in the primary school ❧ ❧

For several reasons, I emphasize the need of beginning this training of the boy's hand and eye at the earliest practicable moment. The boy can learn the use of tools quicker at from nine to ten or twelve years of age than he can when he gets older ❧ These intermissions of the workshop will brighten the entire school day, and lift his studies out of the rut and ruck of drudgery and make them seem like play ❧ Boys begin leaving school to become bread earners at ten or eleven years of age.

The dense ignorance of the average boy of the present day when he leaves school and applies for work is a constant surprise and regret to employers. Not only does he lack the skill of hand which even the most rudi-

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mentary of manual training gives him, and thus has to begin at the very bottom in the work which he gets, but he likewise lacks the mental stimulus and alertness which this training imparts. And thus his advancement is slow, and usually it is short as well as slow.

Very few persons realize that of the boys who are in school at the age of eight, less than one out of twelve ever enter a high school. Yet the figures of the National Board of Education show that this is a fact. Notwithstanding the compulsory laws that are on the statute books in many localities, all the schooling which the majority of the boys in the United States receive is that which they get before reaching the age of twelve. The necessity of earning his own bread, or of assisting in earning bread for himself and the other members of his family, takes him out of school before reaching that age. As at present conducted, schooling becomes repellent to many boys, and they are glad to leave it, even to go to work for a living.

This is not only a calamity for the boy, but it is a misfortune for the country.

We must lengthen the period of schooling.

The introduction of manual training in all our public schools will do this. By interspersing his ordinary studies with daily intermissions or vacations at the lathe, with the saw, the chisel or the plane, or with some other form of work, we will make the school so interesting for the boy that he will be anxious to remain in it. We want to make the boy's parents, as well as the boy himself, feel that while in school he is learning the rudiments of a trade which will make his wages higher when he goes to work than they otherwise would be. Thus we will give his parents an incentive to keep him in school longer.

There is another advantage for this system of training which we must keep in mind. By beginning to use tools early a boy quickly learns his own inclination and aptitude, and is able to make an intelligent selection of the sort of a mechanical calling for which he is best fitted. He is thus saved from the mistakes committed under the present conditions, when, at a later age, necessity compels him to make a choice of trade without any preliminary reconnaissance of the ground such as the primary school work in the elements of tool handling will give him. These mistakes in the choice of a trade are probably far more numerous than most persons imagine. Usually they are discovered too late to be remedied. Often they disastrously affect the person in his whole life work.

Many years ago, by the establishment of the free school system, every boy and girl in the United States was furnished with the opportunity to get the rudiments of an education, as that term is ordinarily understood. But that sort of an education does not meet present needs. The activities of three-quarters of a century ago have advanced since then, and new activities have been created.

Now let us supplement this education of the mind by the education of the hand and the eye.

Let us send "the whole boy" to school.

We will thus make a broader and better man of him, make the country prouder of him, and make the country better because he has lived.

Moreover, by teaching the boy the new things which we propose to teach him he will also be learning more of the old things than he learns now. A boy who gives an hour a day to manual training will make greater progress in his ordinary school studies than will the boy who omits this instruction. This is the testimony of educators everywhere who have had experience in this field.

One of the reasons why we must adopt some widely diffused method of creating skilled workers is that under the labor union policy of restriction and exclusion the old time apprentice system has almost disappeared in the United States. And within the next twenty or twenty-five years, it promises to entirely disappear. A large proportion of the new mechanics, whom we are getting now, we are getting from Europe. As most of these are, at the outset, ignorant of our language, and as practically all of them are ignorant of our ways, we must teach them many things before we can fully utilize them in our industries.

A way is open to us to do better than that. I have already pointed out that way. By beginning with him in the early grades of the public primary school we can equip the American boy to do this skilled and high-priced work, and to do it better than the average German, British, French or any other foreign mechanic can do it. The American boy has these supreme advan-

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tages. He knows the American language, he inherits American tastes and traditions, and he can quickly be taught to use American tools and to meet American demands in the industries, in any shape in which they can present themselves.

The virtual abolition of the apprentice system in this country in recent times has closed the door of opportunity to hundreds of thousands of intelligent, ambitious American boys every year who arrive at the trade-learning age. This bar has forced most of them to enter the crowded ranks of the day laborers. It has made some of the others cheap and crude competitors of the skilled workers. It has condemned others to idleness and to the follies and the crimes which idleness often incites.

When Philip III banished all the Moriscoes, or Christianized Moors, from Spain, he drove out the majority of its skilled workers in the various trades, created a void in its population, and hampered Spain in all the succeeding generations to this hour. This is one of the reasons why the European country which is the richest of all its neighbors on that continent in natural resources is, in proportion to population, poorest in progress, in wealth, and in men. Let the American of the Twentieth Century beware lest he commit the blunder that Spain committed in the Seventeenth Century.

The stratum of the population which lies between the laborers on the one hand and the professional and mercantile element on the other, constitutes the backbone of an industrial country like ours. We need more machinists, carpenters, electrical workers and other mechanics, even if this compels us to reduce the number of our lawyers, physicians, merchants and statesmen.

I said that the decadence of the apprentice system is one reason why we must equip our public primary schools to supply us with our mechanics of the future. I will also tell you that the new mechanics will be far better than were the old ones. A school boy who has for three years an hour a day of instruction in the use of tools will, after one year's actual shop work, make a fifty per cent better mechanic than his brother after four years' apprenticeship.

This is my experience as a manufacturer. This is the experience of all the other manufacturers with whom I have conversed on this point.

As compared with the average mechanic who has served an apprenticeship in the regular way, the average boy who gets rudimentary instruction in the manual training school, supplemented by a short period of shop work, has greater initiative, alertness and versatility. He is quicker in grasping new ideas. He has greater skill in meeting new conditions, and greater power in shaping them to his purposes. He rises faster and farther, and wins higher position and commands a larger salary.

This reminds me that somebody may ask what will become of the present manual training schools when my system is adopted, and departments of this sort are attached to every public primary school in the country. The answer is easy. If all the pupils who enter Dr. Dickey's institution in this city at the age of fourteen and upward had preliminary instruction in the use of tools from the age of nine or ten, two or three years of time now wasted could be saved, the task before him and his teachers would be simplified, and his pupils could advance farther and accomplish more during their term than is possible for them under present conditions.

In reaching out for the world's markets the United States finds that its most powerful competitor is Germany. That country has made far greater advances in the past third of a century than has any other European nation. The leading factor's in Germany's industrial expansion are its admirable trade schools and the facilities and the incentives which its principal factories and mills offer to their workers for getting a technical education.

If we take intelligent advantage of our opportunities, we can make still larger advances. ¶ Our natural resources are immeasurably greater and more varied than Germany's. We have more than twice as much wealth. The tax burdens of our citizens are far lighter than are those of her people. The average American worker has more initiative, versatility and self-confidence than the German. By beginning our industrial education with the lower grades in the public schools, by making this instruction universal and compulsory, we shall have far larger fields from which to draw our skilled workers than Germany possesses, and we shall be able to

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leave Germany and every other industrial country a long way behind in the race for a dominant position in the markets of the world.

The hope of our country as a leader in the world's civilization and progress lies in the industrial education of our children. Oliver Wendell Holmes told us that the way to properly train a boy is to begin with his grandparents. This would be excellent advice if we had time to put it into practice. Circumstances, however, compel us to start a little this side of the grandparents. We must take the boy as he is handed down to us. But we must start the boy right. We must send the whole boy to school. Our dwarfed and distorted system of education may be said to offend the eye as well as the mind. It lacks broadness, balance, symmetry. When we try to make it stand alone we find that it is false to the principle of physics. It violates the canons of æsthetics as much as it assails the laws of economics. We must reform our educational scheme, and we must begin the reform at the only effective. We must begin at the foundation of the system. That point is the primary school. We must send the whole boy to school, and we must start him right there.

¶ I appeal to the experience of the mothers to tell the joy that the average intelligent, healthy boy feels in making things. I mention the mother because she stands closer to the child than does the father, and she knows him better.

Every mother who has brought up boys remembers how proud her boy was when he made his first kite. By making things the boy gets a sense of proprietorship in them.

¶ He is an inventor, a creator, a discoverer.

¶ The boy who saws and chisels out his first toy boat which he launches on his mill pond or stream feels something of the exaltation that Columbus felt when he sighted America. Keats tells us that when he "heard Chapman," in translating Homer, "speak out loud and bold," he

Felt like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a mild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It was, of course, Balboa and not Cortez who, on that day four centuries ago, stood upon the peak of Darien, our isthmus of Panama. That truth makes a direct and decisive appeal to us Americans in Nineteen Hundred and Eight. Every boy who begins to make things which he can see and use becomes, in a sense, an explorer and conquistadore like that long dead and forgotten path-breaker of Spain's great days. He feels a little of the exhilaration which thrilled that first man of the white race who, standing upon the crest of the backbone of the American continent, looked out upon the Pacific. By putting tools in his hands when he enters the primary school we place every American boy upon his "peak in Darien." A whole world of effort, of achievement, of peaceful and honorable conquest, opens itself before him.

Under the present union labor proscription of apprentices the boy who cannot pay the tuition in a manual training school—which means ninety-nine out of every one hundred boys in the United States—has virtually no way of learning a trade, unless he commits some crime which sends him to the penitentiary.

We propose to banish this monarchical narrowness, tyranny and vindictiveness. By putting manual training in all our primary public schools, and thus making it as free as the air and the sunlight to every boy in this land, we will avert all class and caste restrictions, broaden every boy's horizon, give labor a nobility for him which he never saw in it before, make life larger for him, and advance his country's moral and intellectual leadership among the nations of the earth.

"Americanism must rule America."

Sanity lies in your ability to think individually and act collectively.

Up To The Heights

By James H. West

I DREAMED the statue of a god
Stood high in every market-place,
That all who thither toiling trod
Might see the beauty of a face
Noble, and freed in every trace
From want, from selfishness, from sin.
Yet seemed it of the human race,
Nor wholly difficult to win.

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Indeed, thrice daily, morn, noon, night,
To all the hurriers to and fro
Each statue spake: "The Cosmos bright,
Each gracious force, above, below,
Earth's possibilities but show!
Man can attain whate'er he feels;
Up to the heights 't is yours to go;
Your gods are but your high ideals."

Is this the Vision of the Race?
This its high nobleness of heart?
Be ours to win that finer grace,
Ours to do valiantly our part!
Thus from the race's ranks shall start
The sonship truly of the Best,
And Love's divine and perfect art
Henceforth be man's redeeming quest.

You can't go to heaven on a pass now—the Hepburn Bill precludes.

Haeckel: His Life and Work

By Horace Traubel



HAECKEL belongs to the science militant. He has always been in the thick of the war. He has done for Germany what Huxley did for England. He might have stayed in his closet and worked. But he preferred to take the field and fight. He was a feared man. The priests who battled with him respected him. He challenged reactionary science. He made the foes of the new thought make good or get off the stage. He was no apologist and he was no aggressor. But he was a man of weapons. He has always made it plain to the bourbons and the cowards that his knuckles are bare. He is in the real sense a hero. A spokesman for progress. A voice proclaiming freedom. Haeckel like Huxley has battled over the cradle of evolution. He has shrunk from no challenge. He has shaken his fist at organized religion. He did not love a fight for the sake of a fight. He did not as we say spoil for a fight. But knowing a certain amount of fight was inevitable he proposed to have it right off and get through with it. He forced the skulkers into the open. He scotched the snake. Though they would rather fire from behind fences he dragged them out. Fight fair—fight here, he said. If the church can make good, good for the church. If your dead philosophy can prove that it is alive, long life to your dead philosophy. But if your church, if your philosophy, is short of knowledge and faith, confess it right here and now. Don't brag. Don't substitute traditions for logic and fact. Don't try to fool men or fool me with creeds or rituals. We want truths. We want the humanities. We have trained long enough under your banner. You have always led us to graveyards. You have always led us to schism and hatred. We demand unity and love. We demand to have the races come together. Our universe is not fragments. It is a whole. We are not believers in chosen peoples. Theology chooses peoples. Science includes all. That 's the way Haeckel presented his giant protest to the conservative doctrinaires of his time. He was a man eminent not only as a discoverer but as a controversialist. He was feared and denounced. They tried to destroy him. To impeach his science. To dull the logic of his attack. But they might as well have tried to dam up the mad sea. They might as well have tried to muzzle the tempest. He was wary, he was philosophical, he was tremendous The momentum of his enmity bore down all opposition. I do not mean by this that Haeckel made no mistakes. That he was always right. No. But that nothing could oppose his science but science. That nothing could oppose his religion but superior religion. Haeckel could be attacked. But not by those who slink behind. Only by those who are in the advance. Haeckel has lived to see Germany mostly come over to him. To his point of view. He has seen the universities accept the rebel standards He has seen the literature of Germany penetrated by the once outraged ideas. He has even seen the priesthoods come along at the tail of the procession. His was science militant. Our age has distinguished itself by the splendor of its achievements in science, and by the intrepid conduct of its votaries. Other men have gone to war to die. These men have stayed at home to live. They are indeed the announcers of life. They make it easier for the individual to survive. They have shown that the old specifics were fruitless. Have pointed out the wiser husbandry. Science may be interpreted materialistically. But it is not necessarily and finally atomic. Haeckel is inclined to take the ultra view. To discredit the mysterious backgrounds. To conclude that the body is enough. That the cell is all there

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is and all there needs to be. But I make little of my quarrels with Haeckel. They are spiritually formidable but personally insignificant. Haeckel is to me always the man of science militant. Right or wrong, militant ☙ Not a brawler—a man preferably of peace—but a man driven to it by war. A man who would rather not hit but who would not hesitate. A Luther of science. God help him, he could not do otherwise. The institutions that got in his way had to feel his fist. But the world felt his love. Haeckel now passing his last days in peace, out of the clamor, removed from the areas of polemics, must contemplate his past with satisfaction and the world with good will. He is a man who has backed his science by his courage. He has always been ready to prove what he asserted. To prove it by science to those who could understand science. To prove it by brickbats to those who can only understand brickbats. To prove it by love to the crowd which would rather see most things through its love. He has given up everything that was necessary to achieve this end.Comfortable domesticity, official rewards, priestly and philosophical compliments, titles, medals and hurrahs. He has given them all up. But he did nothing with his eyes shut. He was well aware of what he was doing. He belonged to that newer breed of men which has contributed to the world through modern science some of the rarest gifts of time. They were not men who were apt to weigh costs with a trembling hand. They saw all that was involved. They cheerfully paid the bill, cent for cent. Other men settling their accounts in other ways have gone to crosses and autos de fe for ideas. It was all one story. The process was the same. These men just as profoundly involved in ideas, have just as unqualifiedly accepted the result, whether in life or death.

☙

Strength comes from solitude, a waiting, a communion with the best in us, which is at one with the divine spark.

☙

A Prayer

By Thaddeus B. Wakeman

WORLD, O Man, and Soul of Me—
The Endless All; our Holy Three!
I live and love in work and joy,
With Thee—in Thee!

So may my life to all give meed,
As other lives supply my need.
To each I dedicate my all,
In thought and deed.

O let me learn to know the True,
So that the Good my hand may do—
That what is life to me shall live
The ages through.

O may my will as thine be done—
Thy will and mine so closely spun
That in the pattern of the years
We shall be one.

So come our splendid reign of Man
Our Paradise of Earth to plan—
For Each and All; for Me and All.
Amen, Amen.

☙

The man without the capacity to sin neither has the ability to do so.

☙

Do These Things

By Leo Tolstoy



STANDING on the threshold of the grave, I beseech you to do this for your children. Let them do all they can for themselves: carry out their own slops, fill their own jugs, wash up, arrange their own rooms, clean their boots and clothes, lay the table, etc. Believe me that unimportant as these things may seem, they are a hundred times more important for your children's happiness than a knowledge of French, or of history.

It trains the children to simplicity, to work, and to self-dependence.

If to this you can add work on the land, if it be but a kitchen garden, that will be well.

Believe me, that without that condition there is no possibility of a moral education, a Christian education, or a consciousness of the fact that all men are,—not divided into two classes, masters and slaves—brothers and equals ☙ ☙

Have patience, and remember that this present brood of children is not the first generation that has been brought forth.

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THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 2 JANUARY No. 4

Industrialism, as it changes and betters human environment, is the true civilizing agent

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Three Dollars

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

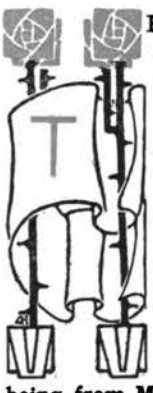
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JOINT DEBATE

HUBBARD-ALBERTSON

The Conservative keeps the Reformer from going too fast, and the Reformer prevents the Conservative from standing still.—Emerson



THE QUESTION: Resolved, "That Christianity is Declining." THE DEBATERS: Elbert Hubbard, Foreman The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, New York.—YES. Rev. Dr. C. C. Albertson, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, New York.—NO.

Opening Address by Mr. Hubbard:

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen: You have heard the question stated, to the effect that a certain something called "Christianity" is declining. You, being from Mars, very naturally at once ask, "What is Christianity?"

Therefore, it is my first privilege to define Christianity. After this is done I will picture the status that Christianity once occupied. ¶ Next, I will show you the present status of Christianity, and its tendency or movement. ¶ For you then to decide whether Christianity is declining, will not be difficult.

Now to our definition: Christianity is a religious system or cult, founded on the life of Jesus of Nazareth, upon the assumption that he was the promised and prophesied Christ or Redeemer. Christianity was launched by Paul, and existed in group or communal form for about three hundred years. These groups, which then constituted Christianity, were looking for and expecting the second coming of Christ at any time.

Early in the Fourth Century, Christianity was embraced by the Roman Emperor, Constantine, and fused with Paganism. It has existed, with most of its Pagan features, ever since.

Christianity is composed of over two hundred denominations, and claims a membership of

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five hundred million adherents. It has upwards of a million paid priests and preachers who devote their time to its management and propagation. Christian denominations, in the United States, hold property to the extent of over five thousand million dollars.

Christianity is one of the seven great religions of the world ❧ These seven religions are Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism, Christianity and Judaism. ¶ Now all these religions have many features in common, and in order to define any one of them so a citizen from Mars could get a fair idea of what it is, we would have to state the points about this particular religion wherein it differs from the others. For it is what it is on account of the features that differentiate it from the others, not on account of the points it has in common with its competitors.

And in defining a religion, it is but fair and right to take the definition that its believers supply. If it issues a written creed, that creed must, in justice, be accepted as its faith. If I want to know the creed of Shintoism, I would not apply to a Mohammedan. And if I wanted to know the truth about Mohammedanism I would not feel safe in getting my facts from a Christian, any more than I would apply to a Baptist preacher for the truth concerning Thomas Paine, or to an average Village School Board for the truth concerning Robert Ingersoll. ¶ We must define Christianity in a way so that the vast majority of Christians will accept the definition. Their definition shall be ours. Otherwise, we might set up fanciful or personal points of view which would land the auditor in a maze, and lose him in a fog of doubt. And we are here to face the question simply and frankly, not to obfuscate it. ¶ All organized, formal religions are made up of two parts—one is superstition, and the other part is morality. ¶ Now superstition and morality never really blend; they exist side by side as a mechanical mixture, and never as a chemical combination. ¶ The morality in all great religions is practically the same. In morals there is nothing new, nor has there been since the time of Confucius and Socrates, who lived during the same age, say twenty-four hundred years ago. These men both expressed the thought of the Golden Rule, which is practically the sum of morality ❧ ❧

Morality is a matter of a just and proper consideration for the rights of others. Jesus of Nazareth had a very high and noble ideal of human conduct, and from his gentle and unselfish morality no sane man dissents or has ever dissented.

We have a record of only twenty-six days of his life, and this comes to us from very uncertain sources. He wrote nothing, and nothing he said was issued in written form during his life. The accounts we have of him were not written by men who knew him ❧ How much of his philosophy can be safely applied in the great questions of economics and education need not here be discussed. He owned no property, wore no robes of office and organized no institution. But before his example of courage, frankness, faith and love, we stand uncovered in silent admiration.

YET the morality of Jesus does not constitute Christianity, for this morality he held in common with the philosophers, saints and seers of all climes and all ages. And, moreover, Christians have always made conduct secondary to belief, and do yet. I may comply with every moral precept and yet not be a Christian.

The essence of Christianity consists in the assumption that Jesus was the Christ, or the Messiah. Christianity consists in the claim that the world was lost or damned by God on account of the transgressions of the first pair of people that God made, to wit: Adam and Eve. Through the sin of this man and woman all of their descendants were doomed to eternal torment; and only by the death of this Christ, or Messiah, upon the cross, and our belief in this death, and our belief that Jesus was the Christ, the only begotten Son of God—in fact one with God Himself—can we escape the most frightful penalty, devised by the God who made us, and who created the worlds, and who died for us in the person of His Son.

As stated, there are at least two hundred Christian denominations. They vary much as to certain phases or aspects of Bible interpretation, but any denomination that does not accept Jesus as the Christ, the Savior of the world, is repudiated by all the rest, and is really not a part of Christianity.

The Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church make up more than one half of the membership that constitutes Christianity. Beside these we have the orthodox Protestant denominations—Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, and these all agree with the Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church that Jesus was the Christ, prophesied in Holy Writ, and that only by his death could the lost or fallen world be redeemed.

And no matter what your morality may be, if you do not accept this doctrine of the fall of man and man's redemption through the death of Jesus, you are not a Christian.

The Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Church and the great body of Orthodox Protestant Churches accept the Nicene Creed. The Presbyterian Confession of Faith is a much more dogmatic document than the Nicene Creed, and so is the Apostles' Creed, which is practically the Athanasian Creed revised after the Council of Nice, as a sort of minority point.

And although the Nicene Creed was framed in the year Three Hundred and Twenty-five

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or thereabouts, it still remains a fair statement of what all orthodox Christian denominations believe. Very few people, comparatively, realize what a brief and direct document the Nicene Creed is. It took three thousand men three months to make it. They started with a document of ten thousand words and boiled it down to two hundred. That is why it took them so long. I will give it to you entire:

"I believe in one God the Father Almighty; maker of heaven and earth, and in all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made; who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man; and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate; he suffered and was buried; and the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father; and he shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, the giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the Prophets. And one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; and I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen."

THE one thing in the Nicene Creed that differentiates it from the creeds of all other religions is the fact that it regards Jesus of Nazareth as Deity. This is quite a different thing from a belief in his divinity. Unitarians and Universalists are barred from communion in orthodox Churches, and yet they believe in the "divinity of Christ," just as do the Quakers, Agnostics and Theosophists.

All Shintoism believes in the divinity of Jesus, for it believes that humanity is divine.

Mohammed was a Christian and never repudiated the divinity of Jesus, regarding him as one of many Christs. Theosophy especially, holds to the divinity of all life. ¶ To believe in the divinity of all men is totally different from believing in one particular man as Deity.

Let the fact remain that Christianity believes that Jesus was Deity; that this Deity made the world and everything in it, including man; that man so angered and disappointed God through the sin of Adam and Eve that He condemned all of their descendants to eternal death or punishment; that after the world had existed for four thousand years and millions of men had been born and died, He partially relented and came to earth in the form of his own Son, Jesus Christ, being born of a virgin, and died that all those who believed in Him might be saved. This is Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY was founded by Paul several years after the death of Jesus, on the claim that Jesus was the Messiah or Christ. The gospels were not written until long after the time of Paul, or say about the year One Hundred and Twenty A. D., so Paul never quotes the gospels, nor did he ever see Jesus. With Paul it was hearsay and belief, not knowledge

No contemporary writer mentioned Jesus, and no official record has been found of his life or death.

There is a mention in the writings of Josephus of Jesus, but the manuscript of Josephus that existed prior to the year Fifteen Hundred and Sixty contains no such mention. If a book makes no mention of a certain man and contains no reference to a certain event, and long years after the man is dead an edition of the book appears with that mention and reference, we are reasonably safe in saying the amendment was the work of the publisher and not the author. This paragraph in Josephus is now acknowledged to be a forgery and an interpolation

There is also a mention of "Christus" in the "Annals of Tacitus." But no one ever heard of the "Annals of Tacitus" until the Sixteenth Century, and the whole book is now believed to be a comparatively modern compilation, done by monks between the years Fifteen Hundred and Twenty and Fifteen Hundred and Sixty. ¶ It was an age of literary forgeries, and indeed, at that time, it was considered proper and right to attach the name of any great author to a manuscript in order to give it ballast. Instances are numerous of churchmen who were highly rewarded for producing books and sermons by men long dead, who had neglected to write them. Even the gentle Erasmus did not hesitate to lend his name to manuscripts he never wrote, and to hold the balance true, he wrote articles and attributed them to men who had been dead fourteen hundred years. Forgery was then as legitimate as rebating in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-five, or riding on a pass in Nineteen Hundred and Five. This much for Josephus and Tacitus.

PAUL took his choice of nine alleged "Christs" or messiahs who appeared during the reign of Augustus. The best known of these was Appolonias who lived to be an old man and was finally beheaded as a disturber of the peace. The least known of these supposed messiahs was Jesus of Nazareth.

Paul was a college man from Tarsus, a city of

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no mean repute. He assumed that Jesus was the Christ or promised Messiah, and on this claim he organized Christianity. Paul travelled, preached and founded churches ✍ Wherever there was enough interest shown he appointed an elder. Over these elders, or groups of churches he placed an overseer. In time these overseers evolved into bishops, and the elders into priests.

¶ Religions multiply by the budding process. They begin as protests against the profligacy, waste and selfishness of an established order. Christianity began as a protest against Judaism but soon amended the complaint so as to include Paganism. Then it began to resemble both, for men always become like the thing against which they inveigh. The resurrection of the body, a heaven for the good and a hell for the bad, are Pagan notions, taken from Rome and Greece. Judaism has no heaven or hell—she is content, like Thoreau, to live in one world at a time.

No religion is pure excepting in its state of persecution. Struggle strengthens. Poverty and misunderstanding are both great tonics, when given in right proportion.

Christianity spread, evolved, grew. Spasmodic efforts to stamp it out only scattered the seed.

¶ When you cannot destroy a thing, all is not lost—you can embrace it, as men overcome temptation by succumbing to it. For opposing forces to link arms is a common sight in history.

¶ Paganism was a decaying quantity, pointing to its past as justification, and proudly looking to its record.

To point with pride, is also to view with alarm.

¶ To stand still is to retreat.

Paganism had lived its day, for religions like men, have their periods. They are conceived, born in obscurity, reach their youth and have their time of fight and struggle; they evolve to manhood, they prosper, grow old and senile; they become reminiscent, boastful of their past, querulous, impatient of criticisms, demanding honors and obeisance; then they fall asleep, mumble, mutter and die; they are buried and remain in their graves for long ages, to come again in the garb of youth, to slaughter and slay, to liberate and inspire; and this birth and resurrection go on forever. There is nothing either new or old—there is only the rising and falling of the infinite tide.

BUT while history is a circle it is also a spiral; and while the course has been zigzag, and our speed a varying quantity, we have advanced round by round.

By the edict of the Roman Emperor Constantine, Christianity was adopted as the state religion and we get the Roman Catholic Church. The mother of Constantine was a Christian, and when she loved a Roman, she became a Pagan, because Theology never stands a chance with Cupid ✍ ✍

Constantine was a Christian by pre-natal tendency ✍ As a diplomatic move he became a Christian. He called the Council of Nice, where after much discussion and controversy, the creed of Christianity was made—the Nicene Creed, which has formed the basis for all creeds that make up all Christian denominations.

Constantine founded the city of Constantinople, and we get the Byzantine or Eastern Roman Empire, with the Greek Church as a family rival to the Roman Catholic Church.

From the murder of Hypatia, who sought to revive the philosophy of classic Greece, and was carried to a Christian church and torn limb from limb by Christians—for eight hundred years, Christianity was supreme.

The Pope was Father—Pater, Papa—ruler of the world. He was the Lord of Kings—he made and unmade all earthly rulers at will. He fixed boundary lines between countries, and parceled out the earth among his favorites.

The Abbot was an Abba—Father. He evolved into a baron, and a baron was a magistrate, with the keys of life and death, subject only to the King, with the right of appeal to the Pope. The land belonged to the Church and was parceled out among the monasteries. The feudal lords got their licenses from the Pope.

¶ During this time, when Christianity was supreme, the intellectual world slept. It has well been called the Dark Ages. If Christianity was able to save the world, there was her chance. But what did she do for humanity when she had no rival? She enslaved man. It was a time when the gluttony and vice of the clergy was stopped only by surfeit. Reason was too paralyzed to protest. Science had not been born, and from time to time, pestilence swept the cities, and death reigned rampant.

¶ In this age, when Christianity was absolutely supreme, from the time of Hypatia to that of Dante, the world did not produce a single man of genius. Not a writer, poet or historian, not a sculptor, not a painter, not an inventor, not a navigator!

Asceticism follows riot, for dyspepsia travels close behind gourmandism, and so, during this time there were intervals when rags and filth and pain were apotheosized, and flagellants with bleeding bodies and the crusaders with fevered, starving lips, stalked eastward spreading fear, disease and death.

Christianity ruled, and Christianity is a system of dogmatism. It pretends to know. It affects to hold the secrets of Deity. It has no room for honest doubt ✍ It forgets nothing, it learns nothing. It pictures this world as a transient place of preparation, and man as a fallen, despicable, unworthy thing.

It prophesied that the end of the world was near, and thus did it paralyze initiative and smother originality. Nothing was worth while. To gain heaven and escape hell was the one endeavor of mankind.

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Starting with a scheme to coerce mankind into subjection, the clergy convinced themselves ❧ This was their punishment. Just as a liar's punishment is that he eventually believes his own lies, so did Christendom hypnotize itself until it shook with gaping apprehension. Its breath was fetid with the fever of fear. As children conjure forth ghosts and frighten themselves, so did this institution taint its own life with falsehood and fraud.

All extremes tend to equalize themselves. The pendulum swings out and then comes back by its own weight. Make your laws too severe and you get no law. Having succeeded, Christianity began to decline.

THE Thirteenth Century marks the height of the power of Christianity. The Pope was supreme from Brittany to the Black Sea. No king disputed his sway. If a man was asked to come to Rome, refusal meant death and to go was often death,—death without a known judge, jury, or a word of defense.

From this time on you will see the Church gradually subsiding, as an ocean becomes a river, a river a stream, and a stream a rill. She did not decline without a struggle. In her fear of extinction, she used every form of cruelty and torture that cunning could devise. ¶ The Church was drunk on power. Her priests were fat, impudent, smug, self-satisfied and sodden. Women were their prey; wine their solace. They thought the Church invincible; as it surely would be if it were the Church of Almighty God.

And now behold the happy resilience of Nature breaking forth, and men actually laughing aloud ❧ ❧

Nature was shining through the clouds, and Dante appears, inspired by the love of Beatrice, chanting his earthly love without shame.

It marked an epoch.

We call it the Great Italian Renaissance. Its basis was Nature. Its cause was the love of man for woman.

From it was born literature and the arts, the desire to know, to do, to become and all that makes for beauty and human betterment.

"Every great age is an age of doubt," said Gibbon ❧ ❧

"Every great age is an age of faith," said Disraeli ❧ ❧

Both are right. The great age is one that doubts the past, and looks bravely forward with increased faith in itself and the future.

The offense of the infidel is that he believes too much. Copernicus and Galileo saw more than all the churchmen, and that is why they were suppressed ❧ Bruno saw farther than did the Pope. He placed no limits on God's mercy or power, therefore he was burned alive and his ashes scattered to the four winds.

THE Italian Renaissance, or the Great Awakening, reached its culmination in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two. In April of that year, Christopher Columbus wrote a letter to Isabella, Queen of Spain. The letter begins with these words, "Now that you have finished your task and succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, I make bold to call your attention to my own plans," etc.

Isabella surely succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, and in the process the gutters of Grenada ran ankle deep in the blood of Jews. Torquemada, the Christian soldier, killed a hundred thousand Jews in a year. The old, the young, the babies in arms, the toddling, prattling girls and boys were put to the sword, or their brains were dashed out upon the stones of the street.

If Christians feel that they are absolutely right, that only by a belief in the blood of Jesus can we be saved from everlasting death, then they are justified in going to any extreme of coercion in order to save the race. Torquemada did his work on the order of the King and Queen of Spain, and with the sanction of the Pope ❧ They were all Christians and all were sincere. ¶ This was in order that Christianity might still be supreme.

But a few years before this, the printing press had been invented. To save his invention from destruction at the hands of jealous and zealous Churchmen, Gutenberg dedicated his invention to the Church, and the first book printed was the Bible. To print a book without first submitting the manuscript to the Censor and securing a license, was a crime punishable by death.

So we find Copernicus writing by night and hiding the leaves of his manuscript in the mattress of his bed, and finally sending the record of his discoveries by a trusted, secret messenger to the free city of Nuremberg, where a great and noble free-thinker, Albrecht Durer, had set up a printing press that ignored the orders of Rome.

The Church, then, to further circumvent the circulation of objectionable literature, instituted her Index Expurgatus, and made a list of books that no Catholic should read. The Index also meant that the author of any book on the list was anathema, and could be arrested and tried for his life. This law applied as well to all who might deal in books that were on the Index ❧

IN Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two, Martin Luther was nine years old. He became a monk, as most men of superior quality did, for only in that way was even a modicum of free expression possible.

Luther was a natural man, and the spirit of revolt that was in the air got centered in his soul. He evolved, by accident and otherwise—aided by the love of Catherine, the Nun—into

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the mouthpiece of the Zeitgeist. When ordered to go to Rome, he refused to do so. He was arrested, tried, convicted and then kidnapped by his friends and hidden away in a prison where no emissary of Rome could lay violent hands upon him.

The ideas for which Luther stood were growing. The printing press was scattering his words to the ends of the earth.

Men were learning to read that they might read Luther.

A monk by the name of John Calvin, in Paris, caught the fever and began to argue for human rights. A price was placed upon his head. He escaped to Geneva, where the Pope's word was no longer law.

In Edinborough a priest by the name of John Knox became infected with the microbe of freedom. An interdict was placed upon his preaching. He defied Rome. He was arrested and sentenced to the galleys for life.

Chained to an oar, he leaped into the sea along the coast of France, and using his oar for a support, reached the shore, where an "infidel" filed off his chains and made him free. He reached Geneva and clasped the friendly hand of John Calvin. In a few months it was seen that Geneva was not big enough for two great men. And John Knox decided to go back to Scotland and live for his faith—or die for it—it mattered little.

His courage and zeal saved him, and he founded the Presbyterian Church, a church ruled by a presbytery instead of a pope. John Knox once ran close to the breakers in making a friendly call on Mary, Queen of Scots, when she proposed to marry him if he would become a Catholic. He saw the Devil's tail behind her chair just in time, and rushed madly for the door. He reached open air and safety.

John Knox took a hand in burning George Wishart at the stake in front of St. Andrews, very much as John Calvin burned Peter Sevetus at the stake, when Sevetus got the better of him in a joint debate—a fate, let us hope, which will not come to either of the contestants in this present friendly controversy.

About this time, Henry the Eighth, King of England, was refused a divorce by the Pope. Henry then broke loose from Rome and founded a church of his own—the Church of England.

¶ Let it here be noted that marriage has always been controlled by the Church, when possible.

¶ Christianity has ever regarded the relationship of men and women with suspicion. The "fall of man" was simply a succumbing to the cosmic urge on the part of Adam and Eve. The story of the apple and the tempting by the snake was not glossed a few hundred years ago—it was fully understood and fully explained.

By making marriage a consecration, that institution became a leverage of power,—and also a source of income. To allow divorce was an admission that the consecration had been ineffectual. The practice of divorce, however, was growing. Men and women, not suited to each other by nature, separated, and the state law in various lands allowed that which the Church refused.

And the Episcopal Church, the germ of which was a divorce, forgot the reason of its birth and, following the example of the "Mother Church," began to say who should marry who, and why,—so much for priestcraft and the lust to rule.

CHRISTIANITY was no longer the one invincible Church. She was splitting up into denominations, and gradually resolving herself into a Church Trust. The different denominations had similar creeds, and while hating each other, stood together against the doubter and the infidel.

War, strife, bloodshed, torture, confiscation, disgrace and ostracism became the portion of each and all who were not professing Christians.

¶ In Massachusetts Colony, the people who had fled from the cruel persecutions of Archbishop Laud, some of whose noses he had slit, and others whose ears he had cropped, set up a theological monarchy, in which no Quaker or Jew was allowed to live on pain of his life.

¶ Rhode Island then became a refuge for those who believed in the rights of personal conscience.

¶ Gradually, surely and without fail, the rights of the individual were becoming recognized. Every inch of the way had been fought for, and the path of progress was marked by the tracks of bleeding feet.

WE now reach the wonderful year Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six, which was a practical revival of Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two.

Franklin, Jefferson and Thomas Paine, three independent thinkers in America, all avowedly non-Christian, were infusing the land with the idea of Liberty—religious and political.

Jefferson fixed in the Constitution that treason thereafter should not consist in what a man thought or what he said or what he wrote.

The Jeffersonian definition of treason was a great white mile-stone on civilization's pathway, often misused by theological fyces.

Jefferson abolished forever the Lettre-de-cachet—the secret arrest—the pet plan of the Church which had been so popular for a thousand years.

¶ Let it be noted that the Church never gave liberty to man—liberty has been wrung from her unwilling hands by the men and women who reverenced human intellect and loved freedom.

All progress is born of doubt, for until you doubt the perfection of the present order there is no future for you.

If Christianity is an inspired institution, and

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the Creed represents the will of Almighty God, then the servants of the Church are fully justified in using any force, any power, any device, from the slitting of ears and nostrils to death by the rack and torch in order to force men to accept and believe.

Grant their premises, we must justify and admire their actions and conclusions.

But the fact is, that the growing intelligence of the world has gradually repudiated the claim of Christianity to a supernatural origin.

The final blow was struck by the gentle Darwin in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine, when was issued "The Origin of Species."

NEVER STRIKE SAIL TO A FEAR. COME INTO PORT GRANDLY OR SAIL THE SEAS WITH GOD. EMERSON

The clergy of every Christian denomination greeted this great work of a lifetime with the loud haw-haw of immoderate laughter. The merry reference of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, to "monkey ancestry" was typical of the attitude of the entire Christian world. Unhappily, the Huxleys were few to make reply. The history of the twenty years following the publication of Darwin's book is told once for all in "A History of the Warfare of Science and Religion," by Andrew D. White, and need not here be reviewed.

Until the year Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six, it looked as if Darwin would be smothered under the gibes and jeers of ignorance, bigotry and superstition.

Darwin went his own quiet way, and made not a word of defense, nor said a line in reply to the hoarse challenges of priests and preachers, entrenched safely behind the walls of orthodoxy.

¶ But with the invention of the electric light, the electric car, the telephone and the completion of the trans-continental railroad, a burst of light came to us, physical, mental and spiritual.

¶ Drummond now comes valiantly to the front and shows orthodoxy a way to retreat with honor. He reconciled, or thought he did, Darwin and Moses.

It was all a mistake—the six days of creation were six periods, or ages, or aeons.

And God created through evolution, not through revolution as we had supposed.

Christianity has abandoned her premises and retreated under cover of Drummond's rhetorical smoke.

All was lost save the titles of her real estate, upon which she paid no taxes.

The contraction of the theological currency continued

In March, Nineteen Hundred and Seven, the Western Association of Passenger Agents passed a resolution that no longer should clergymen be allowed to ride on half rate tickets. This applies to Christian clergymen, since muftis, pagan priests, pundits and vivikenandies have never been given the half rate privilege in America, nor have the residences of the priests of Shintoism been exempt from taxation.

About the same time, the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois decided that a "parsonage" was not "church property" and therefore it must pay taxes.

Bills are now up in twenty-nine states providing for the taxation of all Church property. This, on the theory that churches are social clubs and exist for the good of their members, and that their influence on the community for good is an assumption devoid of proof.

Ernest Nathan, a Jew, is Mayor of Rome—the Eternal City—and the Pope is a prisoner in his palace, with the door locked on the inside.

CHRISTIANITY, like most great religions, has supplied an explanation as to when and how the world was created, and what its final end and the destiny of mankind would be. It still supplies an explanation; although after killing Bruno, torturing Galileo to make him recant, and suppressing Copernicus, it has since adopted the astronomical teachings of these men.

In biology, its claim to creation by fiat has been abandoned and replaced by the explanation that God works through evolution. In the sociological field, Christians of many denominations are now accepting the scientific discoveries of non-Christians; being unable to controvert them they claim they always believed them.

The churches of all denominations in America are fast taking on the form of Social Clubs. That religious denominations should abandon or distribute their property, or that preachers who are educated to do nothing but preach should resign their livings is not to be expected. As social centers Church Clubs have their use. The successful Church Club now is one that has a promoter in the person of a pastor who has personality, plus.

Plymouth Church centered around Henry Ward Beecher. He built up an institution that was a radiating center of education and light. But he did this only by cutting loose from the dictation and rules of his denomination.

Most Protestant churches now have kitchens, parlors, men's clubs, boy's clubs, mother's meetings, Chautauqua circles. Then there are picnics, excursions, concerts and lectures that serve to cement the membership. The ritual is dignified and the music pleasing; both are psychological features that minister to our aesthetic needs. Last, but not least, the dress parade is satisfying.

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FROM being regarded as The Book, the Bible is now looked upon as one of many books, and is only worthy of respect as it instructs and inspires. We read it with the same reverence that we read Emerson and Whitman. ¶ The preacher was once a commanding figure in every community. Now he is regarded as a sort of poor relation ✍ The term "spiritual advisor" is only a pleasantry. We go to the business man for advice, not the priest. If a book is listed on the "Index," all good Catholics read it in order to know how bad it is. ¶ Those who institute heresy trials have no power to punish, they only advertise.

Christianity was evolved, as all religions have been—it was not inspired. It grew in a natural way and it declined by the same token.

Whether it has benefited the race is a question which we have no time to take up at this moment. That it ministered to poverty and disease is true, and that it often created the ills which it professed to cure is equally a fact. ¶ Poverty, ignorance, repression, superstition, coercion, disease, with nights of horror and days of fear, are slinking away into the past; and they have slunk farther and farther away the more Christianity's clutch upon the throat of the race has been loosened. ¶ The night is past —the day is at hand! The East is all aglow! Health, happiness, freedom and joy are all calling to us to arise and sing our matin to labor. Our prayer is, "Give us this day our daily work, and we will earn our daily bread."

Our religion is one of humanity. Our desire is to serve. We know that we can only help ourselves as we help others, and that the love we give away is the only love we keep.

We have no fears of the future, for we have no reason to believe that the Power which cares for us in this life will ever desert us in another.

The joint debate, when not conducted for the purposes of a cheap and transient victory, clarifies truth, clears the mental atmosphere, pricks prejudice and gives the auditor a point of view that is of priceless value.—Abraham Lincoln

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Résumé of Dr. Albertson's Argument:



IS Christianity declining? Many think so. Some fear so. A few hope so. But that does not make it so. Upon the surface, it may seem so. Neither does that prove anything ✍ Things are not always, indeed not often, what they seem. The human mind, with all its shrewdness, is poorly able to deal with invisible forces. Christianity is an invisible force. ¶ Before we can discuss this question intelligently we must arrive at a correct definition of the term involved. We must ascertain what Christianity is. It is easier to define a Christian than it is to define Christianity. A Christian is a disciple of Jesus Christ. A disciple is a scholar. The six-year-old child, in the first grade of school, is a learner. He is as truly a learner as the lad in the eighth grade, or the youth in the twelfth grade, or the college senior. He has not learned so much, but he is as truly a learner, and he may be more truly a student. He who asks, for the first time in his life, "What did Jesus do? What would He do? What would He have me do?"—asks earnestly, desiring to discover and meaning to act in accordance with that discovery, is a Christian. He may not be a very good Christian, but he is a disciple, a scholar, and he has taken his first lesson of the matchless Master. To this definition of a Christian, I believe nine-tenths of the Christian world will agree. For it, I have the highest authority, namely, that of Jesus Christ Himself. He said, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

Mr. Hubbard may claim that this definition of what it means to be a Christian is not sufficient to admit one into membership in some churches. I do not deny it. I know one church in which this definition is regarded as sufficiently inclusive to entitle whoever accepts it, and endeavors to practice it, to membership. There are many such churches. But we are not discussing church membership; we are discussing what it means to be a Christian. ¶ All competent authorities on Christianity agree to this distinction: Historic Christianity, dogmatic Christianity and vital Christianity. Historic Christianity consists of all the facts which lie at the basis of Christian faith, the facts of the New Testament and the facts which have attended the progress of the movement inaugurated by Jesus Christ. Dogmatic Christianity consists of all the doctrinal systems founded upon various interpretations of the words and works, the person and character, the office and mission of Jesus Christ. Vital Christianity consists of the influence Jesus Christ has exerted and still exerts in the world. It is the effect of Christ's words and works, person and character, ideas and ideals upon the minds and hearts and wills of men. Primarily, this influence is personal. Jesus always appealed to the individual. He was the supreme individualist of history ✍ He never either attacked or endeavored to build up an institution. He has destroyed, and He has built up institutions, but indirectly, just as the force He implants in the individual expresses itself in society, which is composed of individuals.

I affirm that the Christianity of which we speak, when we speak of a force which may be declining, is not historic Christianity, or dogmatic Christianity, but vital Christianity.

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It is the only Christianity the practical man knows. Historic Christianity cannot decline. The past is secure. Men may lose their interest in it, but that is a sign that men are declining, not that historic Christianity is declining. Can history decline? We may decline to study history, but history is still rich with facts. Dogmatic Christianity cannot decline. It may lose its power to attract the student, just as philosophy may lose its power to attract, but dogmatic Christianity remains still the most fruitful and suggestive field for human thought. The point I make is this: the only Christianity that can decline is a vital Christianity. Historic Christianity and dogmatic Christianity are not living things, and never were, and never will be. But vital Christianity was once a living thing, and the question at issue in this debate is whether it has lost its vitality, whether, in short, it is dead or dying.

It is our duty to survey, so far as possible, vital Christianity, estimate its present power, as compared with its power in other ages, and judge for ourselves whether it is waxing or waning ✍ ✍

Men have been known to mistake the rising for the setting sun. I think Mr. Hubbard has made exactly this mistake. For, if I interpret aright the signs of the times, never was vital Christianity so powerful and so pervasive as now. Indeed, when I consider the evidences of Christian activity among the people of America, and among the other nations of the globe, I feel like saying, with the optimistic poet, "It is daybreak everywhere."

Moreover, in this debate, we must not only define Christianity correctly; we must also interpret aright the facts which come within our range of vision, so far as they bear upon the point at issue. Sidney Lanier says, "We can take two truths, and out of them construct a falsehood." Suppose it had been proven true here—as it has not been proven—that the bases of historic Christianity have been shaken by the results of modern scholarship; suppose it had been established—as it has not been established—that the fourth Gospel was not written by John; suppose we must take out of the records all the miracles ascribed to Jesus Christ;—historic Christianity would be affected by such conclusions, we would have to find new explanations for the phenomena of Christian history, such as the worship of Jesus by His first disciples, the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, and the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week; but the present power of Christianity in the world is not affected by what may be said either truly or falsely about the literary documents which lie at the basis of historic Christianity. What if Jesus never healed a blind man, or gave power to a cripple to walk? If His Gospel opens the eyes of my dark mind, and reinforces my moral power of resistability, my faith is unshaken. If Mr. Hubbard proves to me that this Gospel is not the Gospel of Jesus, that Jesus never spoke the words ascribed to Him, I will reply as John Fiske replied to Ignatius Donnelly, when that literary sensationalist affirmed that Shakespeare never wrote the plays attributed to him: "Very well, have it so, but if he did n't, some other man of the same name did."

And suppose it is proved that men generally have lost their interest in dogmatic Christianity—a supposition entirely true—what then? Is vital Christianity any the less effective? Not a whit!

We have not heard very much discussion lately of the currency question, not half so much as eight years ago, not a tenth as much as twelve years ago; but a dollar is still a dollar, and we are all as eager to get as many as we can. The academic mind has passed. The practical mind has come. Theories of the Atonement, theories of the Incarnation, doctrines of transubstantiation and con-substantiation, are little more than mere scholastic memories. But we still cling to the Incarnation, and stand in awe before the Sistine Madonna. And the Atonement, the at-one-ment, the reconciliation—we still need them. And the spiritual presence of Jesus—we have simply taken that as a part of the permanent possession of spiritual life, as among the inalienable assets of all believers. Whittier wrote:

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He,
For Faith has yet its Olivet,
And Love its Galilee.

'The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again."

I believe it has been claimed that Whittier was Unitarian in his views. I call that an orthodox doctrine of Jesus Christ's spiritual omnipresence. I am willing to give up the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, and the Lutheran doctrine of con-substantiation, if I can have this idea in their place ✍ Vital Christianity loses nothing by the change. Indeed, it gains much.

¶ Furthermore, we must not only rightly define Christianity, and correctly interpret the facts, but we must make sure that our range of vision is adequately large. "Resolved, That Christianity is declining." Where? The question is not whether Christianity is declining in East Aurora or in Rochester or in Boston. East Aurora is a village in which there are seven or eight churches, and no church of commanding strength. It has been the shame and crime of the church to plant a dozen societies in communities where two would be better. But does not Mr. Hubbard know that the Church of our day is alive to that error, and that such waste of energy will never be repeated?

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There is not a denomination of Christians in America which has not its face set against that sort of thing hereafter. The Evangelical Alliance, a national federation of all Evangelical churches, has in its platform the declaration that to organize a new church where existing churches already provide for the needs of the community, is an offense against the spirit of the Master. Personally, I have no doubt the Church would be stronger if the number of churches in some communities might be reduced by mutual consent and combination

We want all the facts. The question is not whether Christianity is declining in America, or in France, or in Russia, but whether the vital power of the message of Jesus Christ is declining in the world. What if Christianity is fighting a losing battle in one place, and is winning a great victory elsewhere? The experience of the past leads us to believe that a temporary defeat or retreat of Christianity is sometimes the sure sign of a forward movement tomorrow. We want all the facts, and we must interpret them in the light of experience. For, in the light of experience, certain facts which seem to argue the decline of Christianity really indicate no such thing. Mr. Hubbard tells us that Christianity was strongest in the Thirteenth Century, when the Pope wielded his scepter over submissive nations. I tell you that Christianity was never so weak as then. The Church is one thing, Christianity is another. The Church is the form, the machinery; Christianity is the spirit, the force. There have been ages in which the form, the machine, was strong, and the spirit not very evident. With the decay of power, of exterior authority, the influence, the spiritual energy of the Church has increased. This is a paradox, but history is full of paradoxes.

It looked dark for Christianity in the Fifteenth Century, when representatives of the Church were selling indulgences to secure revenue to complete the building of St. Peter's dome; but Luther was coming. It looked dark for Christianity in England in the Eighteenth Century, when absentee bishops bought and sold their dioceses, and when clergymen were a fox-hunting, card-playing, wine-drinking lot; but the Wesleys and Whitfield were coming. It looked dark for Christianity in America at the opening of the Nineteenth Century. Atheism and deism were not only popular but prevalent among the educated classes In Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-seven, less than ten per cent of the students at Yale University were Christians. But in Eighteen Hundred and Seven, a little company of college men at Williamstown were meeting in the shadow of a haystack to pray and plan for the evangelization of the world, and the modern miracle of missions was coming. The Young Men's Christian Association was coming. The great awakening of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven was coming, a movement that swept over the states like fire. It was fire, the fire of a holy passion for Jesus Christ. Then came the war, and altar fires were extinguished in blood. After the war there came a period of unexampled material development, culminating in the panic of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-three. Colossal fortunes had melted away in a night, and men had learned again the vanity of life's best and the bitterness of life's worst. America was ripe for another revival of Christian faith, and it came. A Boston shoe clerk named Moody, who had moved to Chicago, and a Pennsylvania business man named Sankey, were the apostles of this movement, and the permanence and beneficence of their work are well attested by the growth of the Young Men's Christian Association, and by the strength of such institutions as the Chicago Bible Institute and the Mount Hermon Schools. In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-seven, fifty-seven per cent of the students at Yale University were confessing Christians, and the Year Book of the Young Men's Christian Association indicates that the proportion of confessing Christians in other American universities is not less than at Yale.

At the opening of the Twentieth Century there seemed a dearth of Christian zeal, and a lack of Christian activity among us. The prosperity that followed Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six, seemed to have paralyzed our spiritual faculties. The heavenly vision faded when we devoted ourselves too absorbingly to commerce, and yielded ourselves too selfishly to comfort. But here and there were groups of the faithful who prayed for a revival of spiritual religion. In Nineteen Hundred and Two, two evangelists started around the world, on a mission to the English-speaking peoples of Australia and England. One was a graduate of Yale, a man of white-hot earnestness, and powers of logic as keen as any Damascus blade. The other was a Tennessee singer with tuneful voice and the contagious ardor capable of leading an audience of ten thousand in song. Wherever Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander went—in Australia, in England, in Ireland, in conservative Scotland—the common people heard the message as gladly as of old. About the same time a great revival broke out in Wales, apparently without any human leader. Simultaneously, the Presbyterian Church, which had just re-stated its creed, inaugurated an evangelistic movement which has stirred a score of America's largest cities from rim to center, and the end is not yet, for Dr. Chapman and his company of evangelists are about to leave America to conduct missions among the English-speaking people in the great cities of the Orient

I am well aware that there are those who have no respect for the religion of revivals,

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of emotion, of visible demonstration. I do not, myself, say that this is an indispensable part of vital Christianity ✍ I do say that it is the outward form which the force assumes at times. There are revivals of religion, just as there are revivals of patriotism, and revivals of commerce. What do you call it when a sudden rise of five points in the price of Steel Common sets a crowd of five hundred business men yelling like desert dervishes? What do you call it when fifteen thousand men and women cheer and march for an hour and twenty minutes at a national convention? It is a revival of something, is it not? Discount the value of religious revivals, if you please, because of the emotionalism which sometimes attends them, but do not forget they do not always end in emotionalism. The essential feature is that at such a time, multitudes make "the great surrender," take "the soul's leap to God."

If the religious revivals of recent years lack something of the intensity and depth that characterized such movements in other years, let it be remembered that there has been another kind of revival since Nineteen Hundred and Four. The last four years have witnessed a revival of honesty, of commercial and political righteousness, a quickening of the civic conscience, and an awakening of the social consciousness, which would have gladdened the heart of a Hebrew prophet or a Christian apostle. If you ask me whether this revival is a religious one, I reply, it is not only religious but Christian in its origin and motives. The first premonition of it was the overthrow of Tammany in New York, in the movement led by Dr. Parkhurst, a Presbyterian minister. Later came the campaign against corrupt corporation practices, to the force of which two men have contributed more largely than any others, one the President of the Republic, a Christian man—and something of a preacher; the other the Governor of the Empire State, the son of a Baptist minister.

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Address in Rebuttal by Mr. Hubbard:



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My opponent's argument has turned on the claim that I did not properly define Christianity. He has tried to make you forget that Christianity is an institution which owns five thousand million dollars worth of property in America upon which it pays no taxes ✍ He also conveniently waives history and dogmatism, as being irrelevant to the issue. He says that Christianity is a condition of mind. He then gets out a drag-net for all of the beautiful, natural and spontaneous emotions of the human heart and labels them, "Vital Christianity."

He frankly admits that Christianity is one thing and "Vital Christianity" another.

My statement, that Jews and agnostics have the same virtues which he claims as "Christian," goes unexplained ✍ He has intimated that the worthy qualities which I, myself, possess have come to me through Christian influences, and because I had pious parents and was brought up in a Christian home.

This is an insidious mode of attack which I find it difficult to repel. I might, however, unhorse my adversary by bringing Churchmen, high in authority, who would swear that I have no virtues—Christian or otherwise.

Next, an inquiry might be started as to just when and how I acquired the beautiful virtues to which my friend so generously refers; but this, beside making a terrific tax on my modesty might lead us into complications more intricate than those involved in the main issue.

IN support of the contention that Christianity is not declining, it is stated that "True Christianity is not the Christian Church, nor yet is it dogmatic Christianity, but that it is the Spirit of Christ in the heart of man."

To define Christianity in this way is begging the question, since those who put forth the claim still cling to the institution, and subscribe to its dictum that Jesus was The Christ, not a Christ, and also that he was Deity, and that without him we are eternally lost.

But if "Vital Christianity" is the spirit of unselfish service, of love, of truth, and of gentleness, then we must say that "Vital Christianity" is one thing and "Christianity" is another, since the gentle and beautiful virtues of life are not monopolized or controlled by Christianity.

Robert Louis Stevenson was not a Christian, yet where can we find a finer example of gentleness, love and service than he himself supplied, and which he described in his "heathen" friends whom Christian missionaries are so anxious to convert ✍ ✍

The increase in Christianity has not kept pace with the increase in population; and the distribution of the Bible and of Christian literature is not equal to the spread of the secular and free-thought periodicals. If a great circulation of printed matter has changed our social status, then well might Mr. Bok veil his modesty, and hand in hand with Mr. Hearst, step forward to receive the plaudits of the discerning and be crowned with bay.

Every great, living, growing institution has an animating spirit that pervades it. This spirit may properly be called a soul. "Great institutions are but lengthened shadows of a single man," says Emerson. Every bank, factory,

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hotel or store that is progressive has this spirit of individuality. You may look the place over, and if you cannot make a close estimate of the character of the man who controls it without seeing him, you lack insight. A man's work proclaims him.

What then is the prevailing spirit or soul of the system known as Christianity?

Is it the Christ Spirit of gentleness, forgiveness, forbearance and love?

Who that respects truth dares to say so?

¶ Of course, you will find many Christians who possess gentle virtues, but you will also find many people who are not Christians who have the same merits.

As a body the orthodox Church, Protestant or Catholic, has no soul It is cold, haughty, opinionated, selfish, indifferent. And the reason it has no soul is because it is spiritually dead.

If Christ should come back he would be astounded at the things that are being done in his name. If the Christ Spirit can be found at all, it is in individuals and not in institutions or in collective bodies of men.

Jesus is taking his place in the Pantheon of deities as the God of Pity; and the sentiment of pity is not the dominant or prevailing one of our day. We do not believe in beggardom, sickness, misery or sorrow. We do not palliate social and economic ills by giving to the poor; rather do we seek to transform the poor into self-supporting people who will live so as to make hospitals, asylums and jails obsolete. To speak of our art spirit, and our passion for an improved individualism as the Christ Spirit, is to use words out of their accustomed sense, and do violence to language.

We cannot reasonably call the work of Ben Lindsey, Luther Burbank, Horace Fletcher, Marconi and Edison an inspiration from Jesus Christ. Neither is it disrespect to the memory of Jesus to say that in many ways we have gone beyond him. We are endeavoring to overcome difficulties that he never thought of.

WHAT would we think of a man who put forth the thesis that Greek Paganism was never so strong as it is today, and who would argue thus: "Possibly Dogmatic Paganism has declined, also Historic Paganism, but Vital Paganism is constantly gaining ground. As proof, look at the Apollo Clubs in every town and city, devoted to health, harmony and beauty. See the Agricultural Colleges in every state dedicated to the Goddess of Grains. Even at the Capitol in Washington the names of Ceres, Pomona and Flora are carved deep in undying granite. Mercury, the messenger, is everywhere worshipped by such great men as James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, Sir William Van Horne, Pierpont Morgan and William C. Brown

Minerva, the Goddess of Business, is represented in the President's Cabinet in the person of a 'Reformed Jew' by the name of Oscar Straus.

¶ There are more people worshipping Diana today than Greece ever saw. We have invented an instrument especially to use in our Diana devotions—we call it the Kodak.

And Venus is everywhere bowed down to, especially at the Plaza, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Auditorium Annex and at Matteawan.

Oh no, no, no, bless your soul! Paganism is not declining. The gracious Spirit of Apollo is everywhere present in the hearts of men as never before."

THE WISE TRAVELER KNOWS THAT WHILE ROADS DIFFER, WE SHALL ALL EVENTUALLY ARRIVE AT ONE DESTINATION.– BEETHOVEN

THERE is a form of alleged argument put forth in support of Christianity that consists in naming the great men who have accepted it.

As a matter of simple justice, the orator who so glibly names the great men who were Christians should also give us a list of the great men who were not, and then make one more list, to wit: a list of the rogues who were Christians. To prove the beauties of a cult by naming the great men who have upheld it, is a line of talk well adapted to an Old Ladies' Home, a Sailor's Snug Harbor, a Bethel Retreat, or the average Y. M. C. A.; but its use before people of brains should be abandoned.

Great men are men who are great in certain directions. The man who is great in every direction has never been born. In fact, if a man is very great in certain lines it is quite likely he is very weak in others. The mind of a man is a tangled forest, and if he has cleared a small corner of his mental acreage he has done well. At the most we are only justified in using the name of a great man as an expert witness along the line in which he has achieved his greatness.

¶ Gladstone is an example of the way the Christian world utilizes names to bolster up its superstitions. When Gladstone stopped statesmanship long enough to reply to Ingersoll he gave an exhibition of weakness which made his discerning friends weep, just as did the Bishop of Oxford when he sought to ridicule Darwin in the presence of Huxley. Imagine William Jennings Bryan attempting to uphold the historicity of Jesus with Mr. Mangasarian! William Jennings Bryan who says in his lecture, The Prince of Peace, "I believe that Jesus was Deity, because to so believe is easier than to prove He was n't." The remark is almost a paraphrase of a saying of Napoleon's recorded

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by Bertrand. ¶ Oliver Goldsmith was a great poet, but his opinions on finance are not worth much more than those of Micawber. Sir Matthew Hale knew constitutional law, and he also believed in witchcraft.

Before we accept a great man as an expert witness, let us carefully inquire along what line he was great, and how he arrived at his conclusions

And above all, before we accept the opinions of any man, let us be sure that he has the intellectual conscience, a thing which very few men possess, any more than they have a dietetic conscience. Let us ask, "Is he loyal to an intellectual ideal—does he possess mental integrity? or does he say, 'Oh, what difference does it make—it 's a good police system whatever you say—and we must not shock folks —the religion of my mother is good enough for me!'"

NO one religion holds all the good, any more than one man ever expressed the whole of truth.

¶ Is temperance a Christian virtue?

Mohammedanism, with all of its faults, contains one plank in its platform which Christianity would have done well to nail, but which it never has, and that is the prohibition of strong drink. That Jesus manufactured wine, and that Paul advised Timothy to take a little spirits frumenti for his stomach's sake, are facts fully as well authenticated as the Resurrection.

They are also facts which our "personal liberty" friends print on their bill heads, to our discomfiture. If Christianity had been a really inspired and an all-wise thing, it would have forseen, as did the Camel Driver, that strong drink was a curse without a competitor and that the rum garage has followed the Church, as the Constitution the flag. Mohammed perceived that every monastery ran a brewery, and that the secrets of the still were prized by the pious parties, coped and cloaked, amice 'tired and soled with the sacred tippet, who professed to be the agents of Almighty God. This corkscrew propensity and the double chin bias convinced Mohammed that the Holy Ones were at least human, if not frauds; and so he issued orders that any one of the Faithful who got down off the water wagon, even to pick up the whip, was an accepted candidate for Tophet, already booked, and awaiting only initiation as a child of Hell.

Buddhism teaches the sacredness of all animal life, even that of frogs and insects, and Confucianism going one step farther, shows us the divinity of trees, a thing which in America, having devastated the forests, we are just perceiving

Christianity has been a Salvation Trust. With it you are saved; without it you are lost. This is yet its claim and clergymen like Dr. Albertson, who does not go thus far, are exceptional. It has pretended to control your location in another world, and not content with that has fixed your social status here.

The Christian Religion is declining because it is growing more and more like Liberal Judaism, Pantheism, Roycroftism—it is becoming Human. If I pour water into a cask of wine and keep pouring in water, that wine declines and is declining the longer I pour. When we pour enough commonsense into the Christian religion the original compound will exist only as a chemical trace.

CHRISTIANITY supplies a hell for the people who disagree with you and a heaven for your friends.

The distinguishing feature of Christianity is the hypothesis that man is born in sin and conceived in iniquity. That through Adam's fall we sinned all, and to save us from eternal death or eternal damnation, the Son of God died on the cross and this Son was God, Himself. These things are still in its creeds and confessions of faith. Has the Roman Catholic Church, or any of the orthodox Protestant churches, officially repudiated its creed, and made a new one founded on industry, reciprocity, sweetness and light?

Christianity is not a unique religion. It has traits in common with many other religions. It is a conglomeration of Judaism and Egyptian mythology, with the protests of Jesus and the ideas of Paul fused in the pomps and pride of Rome. It is a combination of morality and superstition, and they never form a chemical mixture. Man is the only creature in the animal kingdom that sits in judgment on the work of the Creator and finds it bad—including himself and Nature. God, personally, we are told, looked upon His work and called it good There is where the clergy of Christendom takes issue with Him. ¶ No greater insult was ever offered to God than the claim that His chief product, man, is base at heart and merits damnation.

CHRISTIANITY stands or falls on its miracles. The miracles are its own; all that is good in it belongs to all sensible men, and always has Its ethics are not peculiar, unique or original.

In neither the Nicene, the Athanasian or the Apostle's Creed, nor the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, nor any Christian Catechism will you find a word concerning your duty to your neighbor. Not a word about love, peace, the education of children, manual training, good roads, tree planting, the rights of dumb animals, penology, handicrafts or economics. Theology was the one thing that interested these bishops who framed these creeds They were professional dealers in Deity. The world of work was nothing to them. They wanted to show men how to make peace with God. Also, being a part of the state, and in fact lawmakers, as

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bishops are yet in England, they wanted a creed that would help govern the people. And all government was then founded on fear, not on the will of the people. Religion, as a police system, has never been lost sight of by our Christian friends. That State and Church are still in partnership is a fallacy that fills the minds of most of the clergy, hence the complaint that "God is not in the Constitution." Morality has been introduced into religion as a saving salt. Morality is the formaldehyde of theology. And no more of it has ever been used than the people demanded ✍ As humanity advanced, men demanded more ethics and less metaphysics. And the business of Civilization is to dilute dogmatism with commonsense.

Civilization has nearly civilized the Church. The Church was once an inspired institution —now it is fast becoming a rational institution—this in order that it may exist at all. Men are not so much interested in knowing whether a thing is inspired as whether it is true.

Man is a gregarious animal. He needs to meet with his kind, and the "Temple" has ever been a needful thing in all denominations. It supplies a place to go, and a meeting place.

If the Elks allowed women in their membership, the B. P. O. E. would be a new religious denomination. The creed of the Elks covers every point in ethics that Protestants preach—and more than they practice.

If then the Church supplies useful Social Clubs, why should I seek to criticize them?

My answer is this: I chide them for their dishonesty in holding to superstitions in which they do not believe. Very few Presbyterians know anything about the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, and their clergy do not want them to. ¶ Superstition in the churches is scotched, but not quite dead.

Every little while there are evangelists, experts in hypnotism, who are hired at vast expense by syndicates to come to a town and stampede the adolescent and the ignorant into the theological fold. These traveling preachers put forth the doctrine of hell for unbelievers, and the bribe of heaven for those who accept their fetich with unblushing foreheads. To strike terror to the innocent hearts of childhood is, to these religious rogues, a thing of which to boast. Tell this to Torrey and Alexander.

They show how easily the whole fabric of Christianity would revert to the barbaric type if it were allowed to have its way. A strong opposition is needed. Providence seems to be applying it. The priests and preachers work for the success of the institution, not for truth. But they themselves no longer, as a rule, preach hagiology for fear of the scorn of the intelligence that is in the pew. Nevertheless, they applaud the evangelist who does ✍ The local preacher takes half the profits, and the evangelist the other half and the disgrace.

The fight between Science and Religion—or Commonsense vs. Religion—is still on. So it behooves the man who prizes the integrity of the human mind to stand firm against the infamy of superstition which masks itself under the guise of social betterment. Safety is found only where there is strong opposition. Our fight is not for a transient victory. It is for the freedom of children unborn, and if possible to protect their minds from pollution by the phantoms of fear.

The business of the Christian Religion is to decline—the hope and safety of the world lies in its declination—progress demands that it must go. Its fate is written. All formal religions of authority must go. We must not be ruled by the dead. For as the teacher is working to make himself useless to the pupil, and as the ultimate hope of a good government is to make all government needless, and as the good physician shows you how to do without him, just so Christianity, this religion of authority, must die in order that men may be free.

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Closing Remarks of Dr. Albertson.



IT is one of the tragedies of life, a "tragedy of familiarity," that men may be in the very presence of a mighty movement, and not be aware of it. The men in Paul's time did not know that they were in the beginning of a moral and religious movement which was destined to change the history of the world. Erasmus called the Sixteenth Century "the very excrement of times," but Victor Hugo reminds us that history has reversed that judgment ✍ The Sixteenth Century was great. Forces were at work, undercurrents were moving, ideas were gaining power which were to make all things new. We are on the threshold of world-movements equally great, equally powerful, and alas! equally imperceptible to those who mistake form for force.

Christianity declining? Why, in Eighteen Hundred, only one-fourth of the world was open to the Bible. Practically the whole world is open to it now. Between Eighteen Hundred and Ten and Eighteen Hundred and Twenty only two hundred thousand dollars were spent on Christian missions among non-Christian peoples. In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-two, the church spent ten millions, and in Nineteen Hundred and Seven, twenty-two and one-half millions to carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. In Eighteen Hundred, only about five millions of Bibles had been distributed since the invention of printing. Today the Bible exists in five hundred languages and dialects, and two hundred and

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fifty millions of copies of it have been circulated. In Eighteen Hundred, there was not a Sunday School in any non-Christian land. In Nineteen Hundred and Seven, there were one million, three hundred and four thousand, nine hundred and five scholars in Sunday Schools in mission territory. In Nineteen Hundred, there were one million, three hundred and sixty-nine thousand, four hundred and twenty-five communicants of Christian Churches in non-Christian lands, as against nine hundred and ninety-five thousand, seven hundred and ninety-three in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-five. Last year, one hundred and forty-one thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven communicants were added to the Christian Church from heathenism. In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, there were six hundred and forty-eight thousand, eight hundred and forty-three adherents of Christian churches in India. Ten years later there were nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six. The proportion of Christians in Japan is about three in one thousand of the population. The proportion of Christians in the National Parliament of Japan is about four in one hundred. It was a Christian, Joseph Neesima, who founded the Doshisha, the first great university in Tokio. The Surgeon-General of the victorious army of Japan in Manchuria was a Christian. ¶ I have spoken of the Young Men's Christian Association, a recent movement. It now has one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-seven branches in North America, with four hundred and thirty-five thousand members. The value of its property is estimated at thirty-nine million dollars. (I do not know whether the Young Men's Christian Association pays taxes on its property or not. I hope not. The country ought to be willing to pay something to an organization that takes care of its young men, physically and morally.) And I might speak of the Salvation Army, another recent movement, with branches in fifty-three countries, including prison-gate and rescue work, farm colonies, inebriates' homes and slum work.

The Foreign Missionary movement is another of the forces by which vital Christianity is expressing itself in the world. Six thousand of the brightest students of our colleges are enrolled as volunteers in the Students' Federation, a missionary propaganda. Possibly the best work being done by missionaries is that accomplished by medical missions. In Nineteen Hundred and Seven, there were three hundred and ninety-five men and women holding degrees from British Institutions doing medical missionary work. The Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania is founding a medical college at Canton, China. Yale and Princeton have undertaken similar missions in the name of Him who "preached the gospel of the kingdom and healed the sick." The Mission to Lepers supports seventy-eight asylums in India, Burmah, Ceylon, China, Japan, and Sumatra. Last year it built three new asylums in India, dedicated three leper churches, completed several new buildings, and began work in two leper colonies in China. The thought comes to me, if Christianity declines and dies, who is going to do the work that Christianity is doing now? Who is going to take care of the orphans, the lepers, the outcast women? For the social message of Jesus to His people has ever been, "It is your business, for My sake, to take care of the people whom nobody else cares for."

In the limited space at my disposal, I can say more briefly what I have to say by stating several propositions. Some of these are self-evident, as to their truth; others allude to facts which lie in a realm that excludes demonstration; others still are provable, demonstrable, and the facts I have already adverted to go far to prove them. If such proof is lacking, it is not because proof is impossible, but because I must here state in a brief space what would better be treated in a volume.

I AFFIRM THAT:

1.—There is a practical Christianity, apart from dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity.

2.—Christianity, as it exists today, and as it is recognized in literature, law, and life, is less dogmatic, and less ecclesiastical than ever before.

3.—Vital Christianity never had so many adherents as now.

4.—Practical Christianity has extended its work over a larger part of the world than ever before.

5.—The literature of Christianity was never so widely distributed as now. (And the fact is that much of the literature of Christendom which is not nominally Christian contains so many Christian elements that it carries with it the force of a plea for Christianity.)

6.—The charitable, benevolent, and philanthropic work of organized and unorganized, official and unofficial Christianity is more extensive and more multiform than it has ever been before.

7.—Christianity has not lost its hold upon the strongest types of the human mind.

8.—There is a church-wide movement to simplify the creeds, socialize the work of the church, and co-operate in the cure of the world's ills.

9.—The data of Christian experience have never been scientifically studied, classified, and authenticated until within the last decade. (See William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience," Professor Starbuck's "Psychology of Religion," Professor Coe's "Spiritual Religion," Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Dr. Jackson's "Fact of Conversion.")

10.—The strength of the Peace and Arbitration

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Movement is in the fact that Christian sentiment is back of it. (When the Argentine Republic and Chile signed the permanent treaty of arbitration, they commemorated the event by erecting a great statue of Jesus Christ on one of the mountain peaks near the boundary line between the two countries. It is called "The Christ of the Andes.")

11.—The revival of commercial and political righteousness which we in America are just now witnessing, is one of the results of an awakened Christian conscience. (A year ago, in the midst of the financial panic, "The Wall Street Journal" said, "What this country needs is a revival of old fashioned religion." "Is Saul also among the prophets?")

12.—Many of the nations of the world, which, until recently have not known Christianity, are turning to it as their hope and help. (Korea is on the threshold of a race-conversion. See Dr. Underwood's "The Making of Korea.")

13.—Christianity still produces the most heroic types of character, and at the same time those types which unite within themselves the heroic and the amiable. (Read "The Life of John G. Paton of the New Hebrides," or any account of Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador.)

14.—Christianity still inspires the loftiest poetry and art. (Read "Quatrains of Christ," by George Creel, just published.)

15.—All the anti-Christian movements of history have succeeded only in purifying and strengthening Christianity.

16.—The once "dissevered, discordant, and belligerent" factors of organized Christianity are moving rapidly towards a unity of spirit and effort which surely presages increased strength. (A great church-union movement is being perfected in Canada, and another in Australia and New Zealand.)

17.—Christianity not only lives and grows, but it is the only living and growing religion. (Professor Max Muller of Oxford said, "All other religions are either dead or dying; Christianity is the only living religion.")

¶ In closing this resume of four evenings' debate, I desire to acknowledge the uniform courtesy of Mr. Hubbard, and the patience of the audiences to whom I was permitted to speak. And I here reaffirm my faith in the Divineness of Jesus Christ, my Savior. No mere man could do for me what He has done. And what He has done for me, He has done for unnumbered millions of men, and is able to do for you, Gentle Reader.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet:—
For God is marching on."

Love Letters

By Richard Le Gallienne



IT is the duty of every great man to bequeath his love letters to the British Museum. Robert Browning, through his son, has beautifully fulfilled that duty. That Mrs. Browning does not appear to have been consulted, —though there is no reason to suppose that her husband was without knowledge of what her wishes would be in such an event—need not, it seems to me, make us uncomfortable. It is true that she herself, though the most impulsive and open-hearted of poets, was paradoxically so reticent of her own personal feelings as not to be able to reveal her "Portuguese" sonnets to her husband till after her marriage, as too for a long while she was unable to endure the thought of their appearance in print. At the same time it must be remembered her ill health, and the cloistered circumstances of her home, had made her morbidly sensitive in social life. She shrank from meeting new faces, and we read in these letters how long it took her to brace herself to receive face to face one who already before their first meeting had become an intimate correspondent. Perhaps, similarly, it was her invalid life that accounts for her timorous attitude towards the absurd tyranny of her father, who, though she was a woman already in her thirties, pecuniarily independent of him, and world-famous, restricted her liberty in selfish petty ways difficult to conceive. Then too love had come late to her, and there is no one so maidenly as a woman on the borders of old maidenhood. Often in reading her letters one wonders how Browning had "Patience" with her—particularly in her submission towards her father. One longs to see him, like Mr. Meredith's Alvan, carry her off "on the back of a centaur." For, it must have been evident to him almost from the beginning that she loved him all the time. In any case, therefore, I should hold that Mrs. Browning's scruples, supposing her to have had any, might have been reverently and affectionately disregarded, in favor of the robuster, more natural will of her husband. Even here, too, father and son have done well.

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THE FRA

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People who say, "There 's no use talking," usually keep right on doing it

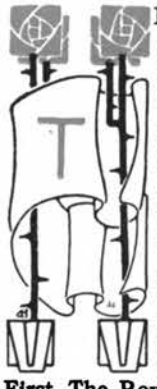
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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



THE Federation of Labor has placed The Roycroft Shop on the Unfair List.

Is n't that terrible!

It occurred two years ago, and here I never heard of it until day before yesterday.

Hic, My God! or words to that effect. We are up against it! ¶ When this bad news was brought me I set the wheels in motion to find out the why-fore. And here are the reasons:

First, The Roycroft Shop is teaching trades to an unlimited number of boys and girls.

Second, I have quoted J. K. Turner who says, "Nothing that is secret can succeed." Also, I am a personal friend of C. W. Post, D. M. Parry, J. W. Van Cleave, John D. Archbold and James J. Hill, and have spoken well of these men in print.

To all these things I plead guilty; and I might also add that I am a personal friend of Eugene Debs, T. V. Powderly, Clarence Darrow and Samuel Gompers.

The way I found out that I was on the Unfair List, was when a "Philistine" advertiser canceled his contract, explaining that a certain Union had notified him that our publications did not bear the Union Label, that we were officially "Unfair," and that he should cease advertising with us or stand the consequences.

Further investigation proved the facts as stated. ¶ Let it here be said that The Roycroft Shop has never had a strike; that the wages we pay are above Union scale; that the conditions under which The Roycrofters work are better than any Union ever demanded or imagined.

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Our offense is simply that by teaching trades to young people we increase the supply of skilled laborers; and that to be a friend of men who have spoken in opposition to Unionism, is a thing to invite displeasure ❧ This displeasure then finds form in an endeavor to injure our business by posting us as "Unfair." ¶ The hope, of course, is to drive us out of business, or else force us to adopt the "Label;" that is, force us to employ only those who have a Union card. This means turning our business over to the Unions, and allowing them to say whom we shall teach and when and how.

Did tyranny ever go farther?

Did any "Trust" ever try to do worse?

The Roycroft Shop has been placed on the "Unfair List," not because we are unfair to labor, but because we are not favorable to the Labor Trust. And it is a distortion of language to say we have been unfair to the Labor Trust, simply because we have told the truth about it. Is not this America, the home of free speech? ¶ So let this fact be stated: The Federation of Labor does not stand for labor—it only stands for such a portion of it as consents to be owned and dictated to by itself. For the multitude of young men and women who wish to gain an education through the skilled use of hands, it cares nothing. It knows nothing about educating the brain by use of the hand. The "pay envelope" is all it knows or cares about ❧ ❧

Also it cares nothing for production or the net result of labor. All it thinks of is more wages and shorter hours.

The despotism of Unionism, if it could have its way, would reach past human belief. It seeks to paralyze human freedom and stop progress. The building of railroads and growth of cities is nothing to it. The pursuit of another man's happiness is its chief concern.

It intimidates my customer until he cancels his contract, fearing that he, too, will be placed on the Unfair List, and that customers will desert him.

It seeks to chain my pen, and say whom I shall speak well of, and whom not.

It tries to name my friends, and if it could separate me from those I respect and admire, it would make their names anathema.

It steps into my household and tells me how my boy shall be educated and how not.

It examines my magazines and warns me to buy only of those advertisers who patronize magazines bearing the "Label." ¶ And then when I protest, it says, "Oh, we do not want to hurt anybody—if you employ only Union labor and use the Label, nothing will happen to you."

Is n't this disunionism?

Is n't it exactly the attitude of Spain during the Inquisition? Did not Spain say to the Jews, "Come into the Catholic Church, be one with us, and no harm shall befall you!"

The man with the big stick, who flashes a dark lantern in your face, and assures you that if you give him your watch, no harm shall happen to you, is not a robber. Oh, certainly not!

Gompers just can't see the other side—it is a matter of human limitation and so we will have to see it for him. He would stop manual training in schools, fearing a flood of carpenters ❧ He would stop teaching trades in all prisons, for fear the prisons will become popular and honest men be left without jobs.

The endeavor of Unionism is to make the job last, not to get it done.

It assumes that the supply of work is limited and, if there are too many apprentices, the workingman will soon be on half time.

Any man with this buzzing bee in his bonnet is already a failure. Superior men see no end to work and all great men make work for thousands. Hill and Archbold are the best friends that labor ever had. They set armies to work and build cities where before were only prairie-dog towns.

Now the men who belong to Unions are not bad men. Gompers is not a bad man. He gets five thousand dollars a year, and God knows he earns it. I don't want his job. His end will be the hatred of the people he seeks to serve, for labor is always ungrateful. Gompers is a Jew, and above all men the Jews ought to know the sin of persecution by this time. But Gompers is a man, and no man is fit to be trusted with unlimited power. We are only safe where there is a strong opposition. To gain his point Gompers would outdo his old friend, the lamented Torquemada, who chased the ancestors of Gompers with sword and fagot. The only word of cheer Sam has for me is this, "Run a Union Shop, and I'll guarantee you protection." And that means give Gompers the key to my shop and let him appoint a superintendent.

Men are men—that is the trouble. When Debs indicts "Capitalism," all he does is to indict human nature. Men clutch for personal power,

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and forget the rights of other men. ¶The safety of this country demands that we shall resist coercion and intimidation whether offered by a Church Trust or a Labor Trust. Why does n't Gompers start a factory of his own? Let him run a closed shop if he wants—we do not care. ¶The Unions have done much good in the past—to them we owe factory inspection, child labor laws and the shorter working-day. But because a thing is good in small doses is no proof that we can stand an unlimited quantity of it.

A United States Court has declared that posting a man as "Unfair" because this man employs certain men, is itself unfair and must not be continued ✍ For this offense before the law, Gompers may go to jail, and he declares that he is willing to go to jail. If need be, Gompers will be taught the lesson—the leisure will give him a chance to see the truth, which is that the boycott is un-American and must be bundled into the rag-bag of things that were.

Lessee, what was it Patrick Henry said about freedom?

Both the word "boycott," and the thing itself are importations, borrowed from a people who, says my old college chum, Wu Ting Fang, govern everybody but themselves, and have influence everywhere, save in their own country. The boycott, I repeat, is un-American. It is a fight in a fog—a secret, treacherous, sneaking stab in the back—a crawling in the tall uncut. If we are going to fight let us fight in the open. Rightly has Judge Gould placed an injunction on the boycott. Let it be deported to the land where it originated.

It cost the Gobeille Pattern Company of Cleveland forty thousand dollars to get its name off the Unfair List. But that was ten years ago. I would n't give forty cents to have my name blotted from the "Index Expurgatus" of the Federation of Labor, any more than I would give Collier's thirty cents—Collier's who are doing my advertising gratis—to avoid publicity in their columns.

Commercial excommunication now is no worse than church excommunication ✍ When the Church cuts you off, you can go to God direct. You simply eliminate the middleman. When organized labor leaders seek to starve you out, you make your appeal to the people,—and wax fat. Who represents the folks that actually work in this country, anyway! On your life, it is not the walking delegate! !

When Gompers reaches out his long pole from Washington, New York or Boston and endeavors to lambaste a man in Battle Creek, Indianapolis or St. Louis, he only wakes the party up and soon has a fight on hand. That a laborer shall not sell his labor when and where he desires; that an employer shall employ only certain people; that my boy shall not be educated; that an advertiser shall not patronize certain periodicals—all this is shockingly Russian and overwhelmingly Irish.

We long ago decided not to be ruled by a person in England, or a man in Italy. The Anglo-Saxon is a transplanted Teuton, with a dash of the hardy Norse in his fibre that makes slavery for him out of the question. In every land upon which he has placed his foot, he has found either a throne or a grave.

When those Norsemen with their yellow hair flying in the breeze sailed up the Seine, the people on the shore called to them in amazement and asked, "Where are you from and who are your masters?"

And the defiant answer rang out over the waters, "We are from the round world, and we call no man master!"

To these men we trace a pedigree. And think you we are to trade the freedom for which we have fought for the rule of a Business Agent graduated from a cigar factory?

Excuse this smile—I really can't help it.

When that punk party known as George the Three Times, disregarded the warning of one, Edmund Burke, who said, "Your Majesty, you must not forget that these Colonists are Englishmen—our own people, and they cannot be coerced," he invited his fate.

The English and hired Hessians fought Washington five to one, but Washington was an Anglo-Saxon, a transplanted Teutonic, Norse American, and in his bright lexicon no such word as "fail" could be found.

Imagine Sam Gompers handing an ultimatum to George Washington, and you get a spectacle no more ridiculous than that of the Federation of Labor saying to the people of America, "You shall not introduce manual training into your public schools for fear it will deprive Michael Mulaney of a job as plumber's monkey!"

Let Gompers rule his Hessians, but remember this, their children will be Americans.

Yet a labor union may do good. I never ask a man I hire whether he belongs to a Union any more than I would ask if he belongs to a

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Church. That is his business. I most certainly would not ask him to renounce his Union unless the Union were trying to throttle him. Even then it is his affair ☙ But certainly we will not be dictated to by men with less intelligence, energy, initiative and ambition than we ourselves possess ☙ ☙

¶ Nineteen out of twenty so-called capitalists were day laborers—they know the whole game—and they are laborers yet. And any working man who owns a home is a capitalist.

All attempts to build up class hatred in this country must fail. We stand for co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality. "Once a laborer, always a laborer," is not our shibboleth.

Our labor union friends are lifting a fine cry about the injustice of injunctions. But what is their whole intent but to place an injunction of fear and coercion upon the employer, so that he dare not turn a wheel without permission!

¶ Is sending Gompers to jail, for violating a court order, any more tragic than for Gompers to send me to the poorhouse for disregarding his orders?

In God's name, where is the difference?

We have agreed as a people to obey the courts—that is civilization—and we should obey them right or wrong. We have all been stung at times by the courts and we take our medicine, knowing that in the long run the courts are right. But we have never agreed to abide by the edicts of the secret conclave of Amalgamated Moulders, and I hardly think we will.

There are inequalities in this country that must be worked out; there are injustices that must be righted; but the boycott, the club, the fagot, the bomb and the secret conclave—the air-brakes on prosperity's wheels—can never right them. We must bring patience, good nature and reason to bear. To solve the problems we must discuss, agitate, write, talk and educate—and yet again educate. Some day then, the fog will lift, and the sun will shine out.

In fact it is beginning to shine out now.

☙

The history of all dogmatic and "revealed" religions is, in truth, but a history of man's endeavors to discover or invent some plan or scheme or method whereby he may shirk his personal responsibility, or shift it to other shoulders than his own, or in some manner escape the natural consequences of its conscious and intentional evasion or violation.



NCE upon a day, in a moment of aberration, I said that no great college in America, save Tuskegee, barred booze and put the ban on tobacco.

This was a mistake. I forgot the University of Valparaiso ☙ And yet I wot not, there are very many educated men, eke women withal, who never heard of Valparaiso, Indiana.

And yet Valparaiso has the second largest University in America. ¶ It has an enrollment of four thousand students ☙ ☙

There are beautiful and beneficent things being done at Valparaiso, quietly, surely, without blare of brass or spatter of printer's ink, that have never been done before in the history of pedagogy.

It is a school that avoids advertising, because its limits are already taxed to care for the young men and women who knock at its gates ☙ ☙

Now here is the absolutely unique thing about Valparaiso: it has not a dollar, and never had a dollar, of endowment.

It was founded thirty-five years ago by two young men, country school teachers, without capital, except for a few hundred dollars saved from their salaries.

It is free from debt and owns a property worth over a million dollars.

The men who have done this wonderful work are H. B. Brown and O. P. Kinsey, men still far from old; active, alert—dynamos of divine energy ☙ ☙

Talk about government ownership—our socialistic friends are wrong; there never was, or can be, a management equal to that of the individual—provided, of course, that it is the right individual.

Here is a University that receives no aid from the state, yet it eclipses any state university in the world in several particulars.

State assistance to an educational institution is well, but with it usually goes the fussing of busybodies and much political interference ☙

The President's office in a state school is a perquisite, and so are the positions of teachers and professors. It is ruled by a directorate, which in turn is dictated to by the legislature. Once a year or more, the President has to go on his knees and osculate the big toes of the

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bigwigs at the Capitol. He has to be a lobbyist, a diplomat, a politician and give in his report to greengrocers, who read it with lack-lustre eyes and criticize him for not dotting his I's, and making his P's bolder.

Thus the time and energy that should be given to legitimate management goes off in exhaust.

¶ Do you remember that great and good man, Beardshear of Ames, Iowa? Beardshear was a great teacher, and a great administrator. But his life was lost in battling with buckwheat legislators, and mousing investigating committees who searched for rat-holes and thought them worth looking into.

A big man should be free. But a man hired by the state has only an indefinite reprieve before his head goes into the basket. And the greater his aspiration, the longer his mental reach, the more his plans outstrip the mediocre—the more does he leave popular sympathy behind and the greater becomes his danger. Golgotha and genius are always close together.

Marxian Socialism means the rule of the demagogue and the apotheosis of the weak.

Valparaiso demonstrates what two men in absolute accord can do when left alone. The state has not helped them, and on the other side the pudgy paw of the politician has not mixed in their affairs.

It is a school of Spartans. The whole place has an air of earnestness that is most impressive. Purpose and determination are in the air. Seeing two thousand young men assembled, I looked into their faces, and thought that if marshalled as an army, they would have rivaled Cæsar's invincible Tenth Legion. The sissy-boy and the mollycoddle were not in evidence.

Mæcenas has not endowed Valparaiso, and so Mæcenas has never butted in and muddled the Valparaiso policy. It has been free.

And being free, it has set a pace which otherwise it never could have attained.

Brown and Kinsey have never drawn money from their business beyond enough for a bare living. They work for board and clothes. All the money has gone into improvements.

Commodore Vanderbilt once said, "A man who can't get along without money, can't with." The best lesson taught at Valparaiso is that of economy of time and money.

The next is that of physical well-being. The endeavor is to bring out qualities, rather than to impart information.

Harvard has an endowment of twenty-two million dollars, yet she is always calling for help. Harvard charges one hundred and fifty dollars a year for thirty-six weeks tuition, and table board at Memorial Hall averages five dollars a week. The cheapest room in any of the college dormitories is three dollars a week more.

Now look at this: Valparaiso's charge for tuition of a year of forty-eight weeks is fifty dollars. Table-board costs one dollar and eighty cents a week. Rooms are from forty cents to one dollar a week.

You can go to Valparaiso and get your tuition, board and room for forty cents a day. A five-cent breakfast consists of a baked apple, rolled oats, potatoes, tea, coffee or milk, and bread and butter—and each table decorated with fresh flowers!

A ten-cent dinner consists of roast beef, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, bread and butter, and tea, coffee or milk, with dessert of apple dumpling.

How is this possible?

Why, a business man is at the head of it. And above all there is co-operation—co-operation under wise, cheerful, and able leadership.

The student body is as fine a healthy, happy and brawny lot of young folks as you ever saw in your life.

The genus grafter has never been allowed to light at Valparaiso. The students take care of their own rooms, the janitorship, the lawns, gardens, farms, flowers, livestock, all under appointed inspectors, who themselves are selected from the student body.

Among the instructors are graduates of Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Depree and Heidelberg.

One thing I never saw done before, excepting in a very small way, and that is the use of senior students as teachers. Normal Schools, with their "Model School" features use students as teachers, but the pupils are children. Here students teach men, on the principle that by teaching others, we teach ourselves. The teacher is always the one who gets most out of the lessons—and Valparaiso knows it. So beside being good economics, it is very wise pedagogy. Arnold of Rugby knew its value when he utilized the Sixth Form, and turned bullies into gentlemen by giving them responsibility. Kinsey is a Pericles for setting folks to work.

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What do they teach at Valparaiso? Everything, say, which is taught at Yale, and a few things beside: dentistry, pharmacy, civics, medicine, law, the classics, economics, sociology, history, business, mathematics, civil engineering, mining and domestic science. Above all they teach life as a great whole—the science of human betterment, the theorem of helping yourself by helping others. The students are taught over and over that the human body is the temple of the Most High, and to live a useful and effective life we must have good bodies.

The inflexible rule at Valparaiso is to graduate no student who cannot at once earn his living. All through the West, especially in Chicago, there is a big demand for Valparaiso students in business concerns, and there are always more positions open than can be filled.

If you want your boy to have an education de luxe, for social bric-a-brac and decoration, do not send him to Valparaiso. But if you want him to be self-reliant, strong in body, direct in speech, economical, industrious, clean in habits, free from both cigarettes and pasteboard—two things heartily detested at Valparaiso—why, I do not know of a better place than this Hoosier University, where Service, Health, Co-operation and Reciprocity are spelled with capitals.

We do not fight for truth—we fight for electrotypes, old books, old clothes, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels ❧ Persecutions and martyrdoms are usually struggles for inertia.



IN making investments in Companies or Corporations formed to launch new inventions, do not be influenced by the fact that the invention is useful and much needed. This is a secondary consideration.

For while it is true that only a useful invention or appliance can at last succeed, yet the further fact remains that because it is good is no sign it will go. It will not necessarily succeed any more than moral virtue and spiritual beauty will increase in popularity next year at Atlantic City.

Good things go only when captained by big men. It is a question of generalship or salesmanship Sheldon would say, and Sheldon is right. It is a matter of marketing your wares. The superior man is not the one who thinks great thoughts, but he who expresses them so as to give humanity a "vibe." Success is voltage under control.

So to the argument: Excellent inventions, and mines with pay-gravel are nil and nit and mox nix ouse, until a man with phosphorescent oxaline in his ego takes the management and transforms chaos into cosmos.

We all see big pictures in our cosmic mirror, when drunk on art, love, dope or religion, but the fellow who puts his picture on the canvas and sells it to Pierpont Morgan,—he is the only one who is really It.

So when you tell me of your wonderful invention and want to sell me stock in your company, just bring me a snap-shot of the man who is going to manage your concern, as well as a list of what he eats and drinks, the hours he sleeps, and how he exercises both his body and sky-piece ❧ ❧

Then I 'll talk with you about taking stock.

Civilization should be ball-bearing, rubber-tired, and run in oil, like an Ideal Engine—safe, effective and noiseless. A clutching and grasping theology too long has been the sand in the bearings.



IN East Aurora lives a farmer who comes so near to being the meanest man in the world, that he would at least give the champion a run for his hard-earned.

This farmer owns the pasture where the ol' swimmin' hole has been for fifty years. But last summer this ornery agrarian took it into his idle nut that it was not decent for boys to jump into the water with no clothes on. So he put up a sign to the effect that lingerie was required, otherwise there would be nothing doing in the swimming line. The boys, however, still continued to jump off the spring-board and "chaw beef" and take photographs in Adam's pajamas, all as duly established by boy precedent and Tom Sawyer in sections truly rural.

So the farmer went to town and got about five bushels of old bottles, which he proceeded to break up around the boys' Baden-Baden. He strewed the bank with broken glass and

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threw it in the stream for a hundred yards up and down.

As a sequel, the boys got a peck of mustard seed and scattered it over the farmer's plowland for luck. Then one evening when the honest tiller of the soil left his horses under the Presbyterian Church shed while he was attending the revival, some parties unknown took the burrs off his buggy wheels.

He wanted me to write the matter up for the papers, and now that I have done so, he will proceed to do so, as the Dutchman said when introducing the learned lecturer.

The boy who would go for three months each to Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell would stand a better chance of winning out than he who goes four years to any one.

LINCOLN MEMORIES

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



THERE was war in the land. When it began I did not know, but that it was something terrible I could guess. Many men had gone away; and every day men in blue straggled by, all going south, forever south. And all the men straggling along that road stopped to get a drink at our well, drawing the water with the sweep and drinking out of the bucket, and squirting a mouthful of water over each other. They looked at my father's creaking doctor's sign, and sang, "Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard."

They all sang that. They were very jolly, just as though they were going to a picnic. Some of them came back that way a few years later and they were not so jolly. And some there were who never came back at all.

Freight trains passed southward, blue with men in the cars and on top of the cars, and on the cowcatcher, and in the caboose, always going south and never north. For "Down South" were many Rebels, and all along the way south were Copperheads, and they all wanted to come north and kill us, so soldiers had to go down there and fight them.

And I marveled much that if God hated Copperheads, as our preacher said He did, why He did n't send lightning and kill them just in a second, as He had Si Johnson. And then all that would have to be done would be to send for a doctor to see that they were surely dead, and a preacher to pray, and the neighbors would dress them in their best Sunday suits of black, folding their hands very carefully across their breasts, then we would bury them deep, filling in the dirt and heaping it up, patting it all down very carefully with the back of a spade, and then go away and leave them until Judgment-Day.

It was Abe Lincoln of Springfield who was fighting the Rebels that were trying to wreck the country and spread red ruin. Society was divided into two classes: those who favored Abe Lincoln, and those who told lies about him. All the people I knew and loved, loved Abe Lincoln.

I was born at Bloomington, Illinois, through no choosing of my own, and Bloomington is further famous for being the birthplace of the Republican party. When a year old I persuaded my parents to move seven miles north to the village of Hudson, that then had five houses, a church, a store, and a blacksmith shop. Many of the people I knew, knew Lincoln, for he used to come to Bloomington several times a year "on the circuit" to try cases, and at various times made speeches there. When he came he would tell stories at the Ashley House, and when he was gone these stories would be repeated by everybody. Some of these stories must have been peculiar, for I once heard my mother caution my father not to tell any more "Lincoln stories" at the dinner-table when we had company.

And once Lincoln gave a lecture at the Presbyterian church on the "Progress of Man," when no one was there but the preacher, my Aunt Hannah and the sexton.

My Uncle Elihu and Aunt Hannah knew Abe Lincoln well. So did Jesse Fell, James C. Conklin, Judge Davis, General Orme, Sam Allerton, Leonard Swett, Dick Yates and lots of others I knew. They never called him "Mister

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Lincoln," but it was always Abe, or Old Abe, or just plain Abe Lincoln. In that newly settled country you always called folks by their first names, especially when you liked them. And when they spoke the name, "Abe Lincoln," there was something in the voice that told of confidence, respect and affection.

Once when I was at my Aunt Hannah's, Judge Davis was there and I sat on his lap. The only thing about the interview I remember was that he really did n't have any lap to speak of.

After Judge Davis had gone Aunt Hannah said: "You must always remember Judge Davis, for he is the man who made Abe Lincoln!"

And when I said, "Why, I thought God made Lincoln," they all laughed.

After a little pause my inquiring mind caused me to ask, "Who made Judge Davis?" And Uncle Elihu answered, "Abe Lincoln."

Then they all laughed more than ever.

VOLUNTEERS were being called for ❧ Neighbors and neighbors' boys were enlisting—going to the support of Abe Lincoln. ¶ Then one day my father went away, too. Many of the neighbors went with us to the station, when he took the four-o'clock train, and we all cried, except Mother—she did n't cry until she got home. My father had gone to Springfield to enlist as a surgeon. In three days he came back and told us he had enlisted, and was to be assigned his regiment in a week, and go at once to the front. He was always a kind man, but during that week when he was waiting to be told where to go he was very gentle and more kind than ever. He told me I must be the man of the house while he was away, and take care of my mother and sisters, and not forget to feed the chickens every morning; and I promised.

At the end of the week a big envelope came from Springfield marked in the corner, "Official." ¶ My mother would not open it, and so it lay on the table until the doctor's return. We all looked at it curiously, and my eldest sister gazed on it long with lack-luster eye and then rushed from the room with her check apron over her head.

When my father rode up on horseback I ran to tell him that the envelope had come.

We all stood breathless and watched him break the seals.

He took out the letter and read it silently and passed it to my mother.

I have the letter before me now, and it says: "The Department is still of the opinion that it does not care to accept men having varicose veins, which make the wearing of bandages necessary. Your name, however, has been filed and should we be able to use your services, will advise."

Then we were all very glad about the varicose veins, and I am afraid I went out and boasted to my playfellows about our family possessions. ¶ It was not so very long after that there was a Big Meeting in the "timber." People came from all over the county to attend it. The chief speaker was a man by the name of Ingersoll, a colonel in the army, who was back home for just a day or two on furlough. People said he was the greatest orator in Peoria County.

Early in the morning the wagons began to go by our house, and all along the four roads that led to the grove we could see great clouds of dust that stretched away for miles and miles and told that the people were gathering by the thousand. They came in wagons and on horseback, on foot and with ox-teams ❧ Women rode on horseback carrying babies; and there were various four-horse teams with wagons filled with girls all dressed in white, carrying flags ❧ ❧

All of our folks went. My mother fastened the back door of our house with a bolt on the inside, and then locked the front door with a key, and hid the key under the door-mat.

At the grove there was much hand-shaking and visiting and asking after the folks and for the news. Several soldiers were present; among them a man who lived near us, called "Little Ramsey." Three one-armed men were there, and a man named Al Sweetser, who had only one leg. These men wore blue, and were seated on the big platform that was all draped with flags. Plank seats were arranged, and every plank held its quota. Just outside the seats hundreds of men stood, and beyond these were wagons filled with people. Every tree in the woods seemed to have a horse tied to it, and the trees over the speakers' platform were black with men and boys. I never knew before that there were so many horses and people in the world ❧ ❧

When the speaking began the people cheered, and then they became very quiet, and only the occasional squealing and stamping of the horses could be heard. Our preacher spoke first, and then the lawyer from Bloomington, and then came the great man from Peoria. The people cheered more than ever when he stood up, and kept hurrahing so long I thought they were not going to let him speak at all.

At last they quieted down, and the speaker began. His first sentence contained a reference to Abe Lincoln. The people applauded, and some proposed three cheers for "Honest Old Abe." Everybody stood up and cheered, and I, perched on my father's shoulder, cheered too. I had on my shirt made from a flour sack, with the words "Extra XXX" across the bosom, and beneath the legend, "Pillsbury's Best—Warranted Fifty Pounds," my heart beat proudly. ¶ Silence came at last—a silence filled only by the neighing and stamping of horses and the rapping of a woodpecker in a tall tree. Every

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ear was strained to catch the orator's first words

The speaker was just about to begin. He raised one hand, but ere his lips moved, a hoarse, guttural shout echoed through the woods: "Hurrah'h'h for Jeff Davis! ! !"

"Kill that man!" rang a sharp, clear voice in instant answer.

A rumble like an awful groan came from the vast crowd.

My father was standing on a seat, and I had climbed to his shoulder. The crowd surged like a monster animal toward a tall man standing alone in a wagon. He swung a black-snake whip around him, and the lash fell savagely on two gray horses. At a lunge, the horses, the wagon and the tall man had cleared the crowd, knocking down several people in their flight. One man clung to the tail-board. The whip wound with a hiss and a crack across his face, and he fell stunned in the roadway.

A clear space of fully three hundred feet now separated the man in the wagon from the great throng, that with ten thousand hands seemed ready to tear him limb from limb. Revolver shots rang out, women screamed and trampled children cried for help. Above it all was the roar of the mob. The orator, in vain pantomime, implored order.

I saw Little Ramsey drop off the limb of a tree astride of a horse that was tied beneath, then lean over, and with one stroke of a knife sever the halter.

At the same time fifty other men seemed to have done the same thing, for flying horses shot out from different parts of the woods, all on the instant. The man in the wagon was half a mile away now, still standing erect. The gray horses were running low, with noses and tails outstretched

The spread-out riders closed in a mass and followed at terrific speed. The crowd behind seemed to grow silent. We heard the patter-patter of barefoot horses ascending the long, low hill. One rider on a sorrel horse fell behind. He drew his horse to one side, and sitting over with one foot on the long stirrup, plied the sorrel across the flank with a big, white felt hat. The horse responded, and crept around to the front of the flying mass.

The wagon had disappeared over a gentle rise of ground, and then we lost the horsemen, too. Still we watched, and two miles across the prairie we got a glimpse of running horses in a cloud of dust, and into another valley they settled, and then we lost them for good.

¶ The speaking began again and went on amid applause and tears, with laughter set between.

¶ I do not remember what was said, but, after the speaking, as we made our way homeward, we met Little Ramsey and the young man who rode the sorrel horse. They told us that they caught the man after a ten-mile chase, and that he was badly hurt, for the wagon had upset and the fellow was beneath it. Ramsey asked my father to go at once to see what could be done for him.

The man was quite dead when my father reached him. There was a purple mark around his neck; and the opinion seemed to be that he had got tangled up in the harness or something

THE war-time months went dragging by, and the burden of gloom in the air seemed to lift; for when the Chicago "Tribune" was read each evening in the post-office it told of victories on land and sea. Yet it was a joy not untinged with black; for in the church across from our house, funerals had been held for farmer boys who had died in prison pens and been buried in Georgia trenches.

One youth there was, I remember, who had stopped to get a drink at our pump, and squirted a mouthful of water over me because I was handy

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of this boy. The boy's father sat there on a nail-keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster tried to shuffle over the name and on to the next.

"Hi! Wha—what 's that you said?"

"Killed in honorable battle—Snyder, Hiram," said the postmaster with a forced calmness, determined to face the issue.

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again and staggered his way to the door and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him! he 's gone to tell the old woman," said the postmaster as he blew his nose on a red handkerchief.

The preacher preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot in the burying-ground they carved the inscription: "Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen."

Not long after, strange, yellow, bearded men in faded blue began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them; and at the regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting thanksgivings were poured out for their safe return, with names of company and regiment duly mentioned for the Lord's better identification. Bees were held for some of these returned farmers, where twenty teams and fifty men, old and young, did a season's farm work in a day, and split enough wood for a year. At such times the women would bring big baskets of provisions and long tables would be set, and there were very jolly times, with cracking of many jokes that were veterans, and the day would end with pitching horse-shoes, and at last with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

It was at one such gathering that a ghost ap-

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peared—a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow—wearing a foolish smile and the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat with no coat beneath it. The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and countenance well mellowed with coal soot, as though he had ridden several days on top of a freight-car that was near the engine.

This ghost was Hiram Snyder.

All forgave him the shock of surprise he caused us—all except the minister who had preached his funeral sermon. Years after I heard this minister remark in a solemn, grieved tone: "Hiram Snyder is a man who cannot be relied on."

THE first "spring beauties" bloomed very early that year; violets came out on the south side of rotting logs, and cowslips blossomed in the slough as they never had done before. Over on the knoll, prairie chickens strutted pompously and proudly drummed.

The war was over! Lincoln had won, and the country was safe!

The jubilee was infectious, and the neighbors who used to come and visit us would tell of the men and boys who would soon be back. ¶ The war was over!

My father and mother talked of it across the table, and the men talked of it at the store, and earth, sky, and water called to each other in glad relief, "The war is over!"

But there came a morning when my father walked up from the railroad station very fast, and looking very serious. He pushed right past me as I sat in the doorway. I followed him into the kitchen where my mother was washing dishes, and heard him say, "Lincoln is dead!" and then he burst into tears.

I had never before seen my father shed tears—in fact I had never seen a man cry. There is something terrible in the grief of a man.

Soon the church bell across the road began to toll. It tolled all that day. Three men—Steve Sealey, Jake Burtis and Mel Chadbourn—rang the bell all day long, tolling, slowly tolling, tolling until night came and the stars came out. I thought it a little curious that the stars should come out, for Lincoln was dead; but they did, for I saw them as I trotted by my father's side down to the post-office.

There was a great crowd of men there. At the long line of peeled hickory hitching poles were dozens of saddle-horses. The farmers had come for miles to get details of the news.

On the long counters that ran down each side of the store men were seated, swinging their feet, and listening intently to some one who was reading aloud from a newspaper. We worked our way past the men who were standing about, and with several of these my father shook hands solemnly

Leaning against the wall near the window was a big, red-faced man, whom I knew as a Copperhead. He had been drinking, evidently, for he was making boozy efforts to stand very straight. There were only heard a subdued buzz of whispers and the monotonous voice of the reader, as he stood there in the centre, his newspaper in one hand and a lighted candle in the other.

The red-faced man lurched two steps forward, and in a loud voice said: "L—L—Lincoln is dead,—an' I 'm damn glad of it!"

Across the room I saw two men struggling with Little Ramsey. Why they should struggle with him I could not imagine, but ere I could think the matter out, I saw him shake himself loose from the strong hands that sought to hold him. He sprang upon the counter, and in one hand I saw he held a scale-weight. Just an instant he stood there, and then the weight shot straight at the red-faced man. The missile glanced on his shoulder and shot through the window. In another second the red-faced man plunged through the window, taking the entire sash with him.

"You 'll have to pay for that window," called the alarmed postmaster out into the night.

The store was quickly emptied, and on following outside no trace of the red-faced man could be found. The earth had swallowed both the man and the five-pound scale-weight.

After some minutes had passed in a vain search for the weight and the Copperhead, we went back into the store and the reading was continued

But the interruption had relieved the tension, and for the first time that day men in that post-office joked and laughed. It even lifted from my heart the gloom that threatened to smother me, and I went home and told the story to my mother and sisters, and they too smiled, so closely akin are tears and smiles.

THE story of Lincoln's life had been ingrained into me long before I ever read a book. For the people who knew Lincoln, and the people who knew the people that Lincoln knew, were the only people I knew. I visited at their houses and heard them tell what Lincoln had said when he sat at table where I then sat. I listened long to Lincoln stories, "and that reminds me" was often on the lips of those I loved. All the tales told by the faithful Herndon and the needlessly loyal Nicolay and Hay were current coin, and the rehearsal of the Lincoln-Douglas debate was commonplace.

When our own poverty was mentioned, we compared it with the poverty that Lincoln had endured, and felt rich. I slept in a garret where the winter's snow used to sift merrily through the slab shingles, but then I was covered with warm buffalo robes, and a loving mother tucked me in and on my forehead imprinted a good-night kiss. But Lincoln at the same age had

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no mother and lived in a hut that had neither windows, doors, nor floor, and a pile of leaves and straw in the corner was his bed. Our house had two rooms, but one winter the Lincoln home was only a shed enclosed on three sides. ¶ I knew of his being a clerk in a country store at the age of twenty, and that up to that time he had read but four books; of his running a flat-boat, splitting rails, and pouring at night over a dog-eared law-book; of his asking to sleep in the law office of Joshua Speed, and of Speed's giving him permission to move in. And of his going away after his "worldly goods" and coming back in ten minutes carrying an old pair of saddle-bags which he threw into a corner saying, "Speed, I've moved!"

I knew of his twenty years of country law-practise, when he was considered just about as good and no better than a dozen others on that circuit, and of his making a bare living during the time. Then I knew of his gradually awakening to the wrong of slavery, of the expansion of his mind, so that he began to incur the jealousy of rivals and the hatred of enemies, and of the prophetic feeling in that slow but sure-moving mind that "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

I knew of the debates with Douglas and the national attention they attracted, and of Judge Davis' remark, "Lincoln has more common-sense than any man in America;" and then, chiefly through Judge Davis' influence, of his being nominated for President at the Chicago Convention. I knew of his election, and the coming of the war, and the long, hard fight, when friends and foes beset and none but he had the patience and the courage that could wait. And then I knew of his death, that death which then seemed a calamity—terrible in its awful blackness.

But now the years have passed, and I comprehend somewhat of the paradox of things, and I know that this death was just what he might have prayed for. It was a fitting close for a life that had done a supreme and mighty work.

His face foretold the end.

Lincoln had no home ties. In that plain, frame house, without embellished yard or ornament, where I have been so often, there was no love that held him fast. In that house there was no library, but in the parlor, where six haircloth chairs and a slippery sofa to match stood guard, was a marble table on which were various gift-books in blue and gilt. He only turned to that home when there was no other place to go. Politics, with its attendant travel and excitement, allowed him to forget the what-might-have-beens. Foolish bickering, silly pride, and stupid misunderstanding pushed him out upon the streets and he sought to lose himself among the people. And to the people at length he gave his time, his talents, his love, his life. Fate took from him his home that the country might call him Savior. Dire tragedy was a fitting end; for only the souls who have suffered are well loved. ¶ Jealousy, disparagement, calumny, have all made way and North and South alike revere his name.

The memory of his gentleness, his patience, his firm faith, and his great and loving heart are the priceless heritage of a united land. He had charity for all and malice toward none; he gave affection, and affection is his reward.

Honor and love are his.

God never made a gymnasium—He did, however, make a garden.

Abraham Lincoln

By Robert G. Ingersoll



LINCOLN always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses, on his side.

The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

They knew that he was kind, sincere and merciful. They knew that in his veins there was no drop of tyrants' blood. They knew that he used his power to protect the innocent, to save reputation and life—that he had the brain of a philosopher—the heart of a mother.

During all the years of war, Lincoln stood the embodiment of mercy, between discipline and death. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms, and was the friend even of the convict. He knew temptation's strength—the weakness of the will—and how in fury's sudden flame judgment drops the scales, and passion—blind and deaf—usurps the throne.

One day a woman, accompanied by a Senator, called on the President. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for the pardon of her husband. The President heard her story and then asked what kind of a man her husband was. "Is he intemperate, does he abuse the children and

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beat you?" "No, no," said the wife, "he is a good man, a good husband, he loves me and he loves the children, and we cannot live without him. The only trouble is that he is a fool about politics—I live in the North, born there, and if I get him home, he will do no more fighting for the South." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon your husband and turn him over to you for safe keeping." The poor woman, overcome with joy, sobbed as though her heart would break

"My dear woman," said Lincoln, "if I had known how badly it was going to make you feel, I never would have pardoned him." "You do not understand me," she cried between her sobs. "You do not understand me." "Yes, yes, I do," answered the President, "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

¶ On another occasion, a member of Congress, on his way to see Lincoln, found in one of the anterooms of the White House an old white-haired man, sobbing—his wrinkled face wet with tears The old man told him that for several days he had tried to see the President—that he wanted a pardon for his son. The Congressman told the old man to come with him and he would introduce him to Mr. Lincoln. On being introduced, the old man said: "Mr. Lincoln, my wife sent me to you. We had three boys. They all joined your army. One of 'em has been killed, one 's a-fighting now, and one of 'em, the youngest, has been tried for deserting and he 's going to be shot day after to-morrow. He never deserted. He 's wild, and he may have drunk too much and wandered off, but he never deserted. 'T aint in the blood. He 's his mother's favorite, and if he 's shot, I know she 'll die." The President, turning to his secretary, said: "Telegraph General Butler to suspend the execution in the case of———— [giving the name] until further orders from me, and ask him to answer ————."

The Congressman congratulated the old man on his success—but the old man did not respond. He was not satisfied. "Mr. President," he began, "I can't take that news home. It won't satisfy his mother. How do I know but what you 'll give further orders to-morrow?" "My good man," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have to do the best I can. The generals are complaining because I pardon so many. They say that my mercy destroys discipline. Now, when you get home you tell his mother what you said to me about my giving further orders, and then you tell her that I said this: 'If your son lives until they get further orders from me, when he does die people will say that old Methuselah was a baby compared with him.'"

The pardoning power is the only remnant of absolute sovereignty that a President has Through all the years, Lincoln will be known as Lincoln the loving, Lincoln the merciful.

LINCOLN had the keenest sense of humor, and always saw the laughable side even of disaster. In his humor there was logic and the best of sense. No matter how complicated the question, or how embarrassing the situation, his humor furnished an answer and a door of escape

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, and did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. In his opinion everything, except rebellion, was unconstitutional

He was arrested, convicted by a court martial, and sentenced to imprisonment.

There was doubt about the legality of the trial, and thousands in the North denounced the whole proceeding as tyrannical and infamous. At the same time millions demanded that Vallandigham should be punished.

Lincoln's humor came to the rescue. He disapproved of the findings of the court, changed the punishment, and ordered that Mr. Vallandigham should be sent to his friends in the South

¶ Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, because he lived in a larger town, and for a long time insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor, united with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Greeley that, if the South really wanted peace, he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy This was Lincoln's opportunity. He authorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that Lincoln might make, consistent with the independence of the Confederacy.

The failure of Greeley was humiliating, and the position in which he was left, absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed Lincoln, to satisfy a few fault-finders in the North, went to Grant's headquarters and met some Confederate commissioners He urged that it was hardly proper for him to negotiate with the representatives of rebels in arms—that if the South wanted peace, all they had to do was to stop fighting. One of the commissioners cited as a precedent the fact that Charles the First negotiated with rebels in arms. To which Lincoln replied that Charles the First lost his head

The conference came to nothing, as Mr. Lincoln expected

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The commissioners, one of them being Alexander H. Stephens, who, when in good health, weighed about ninety pounds, dined with the President and General Grant. After dinner, as they were leaving, Stephens put on an English ulster, the tails of which reached the ground, while the collar was somewhat above the wearer's head.

As Stephens went out, Lincoln touched Grant and said: "Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see as little a nubbin with as much shuck?"

¶ Lincoln always tried to do things in the easiest way. He did not waste his strength. He was not particular about moving along straight lines. He did not tunnel the mountains. He was willing to go around, and reach the end desired as a river reaches the sea.

¶ LINCOLN was a statesman ✍ The great stumbling-block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands was the old doctrine of States' Rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the interstate slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the Fugitive Slave Law, and it was finally used as the corner-stone of Secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defense of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of this question endeavored to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded, except Lincoln. In his message of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one, delivered on July the Fourth, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

> Whatever concerns the whole should be confined to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

When that definition is realized in practice, this country becomes a Nation. Then we shall know that the first allegiance of the citizen is not to his State, but to the Republic, and that the first duty of the Republic is to protect the citizen not only when in other lands, but at home, and that this duty cannot be discharged by delegating it to the States.

Lincoln believed in the sovereignty of the people—in the supremacy of the Nation—in the territorial integrity of the Republic.

¶ GREAT actor can be known only when he has assumed the principle character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be that the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever enacted upon the stage of this continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental' field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag.

Had McClellan followed his advice, he would have taken Richmond.

Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions, Chancellorsville would have been a victory for the Nation.

Lincoln's political prophecies were all fulfilled.

We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from first to last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

In passion's storm he stood, unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud, and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as the North, to see the Nation one and free.

He lived until the end was known.

He lived until the Confederacy was dead—until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was supreme.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever ✍ ✍

He lived to cross the desert—to reach the palms of victory—to hear the murmured music of the welcome waves.

He lived until all loyal hearts were his—until the history of his deeds made music in the souls of men—until he knew that on Columbia's Calendar of worth and fame his name stood first.

¶ He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for ✍ ✍

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal Joy, beneath the outstretched wings of Peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The Savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame placed the immortal wreath, and for the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a Nation's flag.

¶ ABRAHAM LINCOLN—strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, was an over-

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whelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all, the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed ✍ We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been. Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often more important than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together, than those divided by the walls of caste ✍ ✍

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys ✍ ✍

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation ✍ ✍

In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of Nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky—by the constancy of the stars ✍ ✍

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney, or a hypocritical parson. Lincoln was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is sword and shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interest said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires. Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is a pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

¶ He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and

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the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves.
Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.
Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.
He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.
If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.
The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.
If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett ✍ ✍
The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The oration of Everett will never be read ✍ ✍
The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.
The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.
Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.
He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.
He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.
Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.
As a nobleman, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment; so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.
A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.
By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.
He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was ✍ ✍
He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self ✍ ✍
He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid, until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands.
He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; little for money, but everything for independence ✍ Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.
He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.
He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned.
With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.
Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.
¶ He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.
Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.
¶ Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.
He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong.

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Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a Nation.
He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince
He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction
He longed to pardon.
He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death
Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Lincoln

By Gen. Clark E. Carr,
U.S. Minister to Russia under President Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the drollest man I ever saw. Never was another man so vivacious; never have I seen another who provoked so much mirth, and who entered into rollicking fun with such glee. He was the most comical and jocose of human beings, laughing with the same zest at his own jokes as at those of others. I do not wonder that, while actively engaged in party politics, his opponents who had seen him in these moods called Abraham Lincoln a clown and an ape.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the most serious man I ever saw.
When I heard him protest against blighting our new territories with the curse of human slavery, in his debates with Senator Douglas, no man could have been more in earnest, none more serious. In his analysis of legal problems, whether in the practice of his profession or in the consideration of state papers, he became wholly absorbed in his subject. Sometimes he lapsed into reverie and communed with his own thoughts, noting nothing that was going on about him until aroused, when perhaps he would enter into a discussion of the subject that had occupied his mind, or perhaps break out into laughter and tell a joke or story that set the table in a roar.

WHEN I saw him at Gettysburg as he exclaimed, "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth!"—when I heard him declare in his second inaugural address, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." . . . . "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right,"—as I looked upon him and heard him utter these sentiments, upon these occasions, Abraham Lincoln was the most solemn, the most dignified, the most majestic, and at the same time, the most benignant human being I ever saw.

ROCHEFOUCAULD says that "gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal defects of the mind." Lord Shaftesbury says that "gravity is the very essence of imposture." Abraham Lincoln had none of this

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MAN is the most serious of animals. Man is the most frivolous of animals. It is said that man is the only animal that can both laugh and cry. Abraham Lincoln gave full vent to his emotions. He went through life with no restraints nor manacles upon his human nature. He was honest in the expression of his feelings, whether serious or otherwise, honest in their manifestations, honest with himself

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IT was because Abraham Lincoln was the most human of human beings that he is loved as has never been any other man that ever lived.

He who does SOMETHING at the head of one regiment, will eclipse him who does NOTHING at the head of a hundred.

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THE FRA

A JOVRNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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He who passes out to the world a Counterfeit
Life gets paid for it in Confederate Money

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign, Three Dollars

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA



IT was in a Certain Town in the Middle West. His Honor, the County Judge, was a widower, aged, say fifty, with a becoming bald spot, and a soft spot in his cardiac region. Unlike some judges, this man stood high as a lawyer, especially as a pleader. He was suave, generous, gentle, friendly, and when he wanted to get next to a jury, he knew how. And his very gentleness, courtesy and politeness made his occasional bursts of righteous wrath, when he opened up his oratorical cut-off, very effective. All, say, after the manner of my old college chum, Col. James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago. The Judge was thin, his nose gently curved, his chin strong, and his eyes mildly blue. Withal, he had a becoming sadness that flavored his dignity, as with thyme and mignonette. He read Omar Khayyam, Maeterlinck, Hæckel and Max Muller's "Memories."

Did you hear that, Watson, I said Max Muller's "Memories!" Ah, you begin to sit up.

The Herschels discovered the planet Uranus, long before they saw it. They felt its influence upon the other planets, and said, "Turn your telescopes to such a spot in the heavens on such a night, and you will see it."

And so the telescopes were sighted and the planet located.

My lawyer informant had a way of doing business with the Court, at times, over the end of the bench, a rather bad habit, as he knew. But in self-defense he told me that the Judge used to beckon him to come up close, and it was on one such occasion that he saw

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the "Memories" inside of a big law-book. The Judge had been reading it stealthily while the lawyers drooled and droned.

The sight of the book confirmed my friend's suspicions.

It was only the Court Stenographer.

She was thirty, married to a brute of a man who followed the races. There were two children, the oldest six, and she used to bring this boy to the court-house at times, when the lawyers would buy him candy and peanuts until the wonder was that the child survived.

You see, all the lawyers knew that the Judge was a slightly prejudiced party, but this was only natural—so were they prejudiced parties when starched shirt-waists were at issue.

No one knew at that time that she helped the Judge to arrive at decisions in complex matters and often really wrote out his decisions without dictation. All that came out later.

She used to sit right down in front of the Judge with her back toward him, when Court was in session, and always there were flowers on her table. In dress she was very neat, and in fact she kind of keyed the court-house to an air of decency which it had not before known. The lawyers left their quids, excepting the quid pro quos, outside, and ceased putting their feet on the tables.

When the Stenog wanted a new set of curtains, to replace the shades that had been up since Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one, a lawyer passed around a subscription paper and each attorney put down a dollar. Some paid it.

After that glimpse of the "Memories," my friend could not help but be more interested. He noticed one day that when there was a little lull in the proceedings the Stenog would tap with her pencil on the table.

Then the Judge would look out of the window and tap, too. It was a regular dot-and-dash code. She would often suggest a decision—one tap, yes; two taps, no; three taps, stand them off and consider. And all the time the back of the Court Stenog was toward his Honor, the Court. It was pretty, it was delicate—it was almost sacred, this gentle relationship, so pure and unsullied.

Most of the time the lady's husband was away following the races. The lawyers could always tell when he was home, for the Stenog then was nervous, worn and absent-minded, instead of being so bright and happy as was her wont.

¶ The climax came when the husband of the lady walked into my friend's office one day and wanted a private interview.

The lawyer guessed what was coming. The horse-man had his suspicions aroused—more than that—he had proof!

He wanted to retain my friend, and bring an action for divorce, with the Judge named as Corespondent, and then later sue the Judge.

¶ The lawyer tried to discourage the man. He pooh-poohed his proofs and advised him to forget it. He even lied and told the fellow that a Judge could not be sued. But the man was not wholly a fool. He was determined, and my friend saw that if he did not take the case, the man would go somewhere else and would surely get some shyster from another County to come in and explode the bomb. So he accepted ten dollars and agreed to prepare the papers. In the meantime, absolute secrecy was enjoined.

¶ My friend was sorely perplexed. He had taken the case with the firm intent of proving disloyal to his client—a thing absolutely foreign to his nature. But the lovers must be protected, and the lawyer absolved his double-dealing by reminding himself that he was an attache of the Court and his own honor was involved. That night he made a dozen plans. He would go to the Judge and warn him—he would warn the lady. But what was the use!

The Evidence was the testimony of two men—one a local hostler and the other a constable from a neighboring County. These amateur sleuths had tied up their case in strong shape. They had located the Judge in his office; then they swore that at ten o'clock they had seen the lady enter. Then a little later the lights were put out.

Offenses of this kind are very rarely proved—they do not have to be—they are assumed.

¶ The next day my friend sent for the horse-man. He told the man, or allowed him to think, he had seen the Judge, and the Judge was willing to pay a thousand dollars if the man would disappear from the scene and never come back.

There was no actual proof of guilt—the lady had only called to borrow books and deliver work. The sleuths had probably lied. The suit would drag for two years, and then might not succeed, etc., etc. The lawyer advised his man to take the thousand and hike. Then the lawyer haggled for his per cent of the thousand in order to disabuse the man's mind of any suspicion. They agreed on a hundred dollars.

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¶ The lawyer had just five hundred dollars to his name. His credit was good for five hundred more at the bank.

He got the thousand dollars in bills ❧ The man came, took his nine hundred, and left. Not a soul excepting these two knew of the transaction ❧ ❧

The next day the face of the Court Stenographer seemed to brighten.

In a few months, one fine day, my friend quietly suggested to the lady that she should get a divorce. She blushed scarlet and dropped her pencil.

The service was by publication. The case was tried in open court before the Judge himself. He tapped nervously with his pencil while the attorney was reading the papers, and then two big tears chased each other down his fine Roman nose.

It was all over in ten minutes and the decree signed ❧ ❧

Just a month to a day after that the Judge and his Court Stenographer were married. It made a two week's commotion in town, and then was accepted as a matter of course.

There was a further small commotion next year when the former Court Stenographer was admitted to the bar, and it was announced that the Judge had taken his wife into equal partnership in his law business.

The wording on the sign is Ambrose and Ambrose, only it is n't, but the facts in the case are exactly as I have stated.

❧

The advantages of College lie in stimulus, and not in information. The stimulus we need, but the information we can get anywhere.

❧



DAVID SWING reached Chicago in Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six. He had been receiving a salary of one thousand dollars a year as Professor of Philosophy at Miami College, Oxford, Ohio, and had been there for over fifteen years. The college had two hundred and sixty students, and Professor Swing thought they needed him, but the College Board was not exactly of the same opinion. His management was not of the best, which in this case meant that he loved his pupils instead of disciplining them ❧ ❧

A former pupil in Chicago, knowing of this undertone of discontent, of which Professor Swing was beautifully innocent and delightfully ignorant, went to him and told him about the unkind things said of him.

Moreover, the facts were exaggerated, as the intent was to make it appear that the Professor was about to lose his place. Thus was he lured by a ruse to a new field, on a guarantee of at least as much as he was getting in the old.

¶ Swing was always gullible. He was forever a countryman. "Long John" Wentworth once told Lyman Gage, a trustee of Swing's church, that the reason the confidence men of Chicago did not take Swing in, being a stranger, was because they belonged to his church—an indelicate remark, but one containing enough of the saltness of time to save it.

Professor Swing was licensed to preach, just as most professors were who taught in Presbyterian Colleges.

He was born in Cincinnati in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty, the son of a captain on an Ohio River stern-wheeler.

His father died during his childhood. In two years the mother married a worthy blacksmith in Clermont County, and here David was brought up, with all the stress and struggle that poverty and a short allowance of love lend. The experiences of youth, plus his temperament wrote their lines upon his face, giving him that bold nose, the heavy jaw, the splendid teeth, the sad, dreamy eyes and the massive head that grew until he was sixty.

The mother who achieves does not often endow her children with the elements of success—she uses these in her own business. But the mother who is hungry to know, to do, to become, is apt to dower her sons with her unfulfilled desires, and they fight and succeed on the ruins of her failure ❧ ❧

We hear it said that virtue is not its own reward, and that innocence is no longer a sufficient shield.

David Swing, the blacksmith's helper, worked his way through Miami College, and then got stuck there, just because he was a star scholar. He was lured out into the cold and cruel by good Chicago finesse and the love of a pupil, who with true Chicago insight saw that Professor Swing was getting pot-bound and must be rescued from himself.

So he came to Chicago, aged thirty-six, this beautiful, poetic soul, touched with divine

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mysticism. It was a noisy age and a noisy city, but beneath the noise and the dust, the bluster, brag and the brawl there was a current of deep, healthful, manly emotion.

For twenty-eight years Professor David Swing stood in the Cook County lime-light, reading his carefully written essays—one each Sunday—to throngs limited only by the size of the auditorium.

The title of "Professor" followed him, kept alive by his former pupils, and finally developed from a term of endearment into a title.

Professor Swing became a Chicago asset, first criticized, doubted, assailed, then respected and beloved. He was always a curiosity, an attraction, and as people went to Brooklyn just to hear Beecher, so did they go to Chicago to hear David Swing.

Swing proves for us the power of personality. To set out with the intention of doing what he did would be fatal.

The man was bigger than his sermons—bigger than clothes, voice, gesture or spoken word. It is a wonderful thing to be a man, and I do not wonder that absolute honesty and simplicity have been confused with the Infinite, and worshiped as Deity incarnate. There is so little competition

Swing's face was homely, his form angular, and his halting speech in any other man would have been unforgivable He had a way of waiting for the right word—of packing a pause with feeling—which at first repelled and then attracted, because the auditor at last learned that always and forever the right word would come. ¶ It has been said that the heresy trial made Swing's fortune.

The fact is that Swing had won before the Rev. Dr. Patton had made his fifty-seven accusations. ¶ Let the minnows take heart—they are safe. Heresy-hunters are out for whales.

Patton, Editor of "The Interior," paid Swing a great compliment when he opened up his siege-guns upon him.

The fire of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-one had swept the home and church of Swing—all was in ashes.

One of the first good buildings erected after the fire was McVickar's Theatre This was secured for Professor Swing, and on each Sunday morning he stood on the stage and read in his own quiet, monotonous way his little essay to three thousand people, the exact seating capacity of the place.

I heard David Swing first in Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two. I was sixteen years old and fresh from the farm The theatre building impressed me—its lavish magnificence, the glitter of glass, and the wonderful gas-jets, all ignited by electric sparks which jumped between little wires that ran over the burners! ¶ But the preacher did not measure up to the place. The surroundings were so heavenly—this man was so homely. I was sure a mistake had been made, but my neighbor assured me it really was Professor Swing.

He had spoken for five minutes, and the absence of oratory had disappointed me. I was admiring the great chandelier and wishing they would turn the gas out and then relight it without the touch of human hands, when I heard the speaker drone, "I do not know where hell is—"

There was a pause, and then came this thunderbolt, tamed, quiet and subdued, "I do not know where heaven is. I do not know whether the devil is a person or an idea, but I think he is an idea, and not the idea of good men, either—"

From that on I did not stray. I hung on every word. Down at Hudson there was a Baptist preacher who knew all about heaven, hell and the devil—at least he pretended that he did. But here was a man who convinced me that he was supremely great by the modest recital of a few things he did not know. The preacher who could afford to plead ignorance must have banked behind his ignorance a vast fund of knowledge. This was the way it impressed me. Swing won by his reserve—his battles were carried by the guns he never fired. His art was impressionistic, not realistic, and the accusation that his theology was the Holy Order of Divine Ambiguity had a certain point.

When I sat that Sunday morning in the gaud and glitter of McVickar's Theatre and heard this plain and simple man read his written essay, and so quietly turn the leaves, little did I realize that he was saying words for which men have paid the penalty of torch and fagot, and for which he, too, was to be tried on the same charges brought against Savonarola.

In fact, I had never then heard of Savonarola, otherwise I should have seen a resemblance in these men in both looks and mentality. The big nose, the thick lips, the indifference to praise or blame, the stubborn statement and restatement of facts obnoxious to the intrenched proud and popular—all in a voice exasperatingly gentle, courteous and suave!

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Dr. Patton was the leading Presbyterian divine in Chicago. His paper, "The Interior," expressed the policy of the denomination. As a speaker and a writer he was forceful, and if he did not always produce light he certainly generated caloric

There is no doubt about the sincerity of Patton—had he been less sincere he would have been a safer, saner and more lovable character. He probably would have died for his faith, and also made others die for it.

But Patton was a man as well as a theologian, and so he never knew that his hatred of Swing arose from the fact that Swing had attained a popularity heretofore unknown to an American Presbyterian

Patton pushed himself into the lime-light by persecuting Swing.

That Swing should affiliate with the theatre was also a cause of offense, for in the Seventies church-members eschewed the theatre as a place of reproach and went to the play only when visiting in another town.

Patton argued that Swing was making this palace of sin popular; that people who went to hear Swing on Sunday, would find it easy to go on Monday to the same place and see John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, or Charlotte Cushman.

Second, Patton contended that this popularity attained by Swing was not on account of his preaching Christianity, but because he assailed it and was supplying the enemies of true religion their ammunition.

In April, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-four, formal written charges were laid before the Chicago Presbytery by Dr. Patton, and the fight was on.

Among the long list of accusations was the statement that Swing had denied the existence of a personal devil; that he had spoken well of John Stuart Mill; and that he had lectured for a Unitarian Church and donated his services, the money being used to paint said Unitarian Church

The trial came in September, and continued for a month. Patton was on hand, bitter, obstinate, jealous, zealous, severe. He opened the proceedings each day with prayer. Swing was once invited to pray, but declined, which was argued into proof of his guilt. Swing was calm, smiling, gentle and patient.

All Chicago was with Swing, save some of the Presbyterian faithful.

The evidence appears to us at this day and date as simply silly. Days were spent trying to show that Swing used the words Sin, Regeneration, Salvation, Communion, Redemption, Heaven, Hell, Devil and Faith in poetic ways not justified by one who believed in the Confession of Faith.

The verdict of the jury was "Not Proven." This meant on polling the jury that they believed the man guilty With good Scotch persistency this jury, made up of course by Presbyterians, refused to reconsider and make it either "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." Patton asked them to make it "Guilty, with an appeal for clemency," but Swing's counsel refused to accept such a verdict.

Patton then intimated that if Swing did not resign from the Presbyterian denomination, that he would strengthen the evidence and renew the charges.

Swing was tired of the fight, and resigned. ¶ His own church, the Fourth Presbyterian, refused to give him up and proposed going out of the Presbytery in a body. Swing would not allow this to be done, as he declared his desire was not to break down or injure the denomination

He proposed to quit preaching and go back to school-teaching.

And then fifty leading business men, with good Chicago enterprise, subscribed one thousand dollars each to a fund to keep David Swing in Chicago.

And there he remained for twenty years, a beacon light of poetic commonsense, sending his rays over the whole great city—over the whole West—an educator, and an inspirer: gentle, lovable, homely, beautiful, kindly, cultured David Swing!

A LIFE of Swing, by Joseph F. Newton has recently been published by the Unity Publishing Company of Chicago. The book is a worthy one from either the standpoint of a printer or a writer. Mr. Newton loves his subject, but his affection is not mawkish nor maudlin The picture he presents is vivid, satisfying and complete. Mr. Newton writes as well as Swing—and in truth writes very much like him. Mr. Newton knows that Swing was neither a great orator nor a great thinker, but displayed his greatest ability as a writer. ¶ Some men succeed by what they know; some by what they do; and a few by what

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they are. Swing prevailed because he was what he was—because his soul was mortised and tenoned in granite. When speaking or when silent, he supplied an atmosphere—and he who gets an atmosphere has won.

Swing was a great man—great in his freedom from whim, jealousy and pettiness; great in his charity, sympathy, patience, poise, unresentfulness, devotion and good will; great in his love of truth and beauty; great in his abiding faith in humanity and his unfaltering hope for the race. These things dowered him with that luminous serenity—that celestial sanity, that divine calm which made courage continual and culture a habit.

As a taste of Swing's quality the following is typical:

Literature is a gallery of spiritual ideals. There we meet Antigone and Hypatia and Evangeline; there we meet all the dream faces that ever stood before the soul of genius; there we meet Christ himself. It is that sacred mountain-top upon which humanity becomes transfigured and passes a few hours in shining garments for the body and in rapture for the soul. Man should expand these hours into days.

All literature is one and the same thing—the utterance of the human heart. Let its name be Greek or German or English, it abounds in religion, pathos, sympathy, loving kindness. It has always been the portrait of man's inmost feelings. It is the beauty and wisdom of God attempting to reappear in the life of man.

The strings of the harp called "letters" are attached to the heart. Touch literature anywhere and the human face flushes. At the mention of the word human life in sadness or joy comes before us; Helen of Troy poses in gracefulness; Andromache and her child part from Hector; the plumed Achilles hurries along in his chariot; the woods whisper; the nightingale sings; Dante and Beatrice appear; Hamlet acts; Ophelia dies; Paul and Virginia make of Mauritius a paradise and a grave; "Little Dorrit" is the beautiful dove of the prison; Fantine sleeps in a hillock which soft rain levels and flowers conceal. Literature is not learning. It is man's holiest passion.

The Greek language is still almost an unsurpassed tongue. Eighteen hundred years have added only a small area to the scope of that vast speech. There is scarcely a question of the present day that was not reviewed by the Greek thinkers and stowed away in their manuscripts ✍ Their essays on education, on health, on art, on amusements, on war, read almost as though they were written yesterday. Even that question which seems our own, the creation and property of this generation: Whether woman shall vote and follow many pursuits, is fully discussed in Plato's "Ideal Republic."

Literature is running in advance of the pulpit. There are three reasons for this leadership. The literary mind has all the world to draw from. If you will read Carlyle or Hugo or Motley and then read a volume of sermons you will note the great difference between the breadth of the two forms of reflection and speech. Literary men are released from the authority that dominates the fields of theology. Their style and subject-matter are as flexible as silk. Their harp not only plays many tunes but it is permitted to learn all the new pieces of music. High literature speaks for mankind, not for a sect or a party. What was the gospel of Browning? What that of Tennyson? What that of Emerson or Whittier? All are soldiers of Christ indeed, but of Christ incarnate in human character and human deeds.

Education is the awakening of the heart, it is life, vitality, the arousing of the spirit. It is not the amassing of truth, like pouring water into a cistern; it is opening a spring. Education must not ruin itself by making the heart so sensitive that it faints at the sight of a criminal or a fool, or sits down and sulks, refusing to march any longer to the optimistic music. Christ-like is the culture which, seeing the griefs of the world, runs toward them with healing in its heart, not away from them as Goethe did.

One of the most attractive passages of Virgil is where, at the prayers of Juno, Æolus smote the hollow mountain with his spear and let loose the winds, that they might sweep over the deep. With a shout they leave the mountain and soon they are rolling along before them great waves and are tossing the ships at sea. Darkness and thunder hasten to mingle in the tumult. Not in such terror but in such beauty are to be seen great intellectual forces rushing forth from the mountain of learning. Influences cross and recross our world wider and deeper and more powerful than the winds of Æolus. The classics tell of a lake called Avernus. Avernus means birdless. Located in the crater of an extinct volcano, a poisonous air, issuing from the infernal depths, hung over the dark water and stupified the sense of any bird that tried to pass from shore to shore. Suddenly the wing became powerless and the eagle with his pride and the nightingale with its song fell into the waters of death. There is a lake of pleasure, of folly, of sin, lying near the homes of the young. A deadly air hangs over it. Forgetful or ignorant of its fatal vapors, the young spread their wings upon its hither shore —those wings that were made in heaven and good enough for angels. But at last their flight is checked and they fall into the dark flood. The vast marble quarries near old Athens were useless until Greek culture came. Mount Pentel-

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icus was composed wholly of white marble, the best on our globe ✍ Happy world when Greek genius touched it, spiritualizing it, and made it tell the story of beauty and piety and progress! Emblem, this, of our new mountain of marble —not Pentelicus, but America—our liberty, our religion; a rich quarry, but waiting for the touch of the new genius. What a land were this, could it only be spiritualized!

Washington came up from Virginia, Lincoln down from Illinois; both came in one spotless honor, in one self-denial, in one patience and labor, in one love of man; both came in the name of one simple Christianity; both came breathing daily prayers to God, as though to picture a time when Virginia and Illinois, all the South and all the North, would be alike in love, in works, in religion, and in national fame. "The flag is still there"—more glorious over the schoolhouse, the church, the home, and the farm, than over a red field of war.

Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has.

EPIGRAMS from the sermons of David Swing:

It is easy to be either of two things when neither of the things can be understood.

He who travels much will soon have nothing to carry.

Men must be kind to young ideas; each truth is the presence of God.

Wealth is valuable only when it is a partner of the soul. Only the soul can be rich.

The baneful power of superstition lies in the fact that man is religious.

There is no competition in culture. The fine arts travel in a group. No art can endure isolation ✍ ✍

The wooden plow has not grown any more rapidly than the wooden god.

Each great false dogma acting a long time makes the kind of heart it needs.

The newspaper hauls the rough marble out of which the historian builds an eternal temple.

Of a deep and difficult problem we must, all things being equal, take the richer, sweeter side. It is always best to believe the best.

Many repetitions and much time do not confer truthfulness upon a remark.

If there is anything sweeter than honey it is the study of the bee.

Egotism is the nomination and election and coronation of self.

In ignorance minds may unite, but as they think they move towards variety. Thought opens like a fan, but it never closes again.

Much is said about thought transference, but the more important question is the quality of the thought to be exchanged.

Truth, once uttered, strikes a vast sounding-board, and echoes forever.

There is a poverty which makes great men, hence the proverb, "The rot of riches and the push of poverty." But there is also a poverty out of whose sunless bog not even genius can climb ✍ ✍

Great fortunes are like the clouds which the sun lifts from the sea to be poured out in rain and sent back to the sea. Wealth finally becomes commonwealth by a law of gravitation.

Extremists are valuable, because they render a truth conspicuous. They are the guides of the race.

Permanency is joined to change; antiquity seems a full partner of youth!

One cannot see much until he has behind his eyes a cultured mind.

Capital is the storehouse of seeds, but labor is their field, their rain, and their summer-time.

The flag of union labor is too sacred to be carried by a fanatic, a criminal or a fool.

As Kidd was not a merchant, but a pirate, so much of our industry is not labor—it is martyrdom ✍ ✍

It is often necessary to endure evil in public affairs but it is disastrous to pretend that it is good.

The more an age seeks the one aim of amusement the less happy it will become.

Curious world—if a man does not work for pay he will starve; if he does his profession will starve.

Deer run, birds fly, and serpents crawl, but man talks himself forward.

It is better to express ten ideas in one language than to utter one idea in ten languages.

The highest ideals are best reached from the humble home.

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To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism

The radicalism of a man is more often the eccentricity of doing a thing instead of talking about it.

A materialist is a soul domesticated out of its immortality

Zululand is full of conservatives.

No greater insult was ever offered to God, than the claim that His chief product, man, is base at heart and merits damnation.



HERE is the outline of a New Party. The truths it expresses are the oldest known to man. ¶ It is to be called the Commonsense Party.

It is at once political, social, economic, ethical, commercial and religious.

Women and children are eligible and vote the same as men. No one is too old, and none too young to join. Your past record will not count against you, unless you are too boastful of it.

There are no rites of initiation—no goats to ride—and you can never be put out of the Commonsense Party unless you hand in your resignation to your cosmic self.

Here is the basis of the Commonsense Party: Cheerfulness, Courtesy, Kindness, Industry, Health, Patience, Economy.

There are two ways to live—just two—one right way and one wrong. If your life benefits humanity you are on the right track; but if you are a bother, a worry, a menace and a burden to the world you are on the wrong route and will soon be "up against it."

Everybody and everything will have it in for you, because you will have it in for yourself. Then when you begin to repine, your bodily health will wane, and inertia and weakness will seize you hand and foot.

Weakness is the only slavery Freedom is the supreme good—freedom from self-imposed limitations

It is the law of nature that the world helps every person who is trying to help himself. If you want to be well and strong, work with nature not against her, and she will make you well and strong and keep you so, barring collision with a benzine buggy. Nature is on your side, if you prove that you are on hers. We should all be in partnership with Nature.

If you are sincerely trying to do your share of the necessary work of the world, Nature will reward you in honors, money and power.

Keep good-natured. Do not look for slights or insults. If you can't get the job you want, then take the one you can get. The only way to get a big place is to show that you are not ashamed to fill a little one.

The world needs more Commonsense Men and Women—just plain everyday folks who belong to the Commonsense Party.

The motto of the New Party is this: Do unto others as if you were the others.

Commonsense Culters, when in doubt, mind their own business and if they do not know what to say, do not say it. When they speak of their neighbors, they mention only the best concerning them, for Commonsense Culters know that none of us are so very good—certainly not good enough to be put in a glass case. ¶ The Commonsense Man knows that he must get eight hours sleep; that he must not overeat; that he must give out good will if he is to get it back; that he must exercise in the open air every day if he is to keep well; and he realizes that if he does not keep well he will be more or less of a nuisance to everybody in his vicinity, and that he will fail utterly in getting his share of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

Commonsense Folks do not borrow trouble—or small sums of money, anticipating pay-day. They live within their means, pay their debts, accept what comes and are thankful that things are not worse.

They are cheerful losers, and cheerful losers are always winners.

Folks who belong to the Commonsense Party are healthy, hearty, happy and always have all the money they need—even if not all they want. They attract confidence, love, success and they succeed because they just can't help it.

Commonsense Culters know that every duty well done makes the next duty easier to do. They also know that folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.

Come, get in line and join the Commonsense Party! Be one with the people Kipling tells of, who do their work and hold their peace—a part of the time, at least.

Are you with us?

If so, open a Savings Bank account and deposit

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the dues of the Commonsense Party—a dollar a week or more to your own credit and watch the account grow. It is yours. Remember you are the center of your own local Center, also its president, secretary and treasurer. You are the Captain of your Soul. However, you are always to give the high-sign and co-operate with all other Commonsense Party Centers, knowing full well that you can only help yourself as you help others

Again, are you with us?

If you want to find the Spring of Perpetual Youth, go and dig in the sand with the children, or hoe in the garden—then you will tap that Spring and also find a Gold Mine.



I SAW him first at a banquet in St. Louis, some years ago. They told me he was from Terre Haute, Indiana, and his name was Steve Reynolds.

And I think he was the most pulchritudinous person I have ever thrown my acetylene glims upon

He loomed large out of the smoke of the banquet like an accident in a fog—a composite picture of I. Zangwill, Hawley Smith, Byron King, Abe Ruef and Fingy Conners

His hair looked as if it had been combed with a sulky-rake. His nose is Assyrio-Semitic, his mouth a Mammoth Cave and his chin the chin of Col. John L. Sullivan.

Very naturally we laughed, at least all of those who had never seen the man before.

We laughed. The man was a living proof of the Darwinian theory. If he had had whiskers and braided them, he might have been a ringer for some Babylonian king, going out to spend the evening and his week's pay. He made you think of one of Denslow's pirates moving forward to the mourner's bench.

He was a caricature of Mephisto turned saint, and about to play the part of Simeon Stylites. ¶ So Stevie of Indiana stood there silent and let us laugh.

And then, when we had had our laugh out, and had begun to wonder what we were laughing at, Stevie began in a slow and steady voice, with just a shade of rebuke in it, and said, "You should not blame me for it—it isn't my fault—place the blame where it belongs, on God!" ¶ And then he had us. He put his oratorical come-alongs on us and stung us up with his linguistic night stick at will. He had a magazine of wit, history, philosophy, statistics—all diluted with a pleasing persiflage that held us by the intellectual scruff. He shot for the bull's-eye, not for acreage. He played upon us like a man practising osteopathy.

And lo! before he had spoken ten minutes, whereas at first I had thought him homely, suddenly now he seemed handsome and his face glowed with the light of love and divine intelligence. And we all realized that the man before us was one who had fought great battles and conquered vast difficulties, and that out of life's catch-as-catch-can, he had emerged with insight, sympathy, prescience, talent and wisdom. He was a Master, for he had mastered himself—and us.

We were hushed into silence and tears by the magic of his words and the grace that dwelt upon his lips. ¶ It is a great thing to be a man.

A shoe factory at Brockton, Mass., with a million-dollar capital, was left without a manager, because of death, and the court appointed a woman. The judge said that in his opinion, no man could do as good a job as the woman he named.

Leetle Bateese

By Dr. W. H. Drummond

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

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Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jes' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

You can get pot-bound at College, as well as at home. But one year away anywhere will never give you mental ankylosis.

The Children of The Stage

By Robert Ingersoll

THE children of the stage with fancy's wand rebuild the past. The dead are brought to life and made to act again the parts they played. The hearts and lips that long ago were dust, are made to beat and speak again. The dead kings are crowned once more, and from the shadows of the past emerge the queens, jeweled and sceptered as of yore Lovers leave their graves and breathe again their burning vows; and again the white breasts rise and fall in passion's storm. The laughter that died away beneath the touch of death is heard again and lips that fell to ashes long ago are curved once more with mirth. Again the hero bares his breast to death; again the patriot falls, and again the scaffold, stained with noble blood, becomes a shrine.

¶ The stage has ever been the altar, the pulpit, the cathedral of the heart. There the enslaved and the oppressed, the erring, the fallen, even the outcast find sympathy, and pity gives them all her tears—and there, in spite of wealth and power, in spite of caste and cruel pride, true love has ever triumphed over all.

All memberships in the Ananias Club expire on March First. Parties desiring to renew will please get application, testimonials and samples in early.

The Bull's-eye

By The Sharpshooter

WE had a rare visitation in our city on Sunday last. It was the opportunity of a lifetime and those who failed to take advantage of it, missed it. The great auditorium was opened for the visitor and the public was invited to come without price The visitor was a preacher in knee-pants and roundabouts—a boy preacher, twelve years old. The "boy preacher" proposition is not a new wonder. In fact it is very old. Tales of ancient days in the religious world make mention of the work of these evangelical infants. Not over a quarter century ago they were quite the rage for a season. Every Methodist camp-meeting had use for such if it could get one on its program. An attraction of this sort would draw for a five-mile longer radius than would the ordinary preacher. I remember such a one who had been a professional "boy preacher" for probably thirty-five years, and looked good for twenty-five more years of boy preaching. Not over six years ago I heard one in Kansas City. The church in which he talked was packed to the doors and people peeked and pushed and elbowed in the same way they do at the door of the tent when the two-headed calf is on exhibition. This kid evangelist in knickerbockers, spoke a lingo fifty years old in a ten-year-old voice. He was said to be twelve years old. If he had been eight years old, the chances are he would have had to hire Convention Hall to hold the sightseers. His pa, who acted as business manager for his little son, sat behind him in the pulpit, looking pious and satisfied with the gate receipts.

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Preaching the gospel is a calling of high degree —a good deal more than knee-high. It has to do with the personal conduct of men—a matter of the deepest possible human concern. You and I might get a helpful suggestion from a child, but when we want to know how to mend our ways so as to make the best possible success of life, are we wise to ask an infant about it? When we want a bridge built to carry safely a passenger-train, or an ocean-going steamer laid out on safe lines, we don't employ a boy bridge-builder nor a boy ship-architect. Gray hairs and wrinkles count in these professions. So do they in the pulpit. Experience, seasoned judgment, if worth living and working for, must make the man who possesses them worth more than the boy who does not. Seasoned judgment and ripe experience are not the possessions of any little kiddy the Lord ever made, however good he may be.

* * *

But I have heard good people say, quoting from holy writ: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." That is good scripture and true. But you nowhere find it written: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected instructions." A child can praise much more perfectly than it can teach. Other good people say, "The Lord has anointed these children expressly for this work." How do we know it? Any other kind of a freak looks to us like an unfortunate slip in the Lord's laws. Most of them in the human family can be traced to some disobedience to the moral laws. As you and I know, the normal, wholesome boy of twelve years is an awkward, bashful lad who would rather play with the dog in the back yard or weed the garden than to go on the stage and instruct men as to their duties toward God and humanity. If I had a boy of twelve years who was of the opinion that he was anointed to occupy a pulpit, before he occupied long pants, I would put him on a cattle-ranch in Wyoming, if I could n't cure him in any less drastic way. Did you ever watch the after-life of a boy preacher? Usually it is the same as the after-life of the yearling colt that has been used as a plow horse—all shriveled up and flattened out, robbed of his boyhood and of his strong manhood by the unnatural strain of his platform work, when his physical and moral muscles were soft and immature. Such work is not an anointing of the Lord. It is an exploiting by mamma. The Lord never anoints a boy with poison.

Alone

By Richard Le Gallienne



MIGHT have dined with the Beautiful, or have sent a telegraphic invitation to the Witty; I might have sat at a meal with the Wise; but no! I would dine instead with the memories of dinners that were gone, and as the music did Miltonic battle near the ceiling, marched with clashing tread, or danced on myriad silken feet, wailed like the winds of the world, or laughed like the sun; my solitude peopled awhile with shapes fair and kind, who sat with me and lifted the glass and gave me their deep eyes; ladies who had intelligence in love, as Dante wrote, ladies of great gentleness and consolation, for whom God be thanked. But always in my ears, whatever the piece that was a-playing, the music came sweeping with dark surge across my fantasy, as though a sudden wind had opened a warm window, and let in a black night of homeless seas.

For in truth one I loved was out to-night on dark seas. She fares out across an ocean I have never sailed, to a land which no man knows; and for her voyage she has only her silver feet, walking the inky waters, and the great light of her holy face to guide her steps. Ah! that I were with her to-night, walking hand in hand o'er those dark waters! Oh, wherefore ship away this companionless, fearless little voyager? Was it that I was unworthy to voyage these seas with you, that the weight of my mortality would have dragged down your bright immortality—youngest of the immortals! From that sea which the Divine alone may tread, comes back no answer, nor light of any star; but there has stolen to my side and kissed my brow a shape dearer than all the rest, dear beyond dearness; a little earthly-heavenly shape who always comes when the rest have gone, and loves to find me sitting alone. She it is who leans her cheek against mine, as I try to read the beautiful words out of the dead man's book at my side; she it is who whispers that we shall be too late to find a seat in the pit unless we hurry, and she it is who gaily takes my arm as we trot off together on happy feet ✍ The great commissionnaire takes no note of her, he thinks

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I am alone; besides we seldom go in hansoms, and seldom sit in stalls. Enough, O Music! be merciful! Be lonely no more, lest you break the heart of the lonely.

Ah! you have never seen her! I whisper to myself as the waiter brings me my coffee—and I look at him again with a certain curiosity as I think that he never has seen her!

The more practical a man is, the larger his stock of Connecticut commonsense, the greater his disillusionment as his children grow to manhood.

Fishers of Men

By Hon. Thomas E. Watson



REACH about the "sparrows," oh ye fishers of men!

Read off from prim and decorous manuscript, your soothing platitudes and threadbare imbecilities about the Providence which lets no sparrow fall without taking note of the occurrence, but the ear of the world and the heart of the listener you will never touch on that line; for if there be a lesson which the dullest have learned it is that God makes us responsible for one another—holds us to the sacred duty of doing all for our weaker brother that we can.

They are grinding the souls out of men and women all about you, oh ye purblind fishers of men! They are pounding the human mind with wrong and the human frame with labor until God's image looks less and less like a man! Their inhuman laws and diabolical policies are making brutes by the million—and you won't see it! The carnival of lust was never so giddy, of greed was never so ruthless, of irreverence was never so defiant, of crime was never so savage

Caused by what? By too much money at one end of the line, and too little at the other.

And what caused that?

Unjust laws, class laws, special-privilege laws, private-interest laws,—devil's laws, instead of God's

Preach away, Mr. Preacher: but until you come down out of the clouds of speculation and halcyon delusions, and take hold of the actual lives of the people, and do heroic work in trying to redeem mankind from brutalizing conditions, the Church will never again be more than a hollow form, an imposing monument of dead usefulness.

Religions are not revealed—they are evolved.

An Army Horse

By James F. Lyon



WE had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his especial pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a "good-night, Frank," in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time I have seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee, instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as fond of his master as his master was of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened, in May, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-four, there was not a prouder soldier nor a prettier horse in the First than Schultz and Frank.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's Station, May Ninth. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the second of the first cavalry division, consisting of the Second and Fourth Indiana and the First Wisconsin, commanded by Col. O. H. LaGrange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. Early in the fight his pet was shot. As the animal made

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but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly, his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having traveled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at nine o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse like himself was tired, and after patting him and telling him in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with getting supper. In the forage-bag were several extra ears of corn ❧ After his own repast of black coffee, crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master ❧ He did n't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead, he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: "My poor Frank could n't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go to the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty, and that things would go wrong if he did n't and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he lay down and died.

"That horse was a better soldier than I am —than any man in the regiment ❧ Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me." With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his comrades made light of the young German's sorrow ❧ They knew it was sincere.

❧

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

Walt Whitman

By Benjamin De Casseres



WALT WHITMAN found himself wherever he looked ❧ Nature made him self-creative. She reflected back the splendor of his own soul. To little minds—the hearth-rug gossipers as distinct from the trail-makers—nothing is so frightful as a glimpse of their own possibilities, a great uprush of the Self, a mighty surge that pushes one along the line of one's destiny. Whitman demands that you shall follow your star, or your bent, or whatever you may call the unique direction that your innate forces urge you to take. Make a trail. There is no more terrible thing than to be stage-frightened at yourself. Fling yourself full upon your own ideas and warm them into action. Brood upon the eggs of your inmost desire and hatch eagles of daring.

Your ambition, your darling dream, your life-desire, your self-exploiting impulse—is it the highest and the best? A question whispered by Fear. Push those stale corpses out of the doorway of your purpose, urges Whitman. Your dream is the brightest and best for you; otherwise it would not persistently urge you. What are the highest and best of others to you? They made their trails. You must make yours. You are unique, peculiar. Affirm yourself! Put into your soul the inexorability of the oak and something of the savage effrontery of granite cliffs ❧ ❧

I think also that Walt Whitman is the great poet of youth. There is always a rising generation, and so Whitman will always have an audience. The world is always youthful. The aged are mowed down and sealed up in clay, but above the mounds there tramp forever and forever the battalions of youth, the trail-makers. With Whitman the spirit of youth lasted through a lifetime. He was a spirit that came to liberate, to free, to send men into the open spaces of the inner and outer world.

The appeal to Youth is the appeal of the Spirit of Emancipation—emancipation of body and mind. The appeal is made to the maimed individuality of man, to the Siegfrieds to come forth and sound the clarions of defiance before the moats and walls and vitrified ramparts of

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human passivity. The brain of youth is the menstruum of authority.

Whitman also brought us back to a sane, healthy egoism—love of self as the foundation of health. Cultivate body and mind—even at the expense of others—is his first doctrine. A man who loves himself radiates love. He can no more help doing it than the sun can help radiating light.

"Leaves of Grass" urges us to power and poise, glorifies earth, light, wave and the elemental forces. Culture is decay. Cities are diseases. Creeds are jails.

And Whitman made another great trail in the injunction to love our bodies. The flesh is sacred; there is nothing vile about any part of us except the thought that there is. The needs of the flesh are as valid as the needs of the mind. No man has done so much in this country to counteract the pruriency of the minds that the immigrants who landed on Plymouth Rock brought with them, as Walt Whitman. John Addington Symonds says he was not sane on the question of his own body until he read "Children of Adam."

Walt Whitman pointed to farther vistas of the spirit and indicated more places where trails might be pursued than all the people in America who preceded him. The sanest minds that the world has ever known were in the heads of Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman; the latter, being a more vital figure than the former, was the most significant man who has yet walked the earth.

Aim for the bull's-eye, not for acreage.

Imperialism

By Frank Putnam



WHAT is Imperialism?

It is foreign conquest by force of arms.

It is carpet-bag rule of alien people.

It is the denial of the right of self-government.

It is an anti-Christian doctrine, being an affirmation of the jungle law that "They shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can."

It is a vision of false glory for the nation that practices it, and a reality of misery and slavery for the people that suffers it.

¶It is "benevolent assimilation" with shotted cannon and dripping swords.

What has it done for Great Britain?

It has enriched a small class of her citizens and impoverished the masses of her people by piling upon their tax-burdened shoulders a load of debt so vast that never can they hope to repay it

It has planted the British flag and the English language in many lands—above the graves of vanished peoples, among the mossy landmarks of murdered nations.

It has made Britain respected in every corner of the globe—as the hawk is respected by weaker birds

It has isolated Great Britain, leaving her without one sincere friend among all the nations of the earth, and compelling her to pour out the tax-sweated labor of her toilers upon a fighting navy larger than those of any two of her rival nations combined.

What has Imperialism done for the United States?

It has cost her the affection and reverential regard in which she was formerly held by all the lesser nations of the earth.

It has cost her the lives of thousands of her best and bravest sons.

It has cost her hundreds of millions of dollars wrung in taxes from the labor of her people

It has taught her young men lower and less noble ideals of human liberty than the ideals of their fathers.

It has obscured and delayed the solution of vital public problems here at home.

It has put upon us the burden of arming against a day of certain battle with the nations of the Far East, whose territory we now for the first time enter as a foe.

It has convinced the dependent races of the world that American pretensions to a higher justice, a finer sympathy than European nations, was a false pretense.

It has, in brief, cost us life and treasure, the regard of our neighbors upon the earth and our own self-respect, and it has brought us in return a variety of new and strange Eastern diseases, a few additional shoulder-straps, and a shamed sense of having paid Spain, our beaten foe, $20,000,000 for a gold brick in the Philippines

Our intervention in Cuba was not Imperialism; it was the sweeping away of a nuisance in

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front of our own door. It was the wiping out of Imperialism and the establishment of freedom

Our intervention in the Philippines was not at first Imperialistic; it was as professed friends and allies that we went there. All that the Islands had to offer in trade privileges, assured by the friendship of a grateful people, eager to work out their own destiny in their own way and time, we could have had for the asking, without firing a shot or spending a dollar after Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet. We feared the natives would quarrel, we said, and possibly hurt each other, if we left them to build a government such as they wanted. So, in order to prevent trouble, we began it. Our intention to hold the Islands became known to the Island patriots, and they attacked us. They had been fighting for freedom from Spain when we came. They could see no difference between slavery to Spain and slavery to us. They did what we should have done in their places: they fought for home and country. It wasn't our kind of home, exactly, nor our kind of country; but it was the best they had, and they loved it well enough to die for it. We might have let them set up their little republic—we might even have helped them set it up, or at any rate we might have stood by to keep off other Imperialistic nations while they were building the first free republic in Asia. But some of our big capitalists smelled plunder in the Islands, and some of our fighting men smelled glory, and both these classes had influence with the government. And so it was that instead of encouraging the Filipinos to rear the first free republic in Asia, under our protection, and following the ideals our fathers fought for, we added another to the conquered provinces of the world and placed upon our national banner a stain that centuries cannot cleanse.

If Imperialism is bad for the nations that practice it, is it good for the peoples upon whom it is practiced?

Ask the starving millions of India, plundered of the products of their wheat-fields in order that their Imperialistic rulers may take profit of the grain in distant lands.

Ask the scattered survivors of the heroic Boer Republic, shot to death by Britain's guns, in order that a commercial syndicate might corner the world's supply of diamonds.

Ask the planters, the merchants, the poets and painters, the scholars and churchmen of the Philippine Islands what they think about the nation that desolated their fields and crowded their cemeteries. ¶Ask the old men and women of the South how they felt, and still feel, about the Imperialism that was thrust upon them by political plunderers following in the wake of a victorious army after the Civil War.

Imperialism is the spirit of the dark and bloody past. Commerce is the true civilizer of our times Friendly commerce, in which both parties get profit, as contrasted with the so-called commerce of Imperialism, in which one party robs and enslaves the other party.

Jesus Christ came into the world to challenge the spirit of Imperialism; to teach men love and brotherhood. His work is not yet finished, but it has not stopped The shame and regret with which millions of Americans now regard our bloody and profitless adventure in the Philippine Islands proves that the spirit of Christ has laid hold upon us, despite our natural savage greed, and will in time lead all mankind upward to the plane upon which He passed His brief but truly glorious mortal life.

If you pay for the service you can always get some one to absolve you and grant you absolution, but to absolve yourself at your own cosmic shrine, aye! that is difficult.

A School of Peace

By George T. Angell



R. EDWIN GINN of Boston delivered to the International Peace Congress at Lucerne recently a very able address, in which he urged that from children's school-books should be weeded out all that tends to encourage unduly the martial spirit, while the heroes and heroines of to-day in the peaceful walks of life should be made prominent. He urges also that there should be a Peace Bureau, ably conducted, to furnish to all our American papers articles on the subject, that the clergy should be awakened and that an International School of Peace might be very useful. To the above we add what we have said before, that we wish the ablest peace man in the country could be a member of the President's Cabinet as Secretary of Peace.

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A Necessity

By A. K. Owen



THERE have been three great economic epochs among civilized mankind—the slavery of the ancient regimes—the serfdom of the feudal centuries—and the existing merciless strife for commercial supremacy by means of competition and the exploitation of labor by means of incorporated companies, syndicates and trusts, which, by means of special legislation, confiscate products and seize public revenues for their own private greed. ¶ The question is, What is the remedy for this state of things? The answer is this—the producer can never be free to enjoy what he produces before his cities, his states and his nation become his bankers and his employers. There can never be freedom of opinion and a highly developed individuality in a person who is employed by other persons, be these persons incorporated or otherwise; therefore, every person must be guaranteed occupation by his or her own agent—by his or her city, or state, or nation. There can be no middle course if equities in employment are to be attained.

It is an axiom as old as recorded history that "the borrower is a slave to the lender," therefore a citizen must not be beholden to another citizen, associated or single, for money; but must through his or her own agent—through his or her own city, or state, or nation—be paid for what he or she does—for what he or she has to sell.

Again, there cannot be wealth without labor—all debts, home and foreign, are paid with labor services, or labor products. Governments stand firm, or totter, exactly in the proportion that labor is protected and advanced, or as labor is discouraged and demoralized. Money has no value except that given it by labor; it follows therefore that there cannot be strong government, nor "honest money" without labor—that there cannot be comforts, luxuries, nor security for life or property, without there is labor; hence, it is the part of wisdom to encourage, foster, diversify and perfect labor in every way possible—for general prosperity is only possible when there is general employment given to every willing arm and brain in the nation. Therefore, the motto above all others, just now, should be "put the people to work," by means of their own agents—by, in and for their own cities, states, and nation; which, in their own respective names, will issue a home money based upon home works of public necessity, to employ the home people, at home.

System is crystallized commonsense.

Religion and this World

By Lyman Abbot



REAL religion is for this world. It has little or nothing to do with any other. It is only a farce and a sham if it does not make this world better. It has to do with clean streets and pure politics. It declares war upon every Goliath of Graft. It fearlessly faces the drink problem, and endeavors to solve it. It seeks out the poor, and supplies their wants. It finds utterance in the public press in favor of every good and humanitarian movement. It concerns itself with pure food. It champions every good cause. It finds God here, and seeks to make this world worthy of His presence. Is it thus with your religion?

Nothing unmasks a man like his use of power.

Dead Poets

By Walt Whitman



DEAD poets, philosophers, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language-shapers on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn or desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you have left wafted hither,
I have perused it, own it is admirable, (moving awhile among it,)
Think nothing can ever be greater, nothing can ever deserve more than it deserves,
Regarding it all intently a long while, then dismissing it,
I stand in my place with my own day here.

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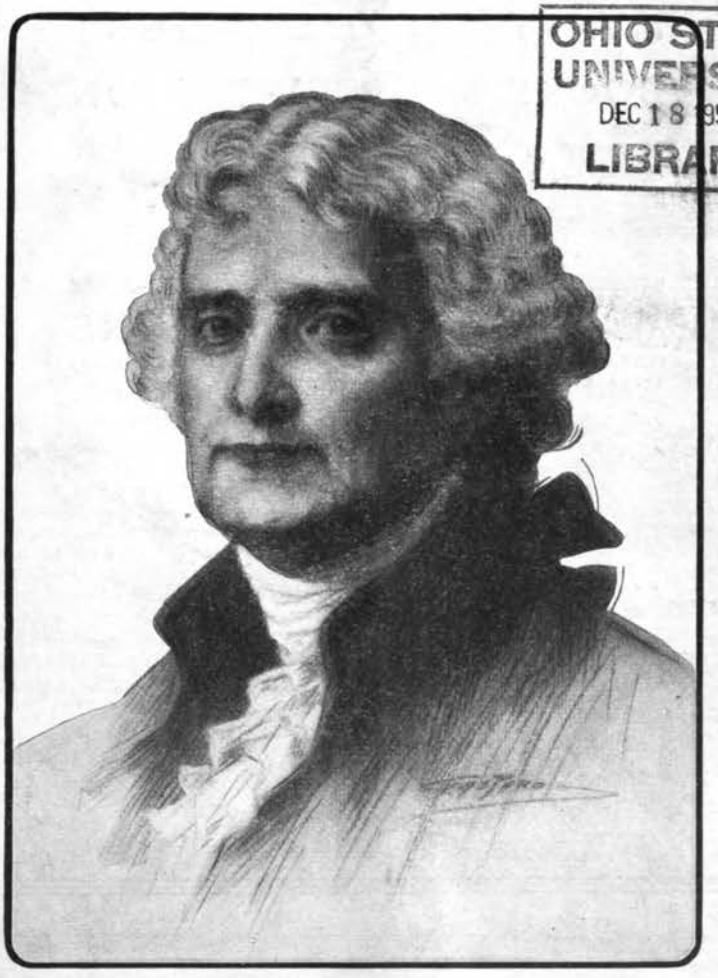
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A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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A Word About Tom Johnson's Street Railway

The expression "Hard Times" was brought into life by the Money Jugglers and Political Catawalers. Times are "Hard" if you will it so—if not—NOT! Working Men and Women in Cleveland and elsewhere put their accumulated earnings into Tom Johnson's Street Railway and smile at Calamity Howlers.

History can give no better example of perfect faith existing between leader and followers than the City of Cleveland supplies. Tom Johnson believes in the people and the people believe in him. Perfect co-operation has made Cleveland the, "Best Governed City in the World!"

Lincoln once said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." Lincoln was right. To gain public confidence you have to play fair and square or destiny will greet you with her slap stick on Election Night. Tom Johnson has been mayor of Cleveland for four consecutive terms. Success and Prosperity follow in Tom Johnson's wake.

ELBERT HUBBARD APPROVES OF THIS INVESTMENT PROPOSITION

Recently I went to Cleveland and spent a day looking over the Three Cent Fare Proposition. I did not call on Tom Johnson nor those in immediate charge of the property. I got my information from men neither prejudiced, for nor against. ¶My opinion is that at One Hundred Dollars per share, with the guarantee of Six per cent Cleveland Railway Stock is an attractive investment. To be associated even in a small way, with this great Economic Betterment is to me a privilege. I know the men who are managing the property, and I am also familiar with the property. ¶Stocks sold Moneybak is a token of the new and better time. Should n't a railroad man be as simple and direct in his dealings as the manager of a Department Store? ¶Tom Johnson says, "Yes!" ¶And even if Tom was inclined by nature to ride three horses at once in a financial circus, he conld n't afford to now. His very place in history is at stake. Clio has the acetylene glim square upon him, and he knows it. Besides being stubbornly honest, Tom is very wise in his day and generation. I believe in Tom, in his prospects, and in the great, and beautiful, and growing city of Cleveland.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

TOM JOHNSON'S PERSONAL GUARANTEE

TO THE PEOPLE: —A limited number of shares of treasury stock of the Cleveland Railway Company is offered by the Municipal Traction Company (lessee). In my judgment it is as safe an investment as a city bond, the only difference being that a Cleveland city bond pays four per cent interest and this stock pays six per cent interest. It is desired that the small investor shall secure the benefit of this offer, hence we do away with brokerage and commissions, run our own free stock exchange, sell directly to the people at par ($100 a share) and accrued interest and will redeem any stock at any time bought from us at the price paid for it, plus accrued interest. ¶When the security, the rate of interest and the free stock exchange are considered, no investment has ever been offered to the public so safe and profitable to the small investor as this.—TOM L. JOHNSON.

If you buy this stock it is with two guarantees—first, that it will pay you a six per cent annual dividend, and second, that it will be bought back from you at the price you paid per share, plus accrued interest.

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At no expense to you, I will analyze your physical balance sheet, and tell you the worth of your most important asset: your health. Then if you wish, for a modest fee, I will show you how, by selecting and combining your foods, to meet the chemical requirements of your body. You can acquire and maintain normal health and vigor until you die of old age—like the "one hoss shay," full of efficiency up to your last minute. ¶ Consider what this means from a financial standpoint only: the saving of bills for medical treatment, surgeon's fees, drugs, etc., for years will alone show 1000% profit on the original investment. Then think of the indirect cash value of your increased usefulness, happiness and success that results from complete, continuous health.

Here is a case in point. Read this letter and think it out for yourself:

A HEALTH POLICY FOR LIFE

MR. EUGENE CHRISTIAN:

My Dear Mr. Christian:—I know you will be interested to know I am still on the gain, although not under your care now. I now weigh 130 pounds. When I began your course last spring my weight registered 108 pounds. I have not only gained pounds of flesh, but have gained strength, and best of all, health. It is true, as you say, that your treatment gives a health policy for life, for I believe I am in possession of that. Mr. Christian, I just wish you could see me now and compare me with the Florence Gaddes of last spring. It would rejoice your heart, and I am only one of thousands who are beginning to appreciate your professional work. Most respectfully yours,

45 Summer St., Pawtucket, R. I., March 16, 1907. FLORENCE GADDES

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Write for MY NEW BOOKLET, "HOW FOODS CURE," and my Free Diagnosis Blank

Eugene Christian, Food Scientist, **7 E. 41st St., New York**

SURGEONS, like many other people, are anxious to acquire fame, and are not averse to becoming rich ✍ Surgery being the means through which they are to attain fame and wealth, they naturally exalt the importance of it. As time goes on, the surgeon more and more comes to regard his profession as paramount, and resorts to it with increasing frequency as a means of cure.

This leads inevitably to a great deal of needless surgery ✍ A multitude of operations are being performed every year that need not have been. And a multitude of necessary operations are performed by unskilled operators ✍ Each surgeon, anxious to acquire skill through practice, consults his own interest rather than the interest of his patient, by operating himself when he could have easily called to his assistance a skilled operator.

This state of affairs should be known to the public. It is but just that the public should have fair warning of the abnormal anxiety on the part of the surgeon to operate, and to find pretexts for operations. Therefore, a magazine devoted to the interests of the people in making these facts public, is a necessity that has been created by an over amount of professional zeal and ambition on the part of the surgeon.—Dr. C. S. Carr.

✍

THE initiate and the strong alone know the algebra that lurks in music; genius knows all, and what it does not know it divines, and what it does not divine it invents, and what it does not invent it creates; and it invents the true and creates the lifelike.—Victor Hugo.

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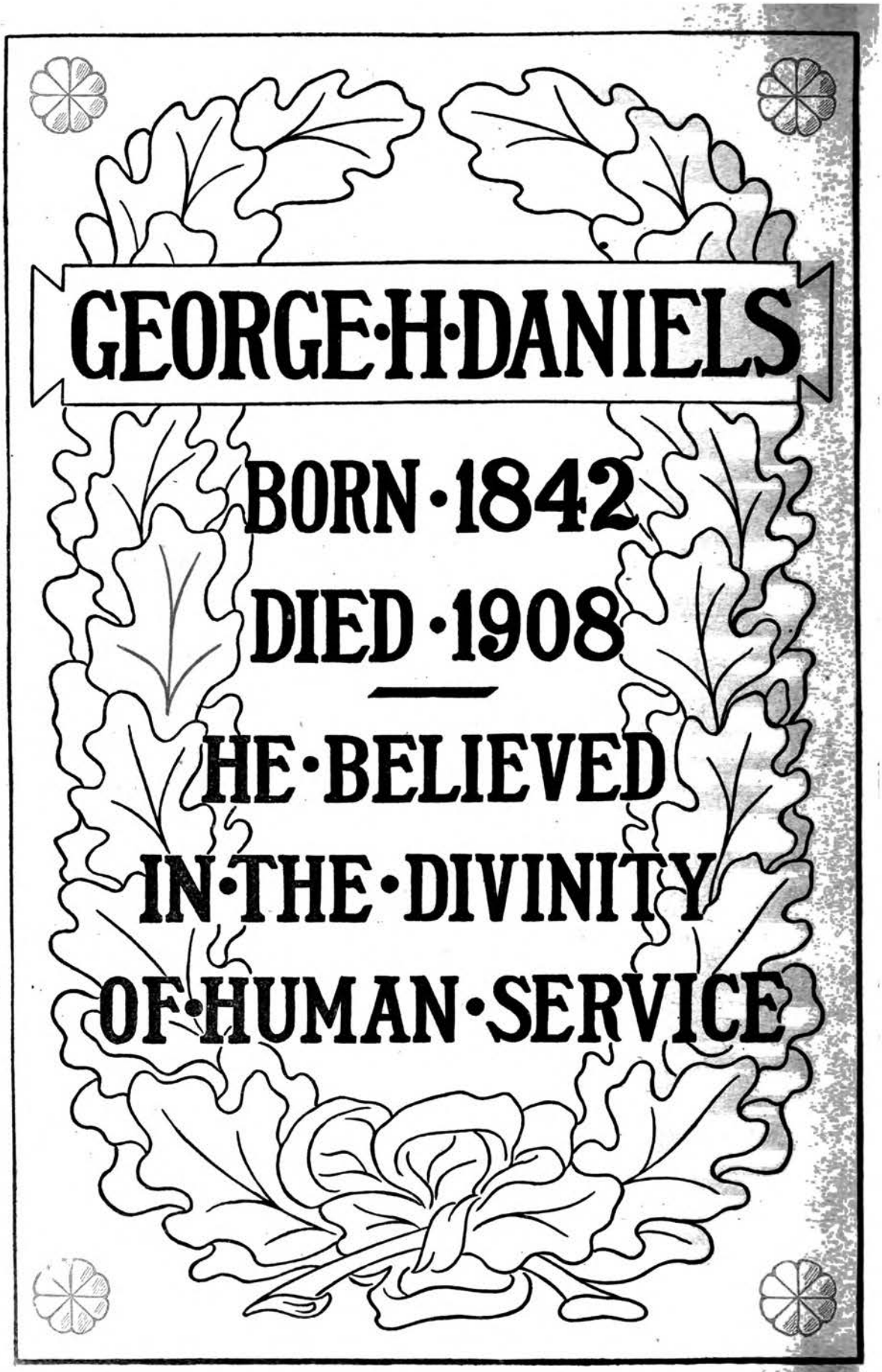
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Draw-bags (perforated modeled leather, on ooze morocco)	25.00
Music Rolls	$4.00 5.00 6.00 and 10.00
Photo Cases (folding for two pictures)	1.00 to 3.00
Portfolios	5.00 " 25.00
Glove Cases (ooze morocco lined)	20.00
Photo Frames	4.00 to 15.00
Table Lamp and Vase Mats (ooze morocco, lined)	
8 inch	1.00
9 inch	1.25
10 inch	1.50
12 inch	2.25
15 inch	3.50
18 inch	5.00
20 inch	7.50
Waste Baskets	$7.50 to 40.00
Fire Screens (one panel)	$25.00 up
Three Fold Screens	100.00 up

The following are made in Velvet Leather

Hand Bags	$1.00 2.00 and 2.50
Collar and Cuff Bags	1.50
Philistine Covers	1.00
Work Baskets	1.50
Waste Baskets	$3.00 3.50 and 4.00
Portfolios	4.00
Hand Bags (frame and handle)	$10.00 and 15.00
Chatelaine Bags (gun-metal frames, ooze morocco with belt)	8.00
Skins	2.00
Pillows	5.00 and 6.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

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THE ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL
LESSONS FOR OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHT
ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XVIII—Sunday, October 4, 1908
THOMAS JEFFERSON—THE FREETHINKER

Health Thought: Think well of everybody, especially yourself, and exercise in the open air two hours a day.

JUST why the little mighty word "free" used as a prefix to another word has caused epidemics of chills and fever, I do not know, but that it has is true. "Freethought" and "freedom" have repelled and attracted according to the color of the liver. That is to say, to be free takes applied courage: to be a slave—lack of freedom—is to be imprisoned by huge walls of fear and tyranny. To be free in one's thought is to be able to traverse the universe with the mind, to find new truth, by comparing and reaching new conclusions. Free thinking brings new life, larger life, more life. And a freethinker helps the world to be free.

¶ Jefferson claimed the freedom to think for himself on all matters of life, government, religion, education and all that makes for general development. And so he was one of the foremost men in the initiation of a free government, free schools and freedom to live out the life God gave us as individuals.

Jefferson gave us the doctrine of "eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

FROM NOTES ON VIRGINIA

Opinion is something with which the government has no business to meddle; it is quite beyond its legitimate province. Millions of innocent men, women and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. Let us reflect that the earth is inhabited by thousands of millions of people; that these profess probably a thousand different systems of religion; that ours is but one of that thousand; that if there be but one right, and ours that one, we should wish to see the nine hundred and ninety-nine wandering sects gathered into the fold of truth. But against such a majority we cannot effect this by force. Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments. To make way for these, free inquiry must be indulged; and how can we wish others to indulge it, while we refuse it ourselves?

GOLDEN TEXT

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

Topic for Discussion—"Free nations recognize no grounds of preference save talents and virtues." Is this true of the United States?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—As to the Calumny of Atheism, I am so broken to calumnies of every kind, from every department of government—Executive, Legislative and Judiciary, and from every minion of theirs holding office or seeking it—that I entirely disregard it.

It has been so impossible to contradict all their lies, that I am determined to contradict none; for while I should be engaged with one, they would publish twenty new ones.

T—Had the doctrines of Jesus been preached always as pure as they came from His lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian.

W—To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus Himself; I am a Christian in the only sense he wished any one to be; sincerely attached to His doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to Himself every human excellence; and believing He never claimed any other.

T—The greatest of all reformers of the depraved religion of His own country was Jesus of Nazareth. Abstracting what is really His from the rubbish in which it is buried, easily distinguished by its lustre from the dross of its biographers, and as separable from that as the diamond from the dunghill, we have the outlines of a system of the most sublime morality which has fallen from the lips of man; outlines which it is lamentable He did not fill up.

F—Epictetus and Epicurus give laws for governing ourselves, Jesus a supplement of the duties and charities we owe to others.

S—Opinion and the just maintenance of it shall never be a crime in my view, nor bring injury on the individual.

S—I have ever found in my progress through life, that acting for the public if we always do what is right, the approbation denied in the beginning will surely follow in the end.

Lesson XIX—Sunday, October 11, 1908
JEFFERSON—THE REVOLUTIONIST

BLESSED are you when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you"—for all this shall make you think for yourself, take council with the Gods within your own heart. Then will your horizon be enlarged, your purpose strengthened, and above all you will have courage to act well your part in life.

The march of progress compels revolution—the abandoning of the old, the inauguration of the new. Those who bring this about are called Revolutionists, dangerous people, and they are indeed undesirable citizens to those who are in power. Revolution means death to the old, but it also means birth to a better life.

¶ Revolution is fraught with great danger, much sorrow and suffering and often the leader is called a Prince of Peace. The leader is a man with a prophetic vision, who knows that in order to bring harmony radical measures are necessary.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO KING GEORGE

Let those flatter who fear: it is not an American Art. To give praise where it is not due, might be well from a venal, but would ill beseem those who are asserting the rights of human nature. They know, and will, therefore say, that Kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people. Open your breast, Sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the name of George the Third be a blot on the page of history. You are surrounded by British counsellors; but remember that they are parties ❧ You have no ministers for American affairs, because you have none taken from among us, nor amenable to the laws on which they are to give you advice. It behooves you, therefore, to think and to act for yourself and your people. The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader: to pursue them requires not the aid of many counsellors. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit where you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the empire to the inordinate desires of another; but deal out to all equal and impartial right.

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GOLDEN TEXT

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time: the mind of force may destroy, but cannot disjoin them.

Topic for Discussion—Socialism takes it for granted that the cause of human woe is that man's surroundings are wrong. What about it?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom.
T—I have never believed there was one code of morality for a public and another for a private man.
W—To inform the minds of the people and to follow their will is the chief duty of those placed at their head.
T—The information of the people at large can alone make them the safe, as they are the sole depository of our religious and political freedom.
F—There is a debt of service due from every man to his country.
S—I tremble for my country when I think of the negro, and know that God is just.
S—The aristocracy of our moneyed corporation dares already to challenge our government to trial and bid defiance to the laws of our country.

* * *

Lesson XX—Sunday, October 18, 1908

THOMAS JEFFERSON—THE DEMOCRAT

WHEN Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States the pomp and pageantry was like this: Mr. Jefferson saddled his horse and rode alone up Pennsylvania Avenue. Congress was in session, and unattended he went before that body and took the oath of office. This ceremony was not followed by a ball nor was the occasion graced at any time by a single imported gown which had taken months in its making and a large balance in a bank to buy.

Of all the beautiful bequests Jefferson gave to us, none, not even the Declaration of Independence, is greater than Jeffersonian simplicity. He preferred to be even shabbily dressed than to spend time, which the state needed, with the haberdasher and tailor.

REPLY TO AN AMENDMENT TO JEFFERSON'S BILL ON PRIMOGENITURE

I will agree to support your bill giving twice as much of the property of the father to the oldest son as is given to each of the other sons or daughters, provided you will incorporate into the law a condition that requires the oldest son to eat twice as much food, wear twice as much clothing and do twice as much work as each of the other children.

All eyes are opened or are opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind have not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God.

GOLDEN TEXT

[illegible]

Topic for Discussion—Individualism says, educate and refine the individual and he will make his own environment. Is this true?

DAILY HOME READING

M—Thinking is a brain exercise, and to think out all and every kind of problem for one's self is the highest wisdom.
T—Our citizens may be deceived for awhile and have been deceived; but as long as the press can be protected we trust them for light.
W—No government can be maintained without the principle of fear as well as of duty. Good men will obey the last, but bad ones the former only.
T—When great evils happen, I am in the habit of looking out for what good may arise from them as consolation to us; and Providence has in fact so established the order of things as that most evils are the means of producing some good.
F—I deem no government safe which is under the vassalage of any self-constituted authorities, nor any other authority than that of the nation, or its regular functionaries.
S—We Americans have a due sense of our equal rights to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our industry.
S—One of the principles of our government is: Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, political or religious.

* * *

Lesson XXI—Sunday October 25, 1908

THOMAS JEFFERSON—THE EDUCATOR

IT was Jefferson's mission to open the human mind to the light and the lightning of God's increasing purpose. It was Jefferson's mission to prepare the way for the progress that has come as a result of the public school system. Since the day when Jesus of Nazareth came to teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, no teacher, no preacher, no legislator has brought to the millions of human beings a diviner or holier message than the bill for universal education introduced by Jefferson, the radical, in the little house of Burgesses in the Old Dominion in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-seven. Then and there began the agitation which today has its best vindication in our common school system and in such institutions as the State Universities.—LENTZ

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

There are two subjects which I shall claim a right to further as long as I have breath: the public education and the subdivision of the counties into wards (townships). I consider the continuance of Republican government as absolutely hanging on these two hooks.

Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if He ever had chosen people, whose breasts He has made His peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which He keeps alive that sacred fire, which otherwise might escape from the earth. Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example.

GOLDEN TEXT

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time: the mind of force may destroy, but cannot disjoin them.

Topic for Discussion—Do we govern ourselves? Have the people evolved to where we are capable of self-government?

DAILY HOME READINGS

M—Mutual confidence produces mutual influence.
T—Though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression.
W—I never saw a native American begging in the streets or highways.
T—I think our people will remain virtuous for many centuries, as long as they are chiefly agricultural.
F—My creed has been formed on unsheathing the sword at Lexington.
S—By the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament proposes.
S—The storm is over and we are in port.

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THE worst of errors is to believe that any one religion has the monopoly of goodness. For every man, that religion is good which makes him gentle, upright and kind ✍ But to govern mankind is a difficult task. The ideal is very high and the earth is very low. Outside the sterile province of philosophy, what we meet at every step is unreason, folly and passion ✍ The wise men of antiquity succeeded in winning to themselves some little authority only by impostures, which gave them a hold upon the imagination, in their lack of physical force.—Ernst Renan.

ON every street, on every railroad platform these bright Fall days, boys and girls, suitcase in hand, meet you on their way to school. A happy sight this, and yet one wonders if it's all worth while. Do they fulfill their destiny burning the midnight oil, ruining precious Eyesight, in an attempt to master knowledge?

A recent census of New York School Children disclosed the fact that 17,928 had defective vision. Think of it—Eighteen Thousand! ¶ In cities, Smoke and Dust-begrimed streets lead to class rooms, heavy with the air of Chalk-solved problems; here youthful Eyes pore over books long and earnestly each day, ofttimes with pitiable results. At every turn, Tiny Children wearing powerful Eye Glasses meet us, bearing mute testimony to faulty conditions and lack of care. ¶ Do you know what this means? In two generations we will produce a race that peeps, peers, blinks, squints and ogles in an attempt to see. ¶ Oh Ye Wise Man or Woman—I pray you—give care to the Eyes of the Children and posterity will write your name high on the walls of memory.

A group of business and professional men in Chicago recently banded together to give to an ailing public an Eye Lotion that will further the interests of humanity. Of course, many of the "Learned Guessers" object to this Lotion, saying "things" about it whenever they get the chance—that's natural. One never accomplishes anything in this world without treading on some one's toes. So let the Learned Guessers howl—to howl is an M. D.'s privilege. ¶ Be it known however, that the Pure Food Commission turned its acetylene glim on the

MURINE EYE REMEDY

in stern investigation, only to follow the decision of the public at large and stamp Murine with its approval. This tells its own story. MURINE befriends the student of all ages.

Ask Your Druggist or Optician—They Know.
For free, detailed Eye Information, address a postal to

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CHICAGO, - - - - - ILLINOIS

NATURE never did betray the heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege through all the years of this our life, to lead from joy to joy; for she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith, that all which we behold is full of blessings—Wordsworth.

HE who loves good because it is good, and truth because it is true, pre-eminently loves his neighbor; for he loves the Lord, who is good itself and truth itself, who is the only source of the love of good and truth, and consequently of our neighbor; thus love toward our neighbor is from a celestial origin.—Swedenborg.

To succeed, get away from Daily Advice

A THIMBLE-FULL SATISFIES—if it's SCHILLINGS Best

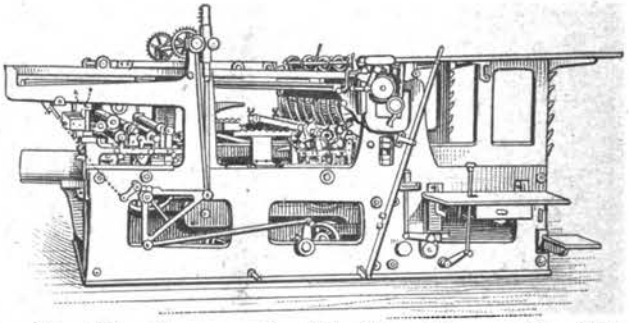
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BUFFALO, NEW YORK

THE BABCOCK "OPTIMUS"



STRONG SURE SWIFT

Lack of strength in a printing press is as hopeless a plan as lack of brains in a man. Neither fault can be compensated for nor remedied. In building

THE BABCOCK "OPTIMUS"

we do all that painstaking intelligence and unstinted effort can do to put into it, from pattern to packing, only the best material obtainable and a lot of it where most is needed. The strength of the "Optimus" impression is unequalled. Its bed support is unique. See the "Optimus" at work and ask the pressman for its record.

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company
New London, Conn. 38 Park Row, New York

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THE saying of Edmund Burke, "that a state is a partnership in the arts and sciences, in every virtue and in all perfection," has until recent times been taken by the English-speaking race as mere literature. But it was prophecy. The real political revolution is not in the triumph of the bourgeoisie over the aristocrats, or of the proletarians over the middle class; it is the triumph of the idea of the state as a working-partnership over the idea that it is a sovereign power.—Chas. Ferguson.

A SEASON of simple living with the kindly sun and the blue sky; days of keen delight in little things, of joyous questing after beauty; days for the making of friends by being a true friend to others; days when we may enlarge our little lives by excursions to strange places, by friendly association, by the companionship of great thoughts; days that may teach us to live nobly, to work joyously, to play harder, to do all our labor better,—so should each June bring us indeed a golden summer.—Edwin Grover.

Welcome ever smiles, and farewell
goes out sighing.—*Shakespeare*

THE Hotel Clerk with the large diamond has passed into History. Nowadays you find the loggerhead of the headlight and pink proboscis snoozing in the sunshine on a park bench; occasionally he opens one eye and drowsily calls "front" to some passing newsboy thru habit. Behind the desk at Class "A" Hostelries, in his place you find to-day, curt, clean-cut, college men, exploiting conservative apparel and courteous demeanor. Gentlemen born, they entered the Hotel Business as a Rescue Corps and have not only saved it from itself, but have revolutionized its methods. One of the finest examples of college-man management that the hotel world affords, can be found in

HOTEL RIDER

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA

It is the policy of Messrs. Eppley and Rider of Hotel Rider to presume you are a gentleman and treat you accordingly. Their clerks do not indulge in fuzzy philosophy or flaunt the foggy feeling. They aim to serve you. They believe in you, and in consequence tabu the grouch. Hotel Rider Patrons never complain of "Bad Management." There is n't any! ¶High grade people make it their business to stop at Hotel Rider when in the vicinity. ¶Every known convenience!

HOTEL RIDER

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA

NOT as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well: if not—well also; though not so well.—Herbert Spencer.

To Hit the Line Hard—DRINK SCHILLING'S BEST

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LET US CATCH UP WITH JEFFERSON

CHAS. W. ELIOT

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THAT COUNTRY IS GOVERNED BEST WHICH IS GOVERNED LEAST

THOS. JEFFERSON



The Roycroft Inn

(Across From The Well)

In the Land of Immortality

A Roycrofter by birth, who stands for all that's beautiful and good in both Art and Politics.

Come to the Inn and Forget It

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

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GILLETTE IMPROVEMENTS



"NEW PROCESS" GILLETTE BLADES

Will Be On Sale At All Dealers After September 1st, 1908

In business as well as education you can't remain in one place. You go forward or you go back. "To stand still is to retreat," said the Corsican. The Concern whose banner flies the slogan, "It's good enough as it is," tells to a wise public that the Idea Foundry has shut down. When you "stand pat" on a proposition you cease improving it. Gillette folks have energy—plus. They finish one Gillette Improvement—then they start another. Life to them means Progress. The Concern that moves with the Times, keeps in touch with the wants of the People, and appreciates small, quick profits, never fears competition.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company has expended over four years of careful study, research and experiment in perfecting the process necessary to produce these blades.

¶ Machinery and process are completed to the satisfaction of the experts engaged in the work, and now, for the first time, we are prepared to supply "New Process" GILLETTE blades to GILLETTE users.

A *superfine* steel is essential to take the keen edge given "New Process" blades, and for that reason the steel used is made from *our own formula*.

The steel is then rolled thin—made flexible—and stamped into GILLETTE blades. The blades are then subjected to our new tempering process and are especially *tested* before the edges are put on them.

Automatically regulated machines sharpen both edges on every blade with *powerful pressure* and *unswerving precision*, producing a keen and *enduring* edge.

Every cutting edge on each blade is *perfect* and possesses a degree of keenness not possible to produce by any other process.

Consequently, although blades are *paper-thin*, they have the utmost *endurance* and survive any kind of service—whether in daily contact with the critical shaver's coarse stubble or the college boy's soft down. And they need NO STROPPING—NO HONING.

So superior are "New Process" blades in *keenness, durability* and all desirable shaving qualities to any blades ever previously produced, that each one will give you many more delightful shaves than you ever have had, no matter how satisfactory your previous experience with the GILLETTE has been.

"New Process" blades are finished with a high polish. They are much easier to clean after using, since dust and moisture do not cling readily to their polished surface.

This renders them practically *immune* from rust—adding another element of durability.

"New Process" blades deserve a new package and we have spared no effort or ingenuity to provide a suitable one.

It is a handsome nickel-plated box which seals itself *hermetically* every time it is closed.

It is absolutely *damp-proof*—will protect the blades from rust in any climate, land or sea, thus prolonging their life.

¶ You receive a fresh box with every set of blades. The empty one then forms an elegant waterproof match safe.

¶ *Twelve* "New Process" GILLETTE blades are packed in the box. The retail price is One Dollar.

If you happen to use some other shaving device or have the "barber habit," you'll find it worth while to adopt the "GILLETTE Way" with "New Process" blades instead.

You'll enjoy every GILLETTE shave—it is *smooth, even*, full of comfort and satisfaction.

The standard razor set consists of triple silver-plated razor and 12 "New Process" blades in morocco, velvet-lined case. Price $5.00.

Combination sets containing shaving accessories, ranging in price from $6.50 to $50.00.

At all hardware, drug, jewelry, cutlery, haberdashery and sporting goods dealers.

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249 Kimball Building
BOSTON

249 Stock Exchange Building
Chicago



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White Hyacinths

s a book for lovers—married or unmarried. To those whose osmos is no longer flavored with the saltness of time, the ook will appeal in inverse ratio to the square of the distance. VHITE HYACINTHS is a book unlike any other ever ritten, yet it says things which all wise men and women now. Dickie of the Eternal Quest, says that it is the duty f great men to leave their love letters to the British luseum—this, in order that future lovers on Life's Sea may rofit by their experience, and thus avoid the shoals and hallows upon which so many marital ventures are lost. It an be assumed, without unreasonable assurance, that there ill be lovers on Earth for many ages to come, because lature needs lovers in her business. In Heaven there is either marriage nor giving in marriage. Heaven has no atural increase in population, the place being recruited nly by immigration. It is more or less monotonous in leaven, on account of the restrictions imposed by the lanagement, and so there are various elopements, where he parties seek Earth as a Gretna Green. White Hyacinths vas written with the needs of these especially in mind.

Boards or Limp Leather - - - - - - $ 2.00

OBTAINED IN BETTER BINDINGS AS FOLLOWS

Alicia - - - - - - - - - - 4.00
Three-Quarters Ooze - - - - - - - 5.00
Three-Quarters Levant on Japan Vellum - - 10.00
Full Levant on Japan Vellum - - - - 25.00
Full Modeled Leather - - - 10.00 25.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

WARNING

MEN afraid of an Idea, or women incapable of the same, will do well to eschew the book by Alice Hubbard, entitled

WOMAN'S WORK

¶ Here is heresy, proud and patent, telling why woman is a plaything for men when she is pink and twenty, and a drudge and scullion when winter touches her hair with the frost of years—sometimes. The worst about the Marital Steam Roller is that the race suffers.

Let no presumptuous person arise and dispute this fact: women are the mothers of men. And in spite of all we can do, the qualities of the mother are the heritage of her sons. To have a truthful, direct and gentle race of men who are strong enough to look each day in the eye, who are afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid, we must evolve a race of mothers who are not burdened by idleness, overwork, skimped allowances or the masculine idea of Run-and-Fetch-my-Slippers.

¶ Mrs. Hubbard is a working woman. She is Vice-President and General Manager of The Roycrofters, a corporation that employs five hundred people. She has thoughts and expresses them. A few people have said that WOMAN'S WORK is a great book—and then corroborated their faith by buying a dozen copies to give away—seed sown on fallow ground.

On Boxmoor, bound plainly in boards or in limp, printed in two colors, special initials by Dard Hunter $ 2.00
Bound Alicia 5.00 and 7.00
A few on Japan Vellum in three-quarters levant 10.00
Modeled Leather 20.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

THE ROYCROFTERS have roped and hog-tied, very nixola, a volume entitled "THE BRONCHO BOOK, OR BUCK-JUMPS IN VERSE," by Captain Jack Crawford—done for the relief of the author and the divertisement of tenderfeet. ¶The poems of Captain Jack form a genuine individual note in American Literature, a note that is soon to die away, never again to be heard, save as an echo of things that were. Captain Jack has been called this, also that, as every man has, who does not allow society to corral him and dictate his hat and haberdashery. But no man ever looked into Jack's face and directed an epithet at him—not for fear Jack would give a straight short arm jolt—and Jack, being Irish, might supply that if the other fellow insisted upon having it—but because the whole presence of the man is one of absolute candor and simple, childlike honesty. Jack is genuine. He is so genuine that he disarms criticism—he is a man; a clean, wholesome, manly man, without sophistry, vanity or pretense. He is so natural that some have called him a poseur. He lives where the hand of God is seen. ¶A portrait, sketched from life by Gaspard as frontispiece to the book. Bound in limp bob-cat. Oh, say Two DOLLARS, prepaid, and sent suspiciously. Give the ki-yi and the book will come a-running.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Health and Wealth

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THIS is a Book of Essays, just out of the Bindery, some of which have seen the light in Magazines that print the best. All, however have been revised and amended. It presents what has been called the "Roycroft Religion." There are no secrets concerning Health, Wealth and Happiness—all are free to any one who will pay the price in thought and deed. People who want the East Aurora Philosophy will get it here, instead of from the non-cogibund. The book is the cream of the Fra Elbertus mind.

This work does not claim to be a Guide to the Springs of Perpetual Youth, nor is it a recipe for the Transmutation of Metals. It treats simply and wisely of two things which the Author possesses—Health and Wealth. One he inherited and has kept, the other he acquired, and of it has kept a little, or all he needs. The book is intimate, frank, cheerful, kindly, hopeful and helpful and safe for the Young Person. Bound either in limp leather, silk lined, or in boards, (portraits). Price, Two Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., N. Y.

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IT is not as if this swelling, simmering, never-resting race of ours stood, once more, on the verge of an expansion without parallel; struggling, struggling, like a mighty tree again about to burst into the embrace of summer, and shoot forth broad frondent boughs, which would fill the whole earth?
—Carlyle.

IF it entertains you to read that you do your writing in a baloon and only come down for meals, wear one side of your hair blue and the other yellow, that you likewise wear corsets, and that your real name is Johnson Jones, then again I say by all means subscribe to Romeike. These diversities of opinion and distortions of personality do, I confess, entertain me. This figmentary self at once delights and affrights me—this monstrous self no other glass has ever shown me, no friend of mine has ever seen.—Le Gallienne.

There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of wooden instincts.
—Herbert Spencer.

OCCASIONALLY an Immortal discovers that his wires are down, that in some way he has short-circuited himself. When this happens and the brain central fails to keep in touch with outlaying stations it's time to make repairs. ¶ Wise members of the Clan shut off the current of their daily life, hang out the sign, "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS," then hike to the

FAIRFIELD INN

to have their system renovated. ¶ Fairfield Inn Folks depend on the Wonderful Waters of the Mineral Wells for health and happiness—and they are not disappointed. ¶ When the batting average of your battery slumps, when your sparker fails to spark, take the next train for Mineral Wells, Texas. ¶ Additional information on request.

The Fairfield Inn, Mineral Wells, Texas

JONES DAIRY FARM

Fort Atkinson, Wis., Sept. 15, 1908

My Dear Friend Felix:—

It just does my heart good to say to you that the page you prepared for us in the September FRA, is, in my opinion, the best ad. ever written for the Jones Folks.

That ad. has the Spirit of Jones all through it—the true Roycroft Spirit. The ink of THE FRA isn't dry yet, and the dollars are beginning to come!

I want a few copies of the September FRA to send to some of my personal friends, here's my check for $10.00, please send them at once.

Give my warmest regards to Fra Elbertus, and remember that I surely expect both of you to see Fort Atkinson this Fall.

Very sincerely, your friend,
MILO C. JONES

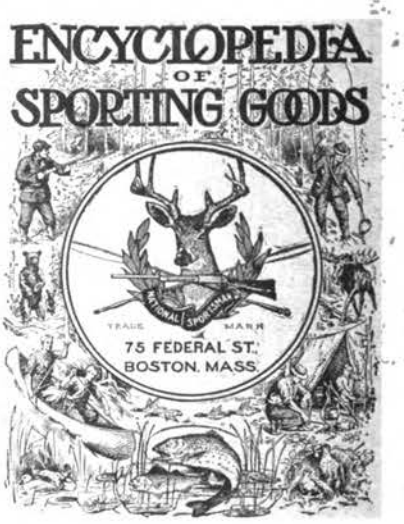
Felix of The Roycrofters,
East Aurora, New York

BEAUTY, the inspirer, the cheerful festal principle, the leader of gods and men, which draws by being beautiful, and not by considerations of advantage, comes in and puts a new face on the world.—Emerson.

Dear Fra:—"And damn'd be he who cries enuff!" My, God, I should say so, if that is the way he spells it.—Humphrey O'Sullivan.

SCHILLING'S BEST Never Appeals to Mental Mendicants

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EVERY Sportsman should have a copy of our three hundred twenty page Encyclopedia of Sporting Goods, fully illustrated, which contains a wealth of valuable information about Guns, Rifles, Revolvers and Pistols; Fishing Tackle, Tents, and Camping Goods. In addition to this there are camp cooking recipes, hints on the use of firearms, information about different kinds of powder, size of shot to use for all kinds of game, etc., etc. It is, in fact, the most complete book of the kind ever published.

We will send you a copy of this book, together with this month's number of the

National Sportsman

(a one hundred and sixty page magazine devoted to sport with GUN, RIFLE and ROD) on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of mailing.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc.

Eighty-nine Federal Street, BOSTON, Massachusetts

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EXCEPT a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. —Chas. Kingsley

All that we have and are, must grow into action. —Goethe.

THE poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course every one who takes a pension from the government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale; only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the playhouses for them pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory speculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they had rather die than take it at our hands; or, for the third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask.—John Ruskin.

From defeat to defeat we shall march to ultimate victory.—Benito Juarez.



"Sweet Sixteen"

This is the title of a beautiful Art Calendar for 1909, issued by Armour & Company. Five famous artists offer in this their best work. Do you want one of these calendars?

Here are the five drawings. The one in the center is by Penrhyn Stanlaws. It serves as part of the cover design. It is done in pastel. You should see it in the color.

The one to the left is by Christy in colored chalk—one of the daintiest effects ever produced by this well-known artist.

The one to the right is by Harrison Fisher in colored crayon—one of his best—typical of his ability.

The other two are by C. Allan Gilbert and Henry Hutt; also in colors—Gilbert's in pastel—Hutt's in wash.

It is hard to choose among these drawings. But you don't have to choose. The calendar gives you them all. And each looks like an original. The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches.

There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

How to Get the Calendar

Simply send us four cents in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) and one of the metal inspection seals from the top of a pail of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, placed there by the Government, to insure you pure leaf lard. Send to Armour & Company, Dept. 16, Chicago. Then we'll mail the calendar immediately—or we will send the calendar prepaid for 25c in stamps.

Art Plate Offer

We have a few of these calendar drawings, 11x17 inches, printed on heavy paper with calendar dates, advertising and all printing eliminated. They are ideal for framing or portfolio. The price of these plates is 25c each, or $1 for the five. Express prepaid.

Why We Make This Offer

We want you to know which lard gives the best cooking results.

That's why we offer the calendar free.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is by far the best lard. More economical, too.

One need use but two-thirds as much of it. That is essential, else the food is too rich

Leaf lard is made from that dainty bit of flaky fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

There isn't enough of this fat in all the hogs in the country to supply one-tenth of the people with leaf lard.

So all the choice lard goes to those who insist on it.

We make Leaf Lard in a kettle as some of our mothers made it back on the farm. But we use open-jacketed kettles, and we employ infinite skill, so our lard has a flavor that all other lards lack.

It is better to cook with leaf lard than with butter, for it doesn't cook as dry.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

You don't know what flavor you can get in your cooking until you have used this lard. *So be sure to get Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.* See that the *label* says "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard"—not somebody else's "Leaf Brand" or "Pure Lard," for neither *is* "Leaf Lard." You can be sure that Armour's is Leaf Lard, for the law forbids mis-branding.

Try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard once. You'll never go back to the common.

Get a pail of your grocer today and send us the metal Government inspection seal for the calendar.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

If you Drink Schilling's Tea, you'll stay on the Water Wagon

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Health and Happiness at the Battle Creek Sanitarium

You enjoy Life just so long as your machinery runs smoothly. When the wheels slip and slide, when the throttle fails to control, a smash-up is due at the next curve.

An insignificant break will oftentimes throw your entire mechanism entirely out of gear. Each part sympathizes with every other part and acts accordingly. Let the Fire Box report abuse, your engine "pounds," your joints creak, and your cylinders leak steam in jets and puffs—all Danger Signals.

When *your* machinery shows signs of wear take it upon yourself to head for the Repair Shop without delay. Don't allow Destiny to switch you onto the siding that leads to the Scrap Heap, while the Emergency Crew stands idly by awaiting the Call of Reason!

¶The Battle Creek Sanitarium repairs, renovates, rebuilds Human Machines at small cost, with no inconvenience.

Three or Four Weeks at the Battle Creek Sanitarium will add years to your Life. Not only are you granted temporary relief from existing ailments but—better yet—you are taught the Divine Principles of Health.

RATES VERY MODERATE. Board and Room, including baths, services of bath attendants, and necessary medical attention, Cost Less at the Battle Creek Sanitarium than board and room alone at many first-class Fall and Winter-resort hotels.

DO YOU TAKE A TRIP THIS WINTER

Before you go write for the Beautiful Illustrated Portfolio of the Battle Creek Sanitarium—you 'll change your plans!

THE SANITARIUM, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SANITARIUM
Box 111, Battle Brook, Michigan
Without obligating myself in any way I will be pleased to receive the Souvenir Portfolio mentioned in this advertisement.

Name_____

Street No._____

City_____ State_____

such force that all were obliged to be deeply impressed. His paragraph in the March issue of The Philistine "Mental dissolution is that condition where you are perfectly satisfied with your religion, education and government"—gives a good idea of his theory of life. How well we all know that the moment a man becomes satisfied with himself and his surroundings just that moment does he begin to degenerate. The one thing that inspires man to take the struggle of life is the desire to improve. —Floridian.

ALL that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence. No specification is necessary, all that a male or female does, that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her, in the unshakable order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever.—Walt Whitman.

The Pilgrim Fathers amid all their privations and dangers conceived the magnificent idea, not only of a universal, but of a free education for the whole people.—Horace Mann.

JACKSONVILLE had a rare treat last Saturday night. Mr. Elbert Hubbard delivered a "heart to heart talk" at the Windsor Auditorium. It would give us great pleasure to reproduce every word he said, as that is impossible, we can only say that no one could have listened to him in the proper spirit and not been better for it. His manner is gentleness itself. Every word was kindly spoken—but with

SCHILLING'S BEST TEA Vitalizes the Thought Germ

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Joint Debate

The Question

RESOLVED, "THAT CHRISTIANITY IS DECLINING."

The Debaters

ELBERT HUBBARD, Foreman The Roycroft Shop—YES.

REV. DR. C. C. ALBERTSON, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church of Rochester, New York—NO.

The Times and Places

CHICKERING HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Tuesday Evening, November Ten, at Eight-fifteen o'Clock

ART MUSEUM HALL, IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Wednesday Evening, November Eleven, Eight-fifteen o'Clock

UNITY HALL, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
Thursday Evening, November Twelfth, Eight-fifteen o'Clock

WARNER HALL, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
Friday Evening, November Thirteenth, Eight-fifteen o'Clock

The Judge

[TO BE CHOSEN BY THE AUDIENCE]

The Jury

THE HONORABLE, THE AUDIENCE

Seats on sale at usual places one week in advance. Price, oh, say, One Dollar. This Debate is the culmination of a correspondence running through several years, and a friendship covering a decade. Other dates to be announced later.

ART is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection ❧ The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy ❧ It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you ❧ Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.

Art creates an atmosphere in which the proprieties, the amenities, and the virtues unconsciously grow ❧ The rain does not lecture the seed. The light does not make rules for the vine and flower. The heart is softened by the pathos of the perfect.—Ingersoll.

❧

Sweet is the music of the lute to him who has not heard the laughter of children.—Hafiz.

IF any man can convince me and bring home to me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who abideth on still in his deception and ignorance.—Marcus Aurelius.

❧

Young man, if cigarettes interfere with your work, cut out the work.

When the Clerque says, "SCHILLING'S BEST?"—SMILE

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ARE you enjoying full health? If you are, do you know why? Or do you simply guess why? If you are living in a haphazard style, you deserve no credit.

Wouldn't it be the part of good sense to know *why* you are well, if you are, and how to stay Well?

A Stuffed Club teaches the Science of Health. Sample copy ten cents. Address

A STUFFED CLUB
Box 375, Denver, Colorado

Philosopher Laughers

REALLY ought to be reading The Business Philosopher. Of course the B. P. is a business builder, but it is not a gloomy gloomster from Gloomville. Editorially it believes much in the philosophy of Robert Louis Stevenson and other big, kindly men.

One dollar a year brings along the inspirational messenger every month. When you send in ask for a copy of "As a Man Thinketh." You need it. The Business Philosopher is published in Libertyville, Illinois, near which A. F. SHELDON is to build Sheldon University—a school for business builders. Write to Thomas Dreier of the Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Illinois, and ask questions

The Strand Magazine for October, 1908

"THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." With eight full-page Duotone portraits.

ENGLISH HOMES AND GARDENS. The first of a series of articles of exceptional interest. Some of the most famous and beautiful English country homes will be illustrated and described. The photographs, indeed, will be the great feature of the articles, many of them being reproduced as full pages. "Orchards," the residence of Sir William Chance, Bart., is described this month.

COMPLETE FICTION—The Copper Charm, by Arthur Morrison; The Worm and His Wife, by J. J. Bell; Kiddlewick's Comedy, by F. Frankfort Moore; The Man Whom Nobody Loved, by Keble Howard; In The Dark, by E. Bland; The Brothers Caninini, by Gerald Sidney.

SALTHAVEN, by W. W. Jacobs, Illustrated by Will Owen.

THE COMIC SIDE OF CRIME, Written and Illustrated by Harry Furniss.

WORLDS: THE DUST OF THE INFINITE, by Camille Flammarion. The eminent French astronomer here takes us with him on a voyage through the immensity of celestial space. In his company we scale thousands of stars one after the other, steps of a staircase without end stretching out on all sides around our planet.

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS, by Sir John Hare. Chapter VI—In America.

MY AFRICAN JOURNEY, by the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P. Chapter VIII.

THE LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MR. BRIGG. "Why can an elephant push a heavier load with his head than if he dragged it?" "Why would a horse travel faster and further with his forelegs on wheels than in the natural way?" "Why does a long motor-car travel faster than a short one?" The answers to the above questions with many illustrations that greatly enhance their interest are supplied by Mr. Thomas Hargreaves Brigg, who has taken a lifelong interest in such problems.

15 Cents a Copy, $1.50 a Year. Of all Newsdealers and

INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY
83 and 85 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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MAKE much of the Now! The Present Moment alone is ours. Truth must be lived in order to be realized, therefore waste not your time dreaming of Heaven ❧ For Heaven is prepared for those who prepare themselves by Right Living, Now and Here. And Preparation means Working, not Dreaming. Wishing accomplishes nothing. Only by Being and Doing do we bring about what Wishing merely dreams and never gets. The best preparation for the World to Come is therefore not Dreaming nor Wishing, but the proper employment of all our powers in achieving the greatest and best things possible to us in this world ❧ Future reward depends upon present faithfulness. He, who to-day is faithful in little things, to-morrow, becomes the ruler over ten cities. Be thou faithful—now.—H. A. Price.

❧

As a general rule the spirit of the times is always reminiscent rather than creative; the workers tend to collate the researches of their predecessors rather than to make new and original researches for themselves.—Joseph Chamberlain.



HISTORY IN TABLOID

THE Roycroft Fraternity was founded in 1895 by a man with small capital and an expanding ego.

The work has grown, and the workers have grown with their work. The concern now employs over five hundred people, and has a capital of half a million dollars ❧ It has issued no bonds nor mortgages, and extends its lines only as it has the money and sees the way open. It is not given to plunging or speculation. The business has evolved slowly and steadily from the first, and is still evolving.

The Roycrofters issue three magazines, *The Fra, The Philistine* and *The Little Journeys*. These magazines have a combined paid-up circulation of over two hundred thousand copies a month, and are believed to exercise a vitalizing influence on the thought of the world. ¶ The Roycrofters print and bind books; they also have a blacksmith shop, a furniture shop, two hotels, a farm of a hundred acres, a "Chautauqua Assembly," and an art pottery is under way. Located in their central stone building is a Bank, which is operated under the title of "Elbert Hubbard, Banker," as a personal assurance to the depositor of right treatment. ¶ The policy of the Bank is a conservative one. It loans money to Roycroft workers who are building homes, or making material improvements, and need a little transient assistance ❧ This Bank started six years ago, and has grown slowly ever since. It pays four per cent interest per annum, on quarterly balances, adding the interest to the principal. Deposits from One Dollar up received, subject to check at any time. ¶ Experience has shown that banking by mail is safe and convenient. *You are invited to open an account with us*—also an account for your boy or girl. A bank account is an education.

Address: ELBERT HUBBARD, Banker, East Aurora, N. Y.

MAY blessings be upon the head of the discontented man—for it is such as he, striving for contentment that make our civilization progressive, each advance bringing us nearer that state predicted by philosophers, the state of equilibration or the complete adjustment of ourselves to our environment.—Thomas John Acheson.

❧

The man who looks for God outside of his own heart will never find Him.

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THE dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn service and twilight-revival,—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play with the devil, in our Satanellas, Roberts, Fausts; chanting hymns through traceried windows for background for effect, and artistically modulating the "Dio" through variation on variation of mimicked prayer, while we distribute tracts next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment. This gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in plain English word or deed, to make Christian law any rule of life and found one national act or hope thereon—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! ¶ You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke and organ pipes, both. Leave them and the Gothic windows and the painted glass to the property man; give up your carbureted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door step. For there is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was or ever shall be.—John Ruskin.

If education should be universal and complete, it would do more than all else to obliterate fictitious distinctions in society.—Horace Mann.

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WE believe in the continued prosperity of our country.

We believe in its unlimited resources and the unconquerable spirit of our people.

We believe in the vastness of its enterprises and uncountable wealth of its productions. We believe that no man or band of men can hinder our progressiveness. We believe that our people have full and enthusiastic faith in the richness of our country and the soundness of its finances. We believe that the year 1908 will continue to mark the onward and upward march of our civilization. We believe that the recent disturbance was not caused by any curtailing of our resources or unsoundness of our finances. We believe it has been brought about by unscrupulous politicians and dishonest financiers. We believe that these are but a small minority of those who guide the destiny of this nation. We believe that he who publicly expresses his pessimistic views is working an injury, not only upon himself, but upon all his fellow men. We believe that it is the duty of each and every man to put his shoulder to the wheel, and by voice and action proclaim his faith in the honor and stability of our business institutions. We believe it is the duty of every traveling man to inspire confidence in those with whom he comes in contact, and by his optimism assist in restoring conditions to their normal state.

We believe, first, last, and all the time, in our country, its people, and its institutions.—The Southern Traveler.

Truth is such a precious article let us all economize in its use.—Mark Twain.

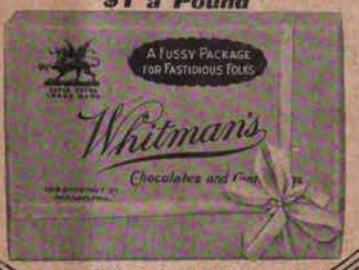
Whitman's

For People who don't like Cream Chocolates

"FUSSY PACKAGE"

All Chocolates and not a Cream Centre in the Lot

$1 a Pound



Newest and best thing in the whole candy world.

Only those chocolates the "fussiest" people choose in making up a box.

When ordering ask for "Fussy Package" and look for the "Fussy" Seal —all Whitman agencies.

Contains only Chocolate covered Nougat, Molasses Chips, Almonds, Cream Walnuts, Marshmallows, Cocoanettes, Pecan Creams, Hard Nougat, Molasses Blocks, Neapolitans, Cream Nuts, Caramels and Blossoms of Solid Chocolate.

Sent prepaid anywhere in U.S. for $1.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

IT is n't every day that you can indulge the palate in an exquisite tidbit, and at the same time, enjoy a real benefit.

Generally dainties have a penalty attached, ranging from a brown taste to an attack of indigestion ☙ With

GERALDSON'S FIGS

it 's *different*. They are as pleasant to eat as the best candy, and in addition, they are a *valuable food* and an *ideal system regulator* and they CANNOT BE ADULTERATED. Throughout the entire process of curing, selecting and packing, the greatest of care is exercised, and every precaution is taken to insure their reaching your hands *Clean* and *Fresh*. We will send you three 30 oz. cartons, transportation prepaid, for $1.00; or five for $1.00 if *you* pay the express charges.

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY, Newcastle, California

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"Whoso tooteth not his own horn,
The same shall not be tooted."

JONES Dairy Farm SAUSAGES

Which is why I say, here and now, that my sausages have no equal this side of yon blue dome we call the sky.

Over forty years ago we realized that the way to get the most and best cream off the milk was to feed the milk to our little pigs and turn the pigs into sausages. Verily, rural alchemy.

The neighbors sort of put it into our heads that there were other folks in the world besides us who liked good sausages. So next time we made a little extra for them. It 's great to watch a neighborhood grow. Mine extends from one end of the country to the other, and includes such men as George W. Perkins, Lyman J. Gage and the Fra, all on account of the deliciousness and purity of Jones Dairy Farm Sausages. I want you for a neighbor, and if your Grocer won't supply you, send me his name, and I will send you my

TRIAL OFFER

Four Pounds, One Dollar, Express Prepaid—One Dollar and Forty cents West of Kansas and South of Tennessee.

Jones Dairy Farm Sausages are made on an old-fashioned farm recipe that I 've been using for over forty years. They contain only the choicest parts of little milk-fed pigs, home-ground spices and salt. I make only enough to fill each day's orders, so they 're always fresh. I guarantee that you will like them—or the dollar goes back to you.

The Jones Dairy Farm booklet tells an interesting story of the farm and its products; of the many good things made right here besides sausages, hams and bacon, and gives simple old New England recipes for cooking them. Send your name and address—the stamp is already on the envelope.

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm, P. O. Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

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You Think Big Thoughts While You Walk!

FOLKS who lean toward arm-chair amusements never add to the world's storehouse of things beautiful.

Intelligent activity means production. You learn to write by writing—and to walk by walking. Expression is purely a matter of good circulation, good digestion. You get the sunshine into your body and brain—then your thought-pot boils over. All the world's great symphonies were first played for the edification of Mother Nature. When you hear the "Call of the Wild," obey it—it's the call of Divine Energy.

¶Edgar Allan Poe rose from his bed at night to walk abroad, oftentimes in the midst of a storm. Divine Energy wooed its own—he had to go. Internal rumblings, prophesying volcanic thought, cast him out and away from things conventional, yet kind Nature present at the birth of each young idea warmed it into life by holding it close to her breast. Poe's works live, and in them you can ever hear the crash and roar of the storm and the wail of the new born.

Walt Whitman, too, that great lover of humanity, sang and lived the life of the open road. "Henceforth I whimper no more," said Walt. He knew. This man slept with his head near the heart of Nature and his thoughts also live in books penned 'neath the blue sky. People who walk the open road are in close touch with the Infinite.

Now Richard Le Gallienne, our "Dicky," tells us of the joys of walking. Late this month he intends to foot-it four hundred and fifty miles, from East Aurora to New York City. "Dicky" would not insult his splendid manhood by being cooped up in a railroad train. Of course it will take some time, this walk, a month or more, but what "Dicky" sees, thinks, and writes, on the trip, will cancel the time charge.

"Dicky" walks like Dan O'Leary, head thrown back, chest out, with a cane for company; like Dan O'Leary he knows that true walking comfort and grace of carriage springs from

O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels



He eliminates the jar on his spinal column—his brain, by padding the point of greatest contact with New Live Rubber.

With a pair of O'SULLIVAN'S NEW LIVE RUBBER HEELS, a cane, some scrap paper and a pencil as equipment, "Dicky" maintains that he could walk forever.

Why not get the "*O'Sullivan Habit*"—WALK!

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER COMPANY
LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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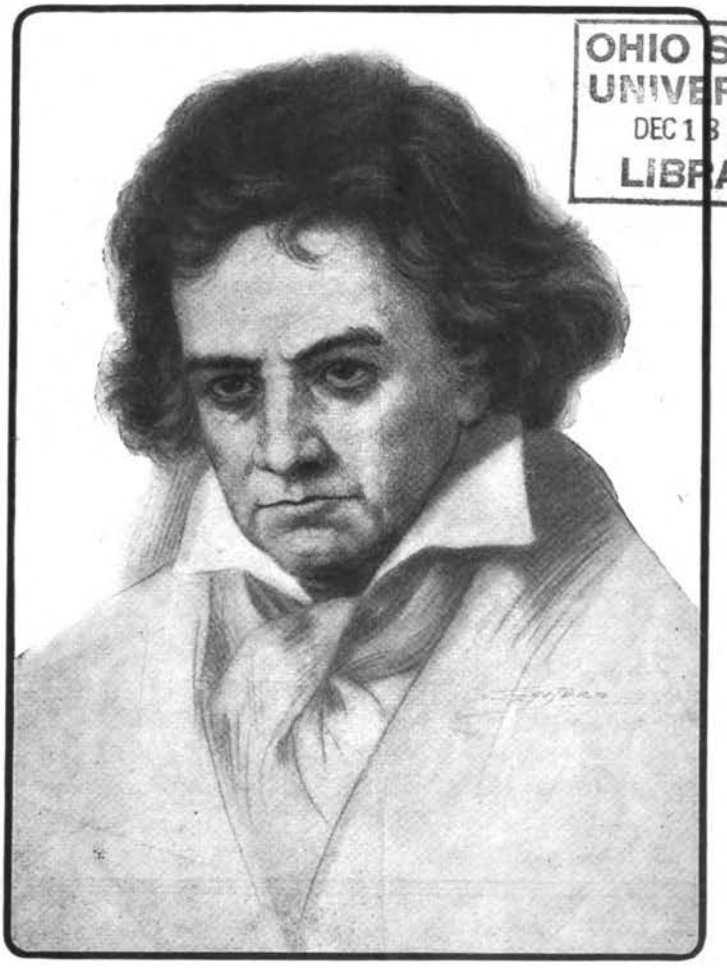
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THE FRA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 2 NOVEMBER, 1908 No. 2



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Elbert Hubbard Editor and Publisher
East Aurora. New York

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Paper Specialists
TO THE ROYCROFTERS

MANY OF OUR BEST
BOOKS ARE PRINTED ON

Hamilton Paper

W. C. HAMILTON & SONS
(ESTABLISHED EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX)
WM. PENN P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE: (Room 1424) 299 Broadway, J. Paul Nolting, Mgr.

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THE FRA XMAS NUMBER

THE FRA stands for Art, Intellectual Uplift and Reciprocity! You 'll find THE FRA mental relief after Popular Huxter-Hishhash.

Twenty World-Famous Writers

will contribute to our Big Christmas Number. Each article will fittingly represent an IDEA expounded for FRA Followers by devotees of Crystalline Thought. ¶ A picture of Fra Elbertus, and also a group picture of Roycroft Horsemen, free with this Christmas Number of THE FRA. Artistic Pictures mounted on Heavy Brown Mats, suitable for framing. (Not marred by printed matter.)

Gaspard's Conception of Jesus of Nazareth

will be the cover portrait this month; a very beautiful work in two colors on Alexandra Japan Vellum

A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL

Send us Two Dollars for Your Nineteen Hundred Nine Subscription to THE FRA, and as a Christmas Present, we will send you our Double Christmas-Number, gratis, together with a beautiful Two Dollar Roycroft Book, bound in limp leather.

CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

TIME and experience have taught us that Criminals are human beings, in shame perhaps—but still our Brothers. In Life's great Getaway, many suffer handicaps. Environment oftentimes forces Divine Energy into depths where Crime has its birth. Only Police Blotters record, and delineate the sufferings, hardships, cruelties and despair of the Other Half. Yet Society being psychic, knows and suffers in sympathy. Recently our prison systems have been changed. Now, punishment is not the aim; we seek to reclaim, remedy, reform. Intelligent thought commands us to stimulate and build up lacking qualities, then the criminal will no longer be a menace to society ¶ Robert G. Ingersoll was the friend of the lowly. His work reflected the purifying light of common-sense upon the dungeon, the lock-step and other hope-killing fancies of reformation. His hand lifted the sullen beast from out the dungeon and made of him a man.

BOUND IN LIMP LEATHER, SILK LINED - - - TWO DOLLARS

This Book is given Gratis with a Year's Subscription for THE FRA

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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IN versatility of intellect and use of the epigram Shakespeare has no more able rival than Elbert Hubbard. In the range of subjects treated during the twenty-five years of his writing life he has even outdone John Ruskin who expressed himself upon more subjects than any other writer of the last century. ¶ Most men, who have added to the wealth of literature, have been failures in real life and very often actual burdens upon society and we read their contributions with an interest mingled with pity, but to Mr. Hubbard belongs the proud achievement of having succeeded as a man of business as well as a man of letters. Elbert Hubbard learned to live before he learned to write. He has gained a reputation as a successful author, journalist, lecturer, philanthropist, workman, merchant and farmer—quite an all-around man, that is all too rare in these days.—*Pall Mall (London) Gazette.*

Books by Elbert Hubbard

Time and Chance—A Narrative Life of John Brown; three hundred and fifty pages, in limp leather, silk lined	$ 2.50
No Enemy But Himself	1.25
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LITTLE JOURNEYS to the Homes of Good Men and Great, American Authors, Famous Women, American Statesmen, and Eminent Painters, and Time and Chance, on this list, were printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, but the books have been bound by The Roycrofters in limp chamois, silk lined, very roycroftie. No Enemy but Himself is printed and bound by Putnam's.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

NOTE: One Day, Forbes of Harvard, The Song of Songs, As It Seems to Me, The Book of Ecclesiastes, The Book of Job, Contemplations, all by Elbert Hubbard, are out of print. It is useless to order any of them—we have none in stock, and do not know where we could buy even fugitive copies, excepting possibly, at an advance of ten times the original price. If we had any copies of these books we would place them in a fire and burglar proof safe and keep them for ourselves, heirs and assigns, forever

give a sincere and rational view of the cosmos and thereby imperils the great post mortem fruition of incarnate human selfishness is ostracised and damned with loathing unutterable. Be a Christian in Christian lands. Be a Mohammedan in Mohammedan lands. Be a Hindu in Hindu lands. Be as ignorantly contented as everyone else. Be to all intent a low prostitute, stuffed with the material sweets of this life and expectant of spiritual sweets in another. But do not show a glimmer of intelligence. If you do, it will be the worse for you. If you do, your name will reek with curses of illiterate witlings. —Geo. A. White

WHEREVER in this world the enormous Bribe offered by a popular religion is called in question, the guilty one becomes the butt of hatred and malice on the part of religiously glozed-over mercenaries. The anathema maranatha fulminates mildly in India, for instance, against the Christian and against any one else who assails the bona fide nature of the Buddhistic bribe. In China, in the lesser countries of Asia, throughout almost the entire world, whoever attempts to

AGAINST the idea that I began in perfection and fell from it in the person of a sinful ancestry all history cries out. Whatever we know points upward. It is only superstition which casts a backward finger at a vanished dream. The glory is before us. The slime and ooze of an old world are behind. The slug of yesterday is the swallow of to-day.—Mangasarian.

While we dispute for Heaven we are losers on this earth.—Heine.

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THERE is, unquestionably, nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; honour your parents; to respect those who are set over you: these, and a few others, are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce. But if we contrast this stationary aspect of moral truths with the progressive of intellectual truths, the difference is indeed startling. All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence, have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans, which was not likewise known to the ancients. In reference to the conduct of our intellect, the moderns have not only made the most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but besides this, they have upset and revolutionized the old methods of inquiry; they have consolidated into one great scheme all those resources of induction which Aristotle alone dimly perceived; and they have created sciences, the faintest idea of which never entered the minds of the boldest thinker antiquity produced.—Buckle.

"Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us—never cease to instruct—never cloy."

BOOKS: Hand-Tooled by our Mr. Kinder, Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Youngers. We believe there are no finer specimens of book-binding produced in America, or in the world, for that matter. We send books to London, Paris, Leipsic, Venice and Amsterdam, and do not hesitate to exhibit our work with that of the best masters of the craft across the sea. The work is individual, unique and rarely artistic.

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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

Nothing is so fatal to Success as pretense.

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MODELED LEATHER

THE "leather repousse" comes to us from the Moors, who carried the art into Venice, where it was replaced by the more brilliant hand-tooling, and then conveniently forgotten. Specimens of Modeled Leather done five hundred years ago are to be found in the British Museum and the Pitti Gallery, that are yet in almost perfect condition. We need not explain to the initiate that Modeled Leather is not stamped, nor is it "Mexican." It is all done by hand, like a portrait by Rembrandt.

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To the Two Million Users of the Gillette Safety Razor

YOU know the peculiar satisfaction of shaving with a Gillette—the convenience—the economy—the ease. You know you would not be without it for ten times its cost. You know it needs no stropping, no honing. That it is the only safety razor that is safe (cannot cut your face) and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

But you do not know that your Gillette has grown more valuable in the last sixty days—increased its efficiency—taken a ten year leap ahead—by the introduction of the wonderful new-process Gillette blades.

If ever there was a time when you should urge your friends to try the Gillette it is now. Tell them to join the Gillette-Five-Minute-Club of Morning Shavers. Save their money and their patience—and have clean faces *all the time.*

New process Gillette blades are paper thin, flexible, with a hard mirror-like finish and a marvelous keenness and durability—the finest shaving edges ever known.

These blades are packed in handsome nickel-plated boxes, hermetically sealed, sanitary, damp-proof, anti-rust and antiseptic.

Price per set of 12 new blades (24 cutting edges) $1.00.

Standard Gillette Razor with 12 blades, $5.00.

Combination sets, $6.50 to $50.00.

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WHEN Autoists, Doctors, College Fraternity Men, Golfers or Elks desire to hold a Convention, a Gabfest, a What-Not, they naturally gravitate toward Hotel Rider. Far from the whirl and roar of things—yet not too far—this splendid Hotel offers just the equipment that Jolly-Good-Fellows require. Ever the Lobby of Hotel Rider presents a kind of panoramic Good-fellowship. You hear the fraternal greeting, see the hearty hand-clasp and the slap-on-the-back, and join in the laugh at the end of the story! ¶You'll always find some one you know at HOTEL RIDER, also you'll find some one you'll want to know better. This then is the Home of Good-fellowship. ¶Many Business Men spend each week-end at

HOTEL RIDER
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thru habit. There they find Golf, Tennis, Bowling, Boating, perchance a "Good Show" in the House Theatre on Saturday night, miles of woodland and open country over which to stroll in the early morning, and last but best—many Fellow Mortals who know the value of the SMILE.

Hotel Rider, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

UNTO the shadows leave your dreams. But share you your bread with little children, see that no one goes about you with naked feet, look kindly upon mothers nursing their children on the doorstep of humble cottages, walk through the world without malevolence, do not knowingly crush the humblest flower, respect the nests of birds, bow to the purple from afar and to the poor at close range. Rise to labor, go to rest with prayer, go to sleep in the unknown, having for your pillow the infinite; love, believe, hope, live, be like him who has a watering pot in his hand, only let your watering pot be filled with good deeds and good words; never be discouraged, be magi and be father, and if you have lands cultivate them, and if you have sons rear them, and if you have enemies bless them,—all with that sweet and unobtrusive authority that comes to the soul in patient expectation of the eternal dawn.—Victor Hugo.

TAKE are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths or blunt ones, which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once out of the way. But a sapling truth with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods, most men dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means, such guest or vision may be avoided.—John Ruskin.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Drink *Schilling's Best* and cease living in the sub-cellar of your Soul

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EVERY genius has had a splendid mother. Had I space, I could name you a dozen great men—dead and gone—who were ushered into this earth-life under about the following conditions: A finely-organized, receptive, aspiring woman is thrown by fate into an unkind environment. She thirsts for knowledge, for sweet music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment. She has a heart hunger that none about her comprehend; she strives for better things but those nearest her do not understand. She prays to God, but the heavens are but brass. When in this peculiar mental condition a child is born to her. This child is heir to all of his mother's spiritual desires, but he develops a man's strength and breaks the fetters that held her fast. He surmounts obstacles that she could never overcome. The woman's prayer was answered. God listened to her after all ❧ But like Columbus, who gave the world a continent, she dies in ignorance of what she has achieved.

I Know the Troubles of a Salesman

MY knowledge has been gained by experience. I have toed the mark with those troubles every day for nearly twenty years, as salesman, sales manager, and employer.

As a salesman I have worked in nearly every section of the United States, and I have *sold the goods.*

I am still a salesman. I always expect to be one. Salesmanship is the greatest profession there is, and to be a good salesman is to be always sure of a good job, and a fair share of the best things on earth.

I know the peculiar troubles that salesmen have; I know the prejudices they have to contend with, the unreasonable objections they have to overcome, the clever competition they must meet, the fits of the blues they must dispel, all the vastly differing types of men they must meet and reach. ¶ I *studied* the problems of selling for many years, and I *analyzed* my own attempts and the attempts of other salesmen—successful and unsuccessful—to solve those problems.

Out of years of experience, observation and study, I was able to formulate the Science of Salesmanship.

It has been my observation that the best salesmen are those who are trying to be better salesmen.

This probably explains why so large a percentage of the students of the Science of Salesmanship are recruited from among veteran salesmen and business executives.

The Science of Salesmansbip appeals to live ones.

Having satisfied myself that underlying the art of selling there are certain fundamental, scientific principles, I decided to attempt two things: *first*, to formulate the Science of Salesmanship; *second*, to sell it as a course of correspondence study to other salesmen.

I feel that I have succeeded fairly well.

More than 33,000 men have subscribed for the Science of Salesmanship in five years ❧ New students are coming to us faster and faster all the time.

The Results Accomplished Prove My Case. Now my claims are modest. All I claim is that the Science of Salesmanship will help any salesman who *masters* and *uses* its principles to become a *better* salesman—hence capable of making more money for his *house* and for *himself.*

The Science of Salesmanship provides at once a foundation for the man just entering the profession which he could not lay for himself except through years of hard knocks.

Does the scientific worker of to-day begin where the scientific worker of yesterday began? No: he begins where the man of yesterday *left off.*

Progress in the Present Comes by Profiting from the Progress of the Past.

If you think of entering salesmanship, or if you are in salesmanship already, why not profit by all the knowledge that others can give you?

I know that no matter what your position, or your line, I can *help* you, through the Science of Salesmanship, to sell more and to have more.

I want to *prove* this to you.

I want you to understand just what we have been doing for the 33,000; just what we can do for you.

I want you to know all about our work, whether you want to become a student now or not, so kindly fill in the coupon and mail it to me TO-DAY. Sincerely yours,

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Please send me more information about your Courses. I am interested specially in the subjects I have checked below:

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All instruction by correspondence

IF A man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—Emerson.

❧

Physical health is physical religion.—Cooper.

Schilling's Best will rout your doubts, fool that foggy feeling, eliminate the doctor and help you to plan and wisely execute

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ASK your doctor what is the greatest preventive of colds and pneumonia and the chances are he will say THE EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBER. Many a man or woman has risked colds and pneumonia rather than wear the thick, clumsy rubber of the old type. This need not be so now, for the appearance of the smallest shoe is not marred by THE EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBER. The only rubber recommended by physicians. ALWAYS FOR SALE WHERE GOOD SHOES ARE SOLD. Men's Eversticks, $1.00. Women's Eversticks, $1.00. Women's Everstick Foothold, black, 75 cents. Women's Everstick Foothold, white or tan, $1.00.

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FOWLER-JIMPSON-CLEV'D.

this mosaic of human life. The Road is not open to those who withdraw the skirts of intolerance or lift the chin of pride. Rejecting the least of those who are called common or unclean, it is (curiously) you yourself that you reject. If you despise that which is ugly you do not know that which is beautiful.—David Grayson.

What people need and what they want may be very different.

I DREAMED in a dream how I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamed that it was The New City of Friends; nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love; it led the rest; it was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, and in all their looks and words. —Whitman.

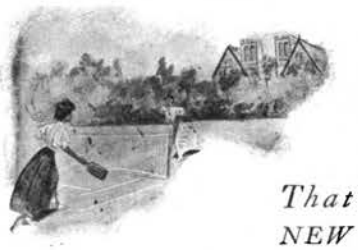
If your friend, the broker, has just married, do not refer to the event as a membership in The Stork Exchange—you may get what is coming to you.

IT is the prime secret of the Open Road that you are to pass nothing, reject nothing, despise nothing upon this earth. As you travel, many things both great and small will come to your attention; you are to regard all with open eyes and a heart of simplicity. Believe that everything belongs somewhere; each thing has its fitting and luminous place within

Folks like you, doing big tasks, carrying great responsibilities, need a gentle stimulant, but a stimulant that does not draw drafts on the Bank of Futurity. *Try Schilling's Best!*

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THERE must be a better form of religion. It must be free, and welcome the highest, the proudest, and the widest thought. Its organization must not depend on the State; it must ask no force to bring men to meeting, to control a man's opinions, to tell him on what day he shall worship, when he shall pray, what he shall believe, what he shall disbelieve, or what he shall denounce. The Christian world has something to learn, at this day, even from the Atheist; for he asks entire Freedom for human nature, —freedom to think, freedom to will, freedom to love, freedom to worship if he may, not to worship if he will not. And if the Christian Church had granted this freedom there would have been no atheism. If Theology had not severed itself from Science, Science would have adorned the Church with its magnificent beauty ✍ If the Christian Church had not separated itself from the world's life there would be no need of anti-slavery societies, temperance societies, education societies, and all the thousand other forms of philanthropic action. A new religious life can beautify all these movements into one.—Theodore Parker.



The College Girl
K N O W S
Good Candy

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NEW CONFECTION DELIGHT

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

SORORITY CHOCOLATES were formerly our "*Private Stock*"—specially made to order, of the choicest materials, for a trade which demanded something *Superfine*.
¶ They're now offered on general sale for the first time.
You 'll never know how delicious cream chocolates can be till you 've eaten SORORITY CHOCOLATES.
Dainty, crisp shells of rich vanilla chocolate that vanish instantly, leaving delightfully flavored centers whipped-up into snowy fluffs of goodness.
A single cream will decide you forever in favor of SORORITY CHOCOLATES.
At Dealers—Sixty cents a pound. The gift of "*the man who knows*" to "the girl who appreciates."

The Sorority Girl
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¶ A famous artist has produced for us ten fascinating SORORITY GIRL studies in colors. Just the thing for framing—FOR YOUR DEN. Send us One Dollar, and we will send to you, PREPAID, a full one-pound box (craftsmanship design) of SORORITY CHOCOLATES and three ARTISTS DUPLICATES, which alone are worth more than the One Dollar, in colors, (11x24 in.), of the SORORITY GIRL STUDIES, absolutely free. Address



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Makers of famous "Taylor-Made" Candies—"Taylor-Made" Honey Comb Chocolate Chips—"Taylor-Made" Chocolates & Marshmallows.

IN the march of time there fell away from my mind, as the leaves from the trees in autumn, the last traces and relics of superstitions acquired compulsorily in childhood. Let man, then, leave his gods, and lift up his ideal beyond them.—Richard Jefferies.

✍

Whenever children are inattentive and apparently take no interest in a lesson, the teacher should always first look to himself for a reason.—Pestalozzi.

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"Ambition spurs man onward when
Commonsense calls, 'Whoa!'"

YOU 20th Century devotees of speed, owners of Red Devils and White Streamers, who pass and repass each other in a whirl of dust along the Pathway of Time, should note well the consequence of Eye-Neglect. Autoists, unless you preserve your blessed eye-sight, your wild rush will carry you into the World of Darkness—and then what? ¶"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive," spake Robert Louis, the Well-Beloved. He, Stevenson, preferred to browse in the sweet-scented valleys; he never lived the strenuous life of to-day—but he knew the inevitable result. Oftentimes, in our madcap race with Destiny, we exceed the speed limit. Father Time gave to each a well made, well arranged machine, but 'tis foolhardy to overtax this perfect mechanism in a *blase* attempt to create an impression. Glue your eyes on the horizon, ignore the repair shops along Life's Road, open wide the throttle and you will wind up in the open ditch of oblivion. ¶Business and professional men who find in automobiling a needed recreation, will do well to protect their eyes against the impurities of "the Other Fellow's dust." On a tour the dust works "into the creases," and the wash-up at the end of the line fails to help inflamed eyes. Wise autoists carry with them in their emergency kit, a small, de luxe, leather covered package marked—

MURINE REMEDY

A guaranteed "first-aid" that cleanses
and purifies without any after effect

AN AUTO-SUGGESTION: INVEST ONE DOLLAR FOR THE MURINE DE LUXE PACKAGE AND SAVE YOUR EYE-SIGHT

MURINE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOW admirable is that religion which, while it seems to have in view only the felicity of another world, is at the same time the highest happiness of this.—Montesquieu.

NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

WHEN I am dead I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

THE two great causes of human misery are these: To want a thing and not be able to get it; and to get a thing and find you do not want it.

YOU cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Do not waste so much time crying over spilt milk that you forget to go after the cows at night.

HOW to live—is the essential question for us;—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage to ourselves and others;—how to live completely.—Herbert Spencer.

He who abuses tea would abuse friendship, good faith, credit, love or any other of Nature's Great Gifts. Use Schilling's Best!

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IT is because mental traits are so contagious that psychologists have taught us the wisdom of associating with people from whom we may "catch" the qualities of which we are most in need. To live in daily intercourse with a person of noble mind, dauntless courage, and high ambition is certain to exert an influence for good upon our own character, just as close associations with a grumbling, discontented, discouraged mortal invariably has a decidedly deleterious effect upon ourselves. We may laugh at their moods, and deem them absurd, but unconsciously we are affected by them. We "catch" their train of thought; however, if not thrown off, the contagion may lead us into some very desperate straits.—Graham Hood.



Health and Happiness at the Battle Creek Sanitarium

You enjoy Life just so long as your machinery runs smoothly. When the wheels slip and slide, when the throttle fails to control, a smash-up is due at the next curve.

An insignificant break will oftentimes throw your entire mechanism entirely out of gear. Each part sympathizes with every other part and acts accordingly. Let the Fire Box report abuse, your engine "pounds," your joints creak, and your cylinders leak steam in jets and puffs—all Danger Signals.

When *your* machinery shows signs of wear, take it upon yourself to head for the Repair Shop without delay. Don't allow Destiny to switch you onto the siding that leads to the Scrap Heap, while the Emergency Crew stands idly by awaiting the Call of Reason!

¶The Battle Creek Sanitarium repairs, renovates, rebuilds Human Machines at small cost, with no inconvenience.

Three or Four Weeks at the Battle Creek Sanitarium may add years to your Life. You may not only be granted temporary relief from existing ailments, but better yet, you will be taught the principles of health by rational living.

THE SANITARIUM
Box 111, Battle Creek, Michigan
Without obligating myself in any way I will be pleased to receive the Souvenir Portfolio mentioned in this advertisement.

NAME_____

STREET NO._____

CITY_____ STATE_____

RATES VERY MODERATE. Board and Room, including baths, services of bath attendants, and necessary medical attention, COST LESS at the Battle Creek Sanitarium than board and room alone at many first-class Fall and Winter-resort hotels.

DO YOU TAKE A TRIP THIS WINTER? Before you go write for the Beautiful Illustrated Portfolio of the Battle Creek Sanitarium—you 'll change your plans!

THE SANITARIUM, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Bartonville, Wis., June 16, 1908

Mister Field-Brundage Company,

Dear Sir:—I receev de engin witch i by from you alrite, but for why you don't send no pullie. Wat is de use of de engin when she don't have no pullie. i am loose to me my kustomer sure ting by no having de pullie and dats not very pleasure to me. Vat is de matter with you mister Field-bruntage companee, is not my moneys so good like onnoder mans? you loose to me my trade un i am veree anger for dat and now i tells to you dat you are a dam fools an no good, mister Field bruntage companee. i send to you back at wunce your engin tomorro for sure bekawse you are such a dam foolishness peoples.

yourse respeckfullee,

Oscar Kranzheimer

P. S.—Since i rite dis letter i find de pullie in der box. Excuse to me.

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WE have received so many requests for portraits of ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, that we have printed in photogravure on plate paper, suitable for framing, some copies of the favorite 1890 portrait, bearing Ingersoll's signature in facsimile. Upon receipt of ten cents in stamps, to defray delivery expenses, we will send copy of this portrait, together with circular descriptive of

Ingersoll's Complete Works

DRESDEN EDITION

"No man, living or dead, in my opinion, has spoken such thrilling words on life, liberty and love; on home, happiness and humanity—no man has left to the world such beautiful word pictures as these volumes contain. I believe that every young person in the country should read the works of Ingersoll."—MARILLA RICKER

DRESDEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Eighteen East Seventeenth Street, New York

Nature ❧ The young man who has not had the courage to make a fool of himself some time in his career has not lived. Robert Louis Stevenson said this, and he said it better. Away with your cynics! Throw pessimism to the dogs! Let Tolstoy swear that the inverted bowl of the firmament is full of ashes, full of burnt-out stars; youth will see the bravery of the cosmical circus, its streamers, its mad coursing through eternity, and not only admire but worship.—James Huneker.

❧

I SAY young men will see visions, and I hope men who are no longer young will see visions, because it is on the visions of the future that there is best hope for the politics of the present; and when you and I cease to dream dreams, it will be time for us to give up being municipal reformers.—Lord Roseberry.

❧

TOLSTOY, having tasted of everything, has damaged his palate. Man pleases him not, nor does woman ❧ In every book of his later, lonesome years he gives away the secret of life's illusion, like the mischievous rival of a conjurer. It is not fair to the young ones who, with mouth agape, gaze at the cunning pictures limned by that old arch hypocrite,

❧

The practice of England and America is literally centuries behind the precept of the best thinkers upon education.—Charles W. Eliot.

Schilling's Best will help you to relax, laugh, rest and recharge your mental dynamo. All Good Grocers!—'t is needless to ask the other kind

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ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XXII—Sunday, November 1, 1908

BEETHOVEN

General Health Thought: Exercise in the open air two hours each day. Breathe through the nostrils.

BEETHOVEN—THE MASTER MIND OF MELODY

TO be a man, one must touch life at many points. For man is neither a square nor a hexagon. Man is multi-sided; he has many desires and many necessities; many natures; many qualities to be ministered to and to be developed.

The crying needs of the spiritual nature of man are just as vital as are his physical wants. So true is this, that one demand—the religious, or spiritual—has been called the all important and the one for which all else should be sacrificed.

And there seems to be some foundation of truth in this, since for the privilege of worship, man has been willing to give his all.

In the ceremonies of the churches, we have called the service worship.

The love of man for woman and woman for man is a manifestation of this same quality. In the love between man and woman there is, what has been called, the divine passion, because the lovers manifest the spiritual nature as artists do. Such lovers embody the ideal.

¶ The spiritual nature is always seeking for something higher than it has yet found or to which it has given expression.

People are forever striving to find a ceremony of worship that will satisfy. We are most familiar with the ceremonials attendant upon church worship. We often hear the expression: a seeking after something we call God. Often this brings a response in the heart to high and lofty sentiments.

The simple mind finds satisfaction in kneeling in a cathedral, murmuring to himself words that are given him by one supposed to be high in authority. He is told that this brings him near to the Mightiest of the Mighty, even into His presence. The soft light in the great room, its architecture, the pagan altar and ceremonials, colors, perfumes and sounds all minister to this unanalyzed quality in man.

As the race has evolved there have been, now and again, one who was not satisfied with what appealed to this lowly intellect. And the exercise for the artist's spiritual nature, religious nature, manifested itself differently from that of his fellow-man—he sought to put it into form and color or into sounds, poetry, oratory or music.

And all the time that the artist is seeking his God, the Ideal, his spiritual nature is exercised and ministered to, and in his expression many millions find satisfaction and worship.

Phidias, Homer, Socrates, Virgil, Michael Angelo, Demosthenes, Leonardo, Bellini, Beethoven, Shakespeare, Wagner, Keats, Shelley, Reynolds, Rembrandt, William Morris, Ruskin, Webster, Turner, Verdi, Liza Lehmann, Greigg, MacDowell, all the artists, creators, of all climes and ages, have given expression to the emotion of their spiritual or religious nature in a masterful way so that countless numbers find sweet solace and a sense of worship—exercise for the religious nature—in contemplating by thoughts or through the senses the creations of these Masters. Such a Master was Beethoven, the Musician, the Master Mind of harmonious sound.

GOLDEN TEXT

The crying needs of the spiritual nature of man are just as vital as are his physical wants.

Topic for Discussion—How must we exercise to be saved?

Lesson XXIII—Sunday, November 8, 1908

BEETHOVEN above and beyond all was a musician. We often hear that this one or that was wedded to his art. This was literally true of the greatest of symphonists. There were many women who influenced him, but like Rousseau, out under the open sky, in the fields and through the woods, he found the inspiration that he worked into his music.

To him the air was full of sweet sounds and melody. The whirring of the insects of the night, the piercing of the silence by cricket and katydid, the screech of a night bird and the hooting of the owl, all made a symphony to him which, passed through the alembic of his brain and heart, was transmuted into a complete composition, the expression of an ideal.

Fragments of harmony most of us are capable of comprehending. This musician was able to find the whole. And yet, great as was his grasp of music, there was an ideal ever leading him on and on.

"Nothing can be more sublime than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men, and to diffuse here on earth these God-like rays among mortals. Yet what is all this compared to the grandest of all Masters of harmony?

"I feel as though I had written scarcely more than a few notes of music."

GOLDEN TEXT

"No man on earth can love the country as I do. I wander about with paper and pencil among the hills and dales and valleys, and there I worship God."

Topic for Discussion—Man's primitive home was the great out-of-doors. Can he thrive without living there?

Lesson XXIV—Sunday, November 15, 1908

BEETHOVEN was a master musician with all that the term implies. Were one to have asked him the question asked the Norsemen who sailed the Seine in the year Twelve Hundred, "Who is your master?" he would have answered, as did they, "We acknowledge no man as master."

He was associated with the great men of his time. He

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studied with Haydn, but knew that great though this musician was, he himself could go deeper and higher into this soul language than had Haydn.

Mozart had heard him play when Beethoven was a beginner and had given that equivocal dictum: "Keep your eye on this youth—he will yet make a noise in the world." This, like the orphics from Delphi, could be interpreted either way that the final event warranted.

But Beethoven did not acknowledge Mozart master. ¶ He was one of those primitive geniuses who draw direct from the source—a Prometheus who snatched fire from the altar of the gods. Beethoven received his commandments from Sinai itself, and God called him by name from the burning bush.

Bach, the father of modern music, was probably the musician by whom Beethoven was most influenced; but this influence was felt only in his youth, while he was feeling his way. Beethoven made his own methods. ¶ He knew Goethe and he knew the titled men and women of power ❧ And though Germany's greatest poet was given to showing attentions to nobility, her greatest writer of symphonies gave obeisance only to the Source of all power.

On Beethoven's writing-table, in his own hand writing, he kept constantly before him these sentences, taken from the Temple of Isis.

I am that which is:

I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil.

He proceeds from Himself alone, and to Him alone do all things owe their existence.

GOLDEN TEXT

"It is indeed in the power of kings and princes to create professors and privy counsellors, and to bestow titles and decorations, but they cannot create great men ❧ Spirits that assert their ascendancy over the common herd they cannot pretend to make; and thus they are compelled to respect them."

Topic for Discussion—Who is my Master?

❧ ❧ ❧

Lesson XXV—Sunday, November 22, 1908

Milton was still a young man when the darkness shut him out from all the external world of color and form.

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,"

BUT Milton wrote his immortal poems after his light was spent. He, like Beethoven, had undaunted courage and worked on, accomplishing the well nigh impossible.

Beethoven was only twenty-eight when it was difficult for him to hear conversation. Steadily and surely the world of sound receded, fainter and fainter until there was only silence.

All that various music of bird, beast and insect was only a memory. But out in the fields and woods with note-book and pencil, in that inner world of the imagination, he lived and wrote music more beautiful, more wonderful than ever had been written before. ¶ If the world of melody was shut out from him, so was the world of discordant sounds, petty nothings and gossiping trifles. In the midst of turmoil and strife, in the busy eating house, he was ever listening to the harmony within.

And so for nearly thirty years he composed music which he never heard, and on occasions led an orchestra that played his wonderful scores, when the only way he could know of the appreciation of his audience was when a friend turned him about to see men and women standing and waving their applause. ¶ And thus he worked on to the day of his death, incessantly composing, accepting, rejecting, combining. Laborare est orare.

GOLDEN TEXT

"Joyfully I hasten to meet death. Should he come before I have had the opportunity of developing the whole of my artistic capacity, he will have come too soon in spite of my hard fate, and I shall wish he had come a little later. But even in that case I shall be content."

Topic for Discussion—Can the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune overcome one who recognizes his divinity?

❧ ❧ ❧

Lesson XXVI—Sunday, November 29, 1908

MUSIC is the youngest of the arts. Modern music dates back only about four hundred years. It is not so old as the invention of printing. As an art it began with the work of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church in endeavoring to arrange a liturgy. The medieval chant and the popular folk song came together, and the science of music was born. Sculpture reached perfection in Greece, painting in Italy, portraiture in Holland; but Germany, the land of thought, has given us nearly all the great musicians and nine-tenths of all our valuable musical compositions.—LITTLE JOURNEYS.

WHAT is music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep ❧ The very existence of music is wonderful, I might even say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE.

GOLDEN TEXT

Haydn once inscribed the score with the words, "By God's help."

Beethoven wrote underneath, "O man, help Thyself!"

Topic for Discussion—How much have the development of church ceremonials had to do with the development of the arts?

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IT is a glorious privilege to live, to know, to act, to listen, to behold, to love. To look up at the blue summer sky; to see the sun sink slowly beyond the line of the horizon; to watch the worlds come twinkling into view, first one by one, and then myriads that no man can count, and lo! the universe is white with them; and you and I are here.—Marco Morrow.

TO me there is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid reality; into something that no mortal eye hath yet seen, and no intelligence hath yet declared.—F. C. Chapin.

IT is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his judgment would have lost.—John Ruskin.

ONCE upon a time every typical American family had a "parlour." Here the melodeon vied with the hair cloth sofa and marble-top table for the place of honor. Here also were kept the family books. Growing boys and girls had to satisfy their literary longings with the weekly paper—and miscellaneous "Yellowbacks:" for were not the family books too precious for young ones to handle? ¶ To-day the scene changes. "Parlours" are no longer popular. Each home has its Living-room, "Den" or Library. Here in the evening the family meet before the open fire, in the warm glow of good-fellowship, while some one reads aloud. You feel the influence of William Morris in these Living-rooms. No upholstered, dust-catching furniture shames the eye. A few rugs on a polished floor, a few great, comfortable chairs, a table—and the



Globe-Wernicke Bookcases

Elimination and discrimination have worked wonders. ¶ Educate a boy—or girl—to love books and he cares most for his own fireside. Fathers and mothers who chum with their "kids" get a lot of joy out of life, and raise happy, intelligent families. ¶ Hubbard says, "Be kind to the boys. You're dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny waits 'round the corner." Every parent in the land should start a little home library to-day; you owe it to your country and posterity. ¶ Select a comfortable room that will stand "usage," and then, tho you have but one hundred books, tell your story to the GLOBE-WERNICKE FOLKS and they'll arrange for your Bookcases. No matter about the size or angles of this room, GLOBE-WERNICKE will do all the "thinking." ¶ GLOBE-WERNICKE BOOKCASES are made to wear one hundred years, yet you can shift them about at your own pleasure. They come in Sections. ¶ Note this illustration—then write for catalog of many models. Purse-proper and uniform prices to everybody. Dept. 10.



The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI

BRANCH STORES: New York. 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

Preserve me from the professional optimist; he is the most effective of pessimist-breeders. The true optimist does not suspect his peculiarity in this respect.—Dr. W. C. Cooper.

IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING? A Stenographic report of the Hubbard-Albertson Debates will appear in THE FRA for January

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Are You a Good Risk?



WERE you ever condemned to die—by the Medical Examiner of a Life Insurance Company? Do you know the blank despair of the moment when a so-called Learned Man, a Specialist, tells you that your Life's Chance is not worth a few dollars? (How many people have died because of this Lie?)

The Insurance Company's M. D. has no sympathy with your case. His action simply means that he considers the "applicant's" chance of living to complete his payments so poor that *he* cannot authorize an Experiment. This is a "Poor Risk." You break a man's spirit, you tear Hope from his Heart, and he might as well be dead.

Don't put yourself in a position to suffer such a telling blow unless you are reasonably sure of acceptance. Suppose one Company rejects you—the others immediately follow suit. They all "pass the word" regarding these "Poor Risks." First, be sure that you are *right*—then go ahead!

READ THIS LETTER. A MAN WHO KNOWS TALKS FACTS:

Allen Place, Hartford, Connecticut, July 25, 1908

The Prudential Insurance Company of America,
Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen:

Having endeavored in my service as Medical Examiner of the Prudential, to render the most effectual aid that would go to promote the advantage of the company, I am confident that you will pardon me for conveying to you a suggestion which has commended itself to me in the course of this service.

My suggestion is in reference to a class of people who are actually healthier than what insurance doctors describe as "first-class risks."

The fact that this class of ultra-vigorous and healthy people is composed largely of those who a few months ago were classed among the weak, delicate, and often ailing, makes the matter of vital significance.

When, in addition, as the result of an exhaustive medical inquiry, it is made patent that this health change has been produced by the simplest and most sensible means, without a drop of medicine, pill or powder, then the importance of the announcement is vastly augmented, and it should be investigated by the insurance people.

This method, to which I refer, and to which a great deal of attention is now being directed, is the system practiced by its eminent founder, Mr. Eugene Christian, of New York. The ablest medical men and scientists in this country have given it their cordial endorsement, and hundreds of people, of all ages, and in varying stages of physical weakness, have not concealed the gratitude they have felt for the benefits derived from the adoption of Mr. Christian's sensible and scientific advice.

Impressed with faith in this system, and fully believing in its utility, I would commend to you as better than first-class risks, those who have taken and employ this system. And, if it be practicable under your rules, I would recommend the acceptance of all such applicants at rates below the usual scale of charges, as it seems to me that a reason for justifying the quotation of these low rates is found in the fact that the system brings the body into a strong and healthy condition above the average, and goes to maintain that condition, thus tending to ensure longer life and greater immunity from disease and greater recuperative powers in case of illness.

"Better than a first-class risk," is the way I would describe the applicants who employ Mr. Christian's system of eating.

Ordinarily, were an applicant to come to me and say he had been taking such and such a course of treatment, I would at once be skeptical as to his being insurable; but when I find such a one following Mr. Christian's system, or having followed it, I would recommend his insurability.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. Morse, M. D.

If you have a curable disease, Food Science will cure it at small cost, provided you really determine to get well. My system of teaching will also give you a permanent insurance against disease so long as you conform to the natural laws as I teach them.

Remember that many an ailment is pronounced "incurable," not because of the power of the disease, but because of the incompetence of the doctor.

Write for my new booklet, "HOW FOODS CURE," and my free diagnosis blank.

Eugene Christian, Food Scientist **7 E. 41st St., New York**

On October First I opened my new HEALTHORIUM at Lakewood, New Jersey. This is an elegant home place, where all of my theories of Food and Hygiene are to be put into practice in the most modern and scientific way. Write for descriptive booklet.

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THE LIVE RUBBER STRIDE

The application of live rubber to locomotion is expressed in all modern contrivances of sport, commerce and general utilities. Progress depends on initiative; initiative depends on incentive; incentive depends on energy; energy comes from thinking. Thinking is stimulated by right walking. Right walking is encouraged by Live Rubber Heels.

HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN.



The O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride Means Action

Catch the spirit of the twentieth century, the spirit of quickened progress and achievement, the spirit of the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, turbine steamers and electric locomotives. Show it in your walk. Get that light, springy, vigorous stride that denotes initiative, energy and speed. GET THE O'SULLIVAN LIVE RUBBER STRIDE.

Whom are Rubber Heels For?

O'Sullivan's LIVE RUBBER HEELS are not for lazy, indolent people —though they need them most. THEY ARE:

FOR PEOPLE WHO DO THINGS;
WHO KEEP THE WHEELS OF BUSINESS MOVING;
WHO MAKE INDUSTRIES HUM;
THE BREAD AND BUTTER EARNERS;
WE ARE INTERESTED IN THEM.

The HEELS OF LIVE RUBBER will lessen for them the daily grind and the fatigue at night.

Are You Ambitious to Succeed?

Have your shoes fitted with a pair of O'SULLIVAN'S LIVE RUBBER HEELS.

They indicate to your employer that you are looking for an opening to climb higher—that your motto is, "Excelsior."

They indicate that your employer's business is your business, and that you are alert and ready to carry a Message to Garcia—that you don't need to be shown the road or be pushed into it.

The success of the American people is due to their initiative, push and courage, and you know the man or woman to whom it is a burden to walk is in no happy, energetic frame of mind to tackle large enterprises.

Learn to walk gracefully and naturally.

Proper walking gives inspiration and backed by red blood and an opportunity—**THERE IS ACTION.**

Learn to Walk Gracefully

Look to your shoes. Look to the heels of your shoes especially. Whether you walk to your work or stand at your work, the heels ought never to be over an inch high, or for a woman, an inch and a quarter, including the half inch of LIVE RUBBER. The ball or fore part of the sole to be as wide as the spread of your foot—as you look over it —the toe to suit your personal taste (not the shoemaker's), and to conform to the contour of your foot.

See to Your Heels Especially

Your heels are of paramount importance. All the weak insteps and flat feet can be traced to abnormal attitude in walking, toeing out. In walking the feet should be carried almost parallel. The heel should be set under the shoe so as to receive the line of weight passing through the centre of the inside ankle bone. You remember our Brooklyn Bridge graphic and what the effect would be if the piers of the bridge were set three feet further apart. The same reason applies to the arch, or instep, of your foot. It weakens the instep. You are indisposed to walk, your foot has lost its spring. You sit down where you used to stand, and you ride where you used to walk.

See to your boot heels. Have them equipped with HEELS OF LIVE RUBBER—and walk. The spring of the Live Rubber will encourage you.

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's, as there are substitutes that leave a bit more profit to shoemakers.

The name O'Sullivan on Rubber Heels is like Sterling on Silver

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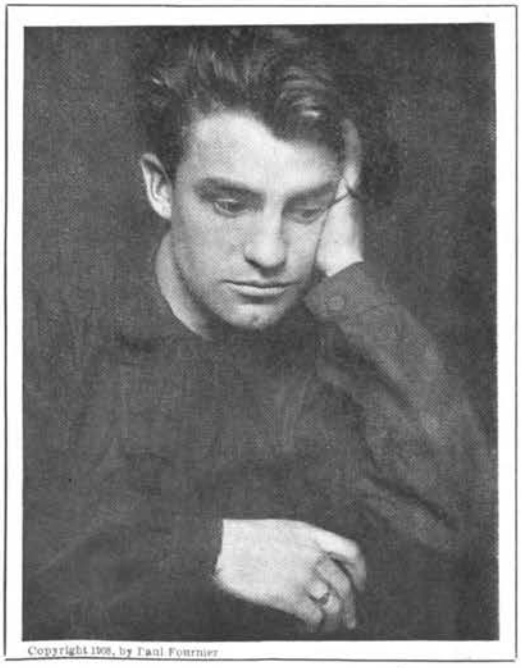
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The Roycroft Inn

(Across From The Well)

In the Land of Immortality

FRA FELIX about to put salt on the tail of an Advertising Idea

Come to the Inn and Forget It

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, N. Y.

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A LITTLE MAID TO SERVE YOU



THE MAID OF OMAHA

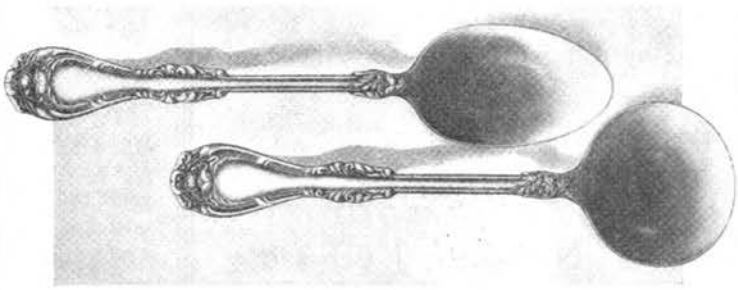
Tired Housekeepers solve many of their problems with the help of The Maid of Omaha. A deft little assistant is she with many plans to curtail labor. Her recipes give joy where e'er she visits! In one minute she provides a cup of strength-giving Beef Tea to the hard-working woman on wash day: in ten minutes she turns a cold pick-up lunch into a steaming hot, tasty, savory meal when the chance visitor arrives.

In the Sick Room again her worth she proves: she is the best of Nurses. You can't remain ill if you drink the Cudahy Beef Tea that this Little Maid serves!

Write to The Cudahy Packing Company, Omaha, Nebraska, if you need this Little Maid and her Health Helping Beef Tea. Mention that you are a FRA Follower, for Special Attention.

Rogers' Spoons Furnished Without Cost

Except the expense of mailing and packing. They are A-1 standard silver plate, superbly fashioned, French gray "sterling" finish, **free from advertising,** and manufactured exclusively for us by the celebrated silversmiths, Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., whose name they bear.





HOW TO GET THE SPOONS

For each Spoon desired, send a metal cap from any sized jar REX EXTRACT OF BEEF or CUDAHY'S NUTRITIVE BEEF EXTRACT and 10 cents in silver, or stamps, to cover packing and mailing expense. (A set of six spoons requires six metal caps and 60 cents.) When sending more than one cap, register your letter. ¶When ordering state plainly whether you want Tea Spoons or Bouillon Spoons. ¶If your dealer does not carry REX EXTRACT OF BEEF send us his name and address and sixty cents in stamps, and we will send you a two-ounce jar of Rex Extract of Beef and one of the spoons described above. ¶CUDAHY'S REX EXTRACT OF BEEF is sold by grocers and druggists.

The Cudahy Packing Company

Beef Extract Department 15, South Omaha, Nebraska

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PICTURE FRAMES

Either mar or enhance the beauty of a room. Not another element plays such an important part in the general scheme of things. One cheap, gaudy, inartistic effect strikes a false note, which spoils the symphony. ¶ To frame a picture just right requires an expert's care. Wood, color, proportion, mountings must blend harmoniously with the picture itself or all is lost.

IF YOU WANT YOUR PICTURES FRAMED IN A DISTINCTIVE AND ARTISTIC WAY—

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SECOND—You set the price; we'll give you honest value and painstaking work, regardless of cost—if we accept the commission.

THIRD—As our own Ideas are oftentimes appreciated by a cultured clientele, we presume perhaps you'd prefer that we do the planning.

FOURTH—Our materials cover a range sufficiently great to meet all demands. Our prices allow merely a legitimate profit.

Send your pictures along to Montclair. We'll "frame up" a plan giving minimum estimate of cost for materials and work, then advise you. No obligations incurred if you decide against our proposition. All work guaranteed.

REFERENCES—The Roycrofters; Mercantile Agencies; Local Banking Institutions.

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The Edward Madison Company
Montclair, New Jersey

I AM homesick.
Homesick for the home I never have seen,
For the land where I shall look horizontally into the eyes of my fellows.
The land where men rise only to lift.
The land where equality leaves men to differ as they will.
The land where freedom is breathed in the air and courses in the blood.
Where there is nothing over a man between him and the sky.
Where the obligations of love are sought for as prizes,
And where they vary as the moon.
That land is my true country.
I am here by some sad cosmic mistake,
And I am homesick.
—Ernest Crosby

FAR away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them; but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—Louisa M. Alcott.

Education is the development of ability to do useful things.—Alice Hubbard.

TOTAL abstinence, like all ascetical conclusions, is unfriendly to the most generous, cheerful and human parts of man —Robert Louis Stevenson.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.—Lincoln.

IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING? A Stenographic report of the Hubbard-Alcott Debate [illegible] for January

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MUSIC expresses feeling and thought without language. It was below and before speech, and it is above and beyond all words. Beneath the waves is the sea—above the clouds is the sky. ¶ Before men found a name for any thought, or thing, he had hopes and fears and passions, and these were rudely expressed in tones.

Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that Music was born of Love. Had there never been any human affection, there never could have been uttered a strain of music. Possibly some mother, looking into the eyes of her babe, gave the first melody to the enraptured air

Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all that we feel; and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music Music is the sunshine—the climate—of the soul, and it floods the heart with a perfect June.

I am also satisfied that the greatest music is the most marvelous mingling of Love and Death. Love is the greatest of all passions, and death is its shadow. Death gets all its terrors from Love, and Love gets its intensity, its radiance, its glory and its rapture, from the darkness of Death. Love is a flower that grows on the edge of the grave.—Ingersoll.

FORMAL moral instructions, except as auxiliaries to other influences, have very little power over the consciences and characters of the young.—Rev. Jacob Abbott.

Education is the only interest worthy of the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—Wendell Phillips.

FOLKS who have a "sweet tooth" find great difficulty indulging their saccharine appetites on latter day confections. Emerson fathered the belief that you pay the price here and now for all earthly indiscretions; but Emerson also counselled that we avoid error of judgment in selection.

GERALDSON FIGS

meet Immortal's candy-wants without issuing drafts on the Bank of Futurity. Dodge diabetes by eating natural sweets. Clean, fresh Figs, selected, cured and packed under the supervision of an expert, delivered direct to you in sealed cartons. ¶ Three thirty ounce cartons for a Dollar, transportation prepaid; or five for the Dollar if *you* pay express.

Foothill Orchard Company, Newcastle, California

OCCASIONALLY an Immortal discovers that his wires are down, that in some way he has short-circuited himself. When this happens and the brain central fails to keep in touch with outlaying stations it's time to make repairs. ¶ Wise members of the Clan shut off the current of their daily life, hang out the sign, "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS," then hike to the

FAIRFIELD INN

to have their system renovated. ¶ Fairfield Inn Folks depend on the Wonderful Waters of the Mineral Wells for health and happiness—and they are not disappointed. ¶ When the batting average of your battery slumps, when your sparker fails to spark, take the next train for Mineral Wells, Texas. ¶ Additional information on request.

The Fairfield Inn, Mineral Wells, Texas

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Cheaper Than a Horse

Operation less than one cent per mile. Up-keep less than ten cents per day. Solid rubber tires—no tire troubles or expense. No differential gears, friction clutches, water tanks, etc. A blacksmith can make all ordinary repairs.

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The Broncho Book

By Captain Jack Crawford

CAPTAIN JACK swings his verse-lariat with such perfect grace and abandon, such freedom, such force, he demands your keenest admiration. This man has no University degree, he is merely a student, an undergraduate in the College of Hard Knocks. He believes that you can best assimilate the knowledge which you pick up handkerchief fashion as you dash down Life's Trail on your broncho. There is nothing of the prig about Captain Jack, nor has he ever been prinked or petted by the predators. Captain Jack lives in the Open. A child of the great outdoors, a disciple of wind and rain; his home, the saddle of his broncho; his bed, the bosom of Mother Nature. At seventeen, when but a boy, he entered the army, serving honorably through the Civil War. (In battle fighting alongside his own father.) Since that time he has lived the coarse, crude life of the Western Frontier. In mining camps, herding cattle, fighting Indians as chief of scouts, riding mail—Jack has lived, hoped, starved, laughed, hit hard, laughed again, and ever and anon, broke forth in song. The Poet-Scout's book-thoughts are blown to you fresh from the prairies; in them the howl of the coyote sounds near, and you hear the rush of stampeding cattle. His own brand—the Brand of Man has been burned deep in every page.

TO THE ELECT, TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," etc., etc.

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THOUGHT EVOLUTION

governs the World to-day. During the last twenty-five years supposedly secure religions have been thrust from their throne of dogmatic assumption. Spiritualism, Eddyism, New Thought, have all played a part in this great enlightenment. Religious Black Magic and Voodooism gave birth to an incredulity that now-a-days accepts only the best of this heterogeneous pot pourri for use. ¶ Slowly but surely we are evolving toward the Brotherhood of Man. All signs point that way. It has been a long fight and oftentimes a losing one, but present day conditions tell of a Universal Religious truce in the near future. ¶ Many men have suffered that we might have Peace here on Earth. To these men we owe a Mighty debt. Each step in the right direction represents the Divine Energy of one unselfish soul. Plato, Aristotle, Hypatia, Erasmus, Martin Luther, Spencer, Darwin, Tom Paine, all gave their lives to Humanity's Cause. These World Saviors have left behind literary gems that represent stones in the foundation of New Thought. ¶ Do you know the Ideas that have brought about Religious Freedom? You can't evolve unless you get acquainted with the men who paved your path to Better Things.

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leads the Thinker from Civilization's Fountain Head in Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, down to present conditions in the United States. ¶ Herein you find the Original Documents of Men and Women who lived in advance of their Time. ¶ The World needs your help in furthering this vital movement. Command the facts and you will be an ardent supporter of Mental Emancipation.

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SAMUEL A. BLOCH

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YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATIONS

of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and presence of God. ¶ Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our lips, but paeans of joy and praise. But not of adulation: we are too nearly related in the deep of the mind to that we honor.

It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart, it is said: "I am, and by me, O child! this fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am, all things are mine; and mine are thine."

—Emerson.

THE bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

WE ought to celebrate this hour by expressions of manly joy. Not thanks, not prayer, seem quite the highest or truest name for our communication with the Infinite,—

But glad and conspiring reception,—reception that becomes giving in its turn, as the receiver is only the All-Giver in part and in infancy.

I can not,—nor can any man, speak precisely

MEN are superior or inferior just in the ratio that they possess certain qualities. Truth, honor, frankness, health, system, industry, kindliness, good cheer and a spirit of helpfulness are so far beyond any mental acquisition that comparisons are not only odious but absurd.

DECEMBER LITTLE JOURNEYS—Mary Baker Eddy

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ARE YOU AN IGNORAMUS?
IF SO, YOU HAVE PLENTY OF COMPANY

TO know the great souls who have made history is to be educated —not to know them is to be an ignoramus," said Disraeli.

¶ Only one adult out of forty in America reads *Little Journeys*. Most of the rest belong to the non. cog., and deal in tittle-tattle. *Little Journeys* are Biography in Tabloid. They do not tell of punk persons, dead or turned to dust, but of actual men and women who lived, loved, laughed, worked, failed—and succeeded.

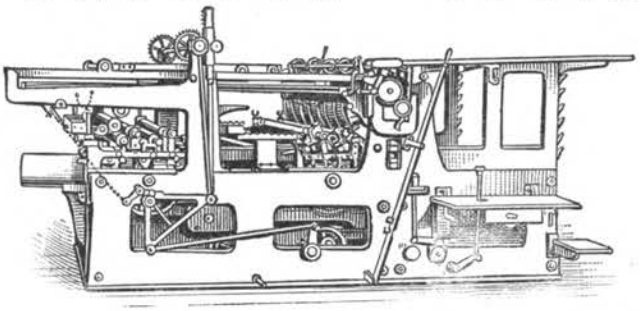
You can read one of these booklets as you ride down town in the morning—and then remember it the rest of your life. "*Little Journeys* supply more sermons than all modern literature combined," writes a Presbyterian Preacher. He does n't like us much, either, but he reads and profits by the Good Stuff. TEN CENTS EACH—OR TEN FOR ONE DOLLAR.

PERHAPS THE BEST SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Coleridge	John Wesley	John Knox	Charles Bradlaugh	Confucius	Friedrich Froebel	King Alfred
Disraeli	Henry George	John Bright	Theodore Parker	Pythagoras	Booker Washington	Hypatia
Pericles	Thomas Paine	Rousseau	Anne Hutchinson	Plato	Arnold of Rugby	Erasmus

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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"BLESSED IS THAT MAN WHO HAS FOUND HIS WORK."

Years ago, we found our work and have never ceased to keep steadily at it. Our work is to build for every man who prints,

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that can be made from iron and steel. If you write us and talk with the printers who

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you will be convinced that our best advertisements are not written. WE BUILD THEM.

The Babcock Printing Press Manufacturing Company

New London, Conn. 38 Park Row, New York

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THE CAXTON SOCIETY
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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THINKERS require a certain amount of perfect rest. You best serve Nature by calling a halt occasionally, to get the right perspective. To sit in Life's LIMBERT CHAIR and see yourself march past, gives a peculiar exhilaration. Walt Whitman knew the value of this temporary duality. "Apart from the pulling and hauling, stands what I am," sang Walt. ¶ At the Day's End it is well to indulge in introspection, for your own and humanity's good. A well reviewed action works for personal betterment, and an hour in a

LIMBERT COMFORT CHAIR

after dinner, adds resilience to your Idea Producer. ¶ LIMBERT CHAIRS were made for busy men and women who, like Emerson, seek soul satisfaction after the accomplishment.
"Duty done is the Soul's Fireside."

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ALLEN-HIGGINS WALL PAPER CO.
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

NOT only would I have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with nature, a barefoot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but I should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love ❧ This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance and to have the higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies toward the same end ❧ Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality, but abiding love, that which outlasts death.

A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring u a child to its best estate without love.—Benjamin Lindsey.

❧

SOCIALISM, as I understand it, is a great intellectual process, a development of desires and ideas that takes the form of a project, a project for the reshaping of human society upon newer and better lines.—Wells.

❧

The Ideal is the Real well seen.—Carlyle.

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LOYALTY

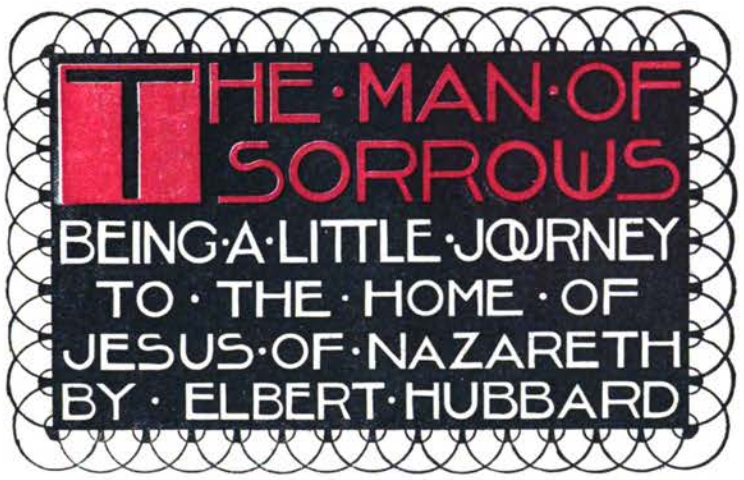
LOYALTY is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes ❧ It means definite direction, fixity of purpose, submission to that which your intellect tells you is best, right and proper.

Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success. Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, Nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody and grants your prayer. Loyalty, in one sense, is love, for it is a form of attraction. A vacillating mind is a sick mind in a sick body. Vacillation is lack of loyalty—and it is a disease. Loyalty is not a mere matter of brain capacity; success does not go to those who know the most—it gravitates to those who are true to the cause which they undertake. Loyalty is a quality, and in very great degree it is controlled by our will. "This one thing I do." ¶ The human mind can be likened to a tract of land divided up into lots. These mental lots are made up of say, business, education, love, art, music, work, play—a single lot being given to each subject—then each of these is also subdivided. In some of these town lots the man has a devout, loyal interest; for others he is neutral; and toward others he may have an indifference bordering on repulsion. No man has ever lived who had an equal loyalty toward every department of life, and if a person is absolutely loyal to one, he does well. If he can show himself equal to being true to several, he is a genius ❧ The more worthy things to which you are loyal, the greater are you ❧ Unloyalty is very much more common than disloyalty. Unloyalty means simply indifference. Edgar Allen Poe was true to "The Poetic Principle," but false to his body, for he persisted in putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. So did Daniel Webster, who was wofully lax in regard to the rights of his shoemaker, but was faithful to his tapster. Rembrandt was true to his art, yet seemingly untrue to all else. But this loyalty to art made him the supreme portrait-painter of all time. Turner was loyal to his art, and had no other gods before landscape-painting, and so he struck thirteen and placed a mark so high that others cannot even imitate him. George Washington was true to his Country, and only through his unflinching loyalty to the "cause" could he have fought out those long, weary years against a foe superior in numbers and arms, and at last wring victory from seeming defeat. Gladstone's loyalty to England was the keystone in his arch of triumph. Byron made bargains with Barabbas, but he never wrote a muddy, slipshod line, nor could he be bribed nor bought to do so ❧ He had the "artistic conscience," whether he had any other kind or not. Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer, your "house." Dalliance is defeat. "All is fair in love and war," is a maxim that may be true as regards war, but never as to love. Love is founded on faith, and he who violates faith violates his own nature and wrecks the venture. Loyalty is for the one who is loyal ❧ It is a quality, woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal, yours ❧ Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether any one knows of your disloyalty is really of little moment, either one way or the other. The real point is how does it affect you! The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work.

All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for the task—loyalty—is fused with the effort. No man ever succeeded in business, or can, who wears the dial off the clock. Such an one may not be disloyal—he may be merely unloyal—but he is ever ripe for a lay-off, and always imagines some one has it in for him ❧ And he is right—everybody and everything, including Fate and Destiny, Clio and Nemesis, have it in for him. The only man who goes unscathed is the one who is loyal to himself by being loyal to others. Loyalty is the great lubricant in life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative. The man who is loyal to his work is not wrung nor perplexed by doubts—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders, he goes down a hero with colors flying at the mast head, and band playing. The hospitals, jails, asylums and sanitariums are full of disloyal people—folks who have been disloyal to friends, society, school, business, work ❧ Never say, "That will do," or "This is good enough," or "Who cares?" Nothing but your best is good enough. Stick! And if you quit, quit to tackle a harder job. God is on the side of the loyal! ¶ The I. C. S. student who is loyal to his lessons is always and forever a success in that which he undertakes. The world is with him because the world needs him. Young men and women, do not repine about lack of advantages. Let us help you to help yourself. Write for literature.

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

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LET us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Lincoln.

FORTUNATELY for us all, the gold in human nature remains gold, whatever its alloys from base contracts; and it is worth mining for, though there be but a grain of it in a ton of dross.—David Graham Phillips.

SCHILLING'S BEST TEA will help you rise above all mental miasma into the clear ether, where you can see your way, make big plans, think big thoughts and look each difficulty in the eye and tell it to go to a place which does not exist

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WE cannot divide our work from ourselves, nor isolate our future from our qualities. A ship may as well try to sail north with her jib and south with her mainsail as a man to go one way in conduct and another way in character. What we do belongs to what we are, and what we are is what becomes of us.—Henry Van Dyke.



WHEN I stand before the rigid body of my bitterest enemy; when I look upon the pale lips that slandered me, the sightless eyes that so often brought the tears to mine, the cold hands that may have wrought me so much wrong—do you imagine that I can still think of revenge? Death has come and atoned for all. I have no grievance against the soul of the man before me. Instinctively do I recognize that it soars high above the gravest faults and the cruelest wrongs (and how admirable and full of significance is this instinct.) If there linger still a regret within me, it is not that I am unable to inflict suffering in my turn, but it is perhaps that my love was not great enough and that my forgiveness has come too late.—Maeterlinck.

HOTEL MAJESTIC
West 72d St. at Central Park, New York
ONE OF THE FINEST, MOST PALATIAL IN THE WORLD
Residential and Transient. Contains Eight Hundred rooms. Thoroughly fireproof. Cuisine and service unexcelled. Prices reasonable. Illustrated booklet on request.

Doubt is the balance wheel of reason.

Clarify your think-tank, and sweeten your idea-producer by the use of SCHILLING'S BEST—the tea that mildly cheers and chases care

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JONES DAIRY FARM

SAUSAGES

IMMORTALS:

If you have never eaten the sausage made out here on the Jones Dairy Farm, I "hae me doots" as to your thoro immortality.

It may be that, to preserve your *mortality*, you've made it a point to sidestep sausages generally.

But let me tell you right here, there's a heap of difference between the made-by-the-mile sausages of an Octopian Plant and the limited editions of the Jonescraft old-fashioned farm product.

The incomparable deliciousness of my sausages is only equalled by their absolute purity. They are made from an old-fashioned farm recipe that we've been using for over forty years and contain only the choicest parts of little milk-fed pigs, salt and home-ground spices. If your grocer cannot supply you, send me his name and I will send you

My Trial Offer, Four Pounds One Dollar, Express Prepaid

$1.40 West of Kansas and South of Tennessee

I want you to take advantage of this trial offer and learn what real sausages are. Remit any way you please—draft, money order, personal check, real money or unlicked stamps. Money back if you want it—quick.

The Jones Dairy Farm Booklet tells all about the farm and the good things we make here, and gives some valuable recipes for cooking them. I'll send it if you say so.

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm, P. O. Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

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Tom Johnson's Street Railway Stock

Receives no attention from the "Bulls" and "Bears" of Wall Street. Why? Because Tom Johnson and his colleagues never sacrifice the Small Investor for personal gain.

Eliminate the "Gamble" from a Stock Investment and the typical Broker turns up his nose, passing by on the other side of the road. An investment lacks romance, according to some standards, when the small buyer plays to win ☙ Wall Street lives luxuriously on the failures of others.

Tom Johnson invites the people of the United States to investigate his Street Railway Proposition. Without a Chamber of Horrors in which to shear the unsuspecting "Lambs;" without a Watering Trough for resuscitating weak and failing stock, without any wily Brokers to manipulate the "rise and fall" of the Market, this Investment assumes a homely homelike character that speaks of true worth. ¶ Elusive gold mines, oil wells, tropical orchards, copper claims, etc., may promise the Wealth of Rockefeller but Tom Johnson's Street Railway Stock PAYS SIX PER CENT on your Invested Capital each year. ¶ Don't stand in the Shadow—INVEST NOW!

THE GUARANTEE OF CLEVELAND'S MAYOR

TO THE PEOPLE:—A limited number of shares of treasury stock of the Cleveland Railway Company is offered by the Municipal Traction Company (lessee). In my judgment it is as safe an investment as a city bond, the only difference being that a Cleveland city bond pays four per cent interest and this stock pays six per cent interest. It is desired that the small investor shall secure the benefit of this offer, hence we do away with brokerage and commissions, run our own free stock exchange, sell directly to the people at par ($100 a share) and accrued interest and will redeem any stock at any time bought from us at the price paid for it, plus accrued interest. ¶ When the security, the rate of interest and the free stock exchange are considered, no investment has ever been offered to the public so safe and profitable to the small investor as this.—TOM L. JOHNSON.

FRA ELBERTUS UNOFFICIALLY INSPECTS THIS RAILWAY

My opinion is that at One Hundred Dollars per share, with the guarantee of Six per cent, Cleveland Railway Stock is an attractive investment. To be associated even in a small way, with this great Economic Betterment is to me a privilege. I know the men who are managing the property, and I am also familiar with the property. ¶ Stocks sold Moneybak is a token of the new and better time. Should n't a railroad man be as simple and direct in his dealings as the manager of a Department Store? ¶ Tom Johnson says, "Yes!" ¶ And even if Tom was inclined by nature to ride three horses at once in a financial circus, he could n't afford to now. His very place in history is at stake. Clio has the acetylene glim square upon him, and he knows it. Besides being stubbornly honest, Tom is very wise in his day and generation. I believe in Tom, in his prospects, and in the great, and beautiful, and growing city of Cleveland.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

A UNIQUE OFFER:—All this Stock will be sold, covered by two distinct guarantees: *First*, That it will pay Six per cent Annual Dividend; *Second*, That it will be bought from you at any time, at the price you paid for it per share, plus accrued interest. ¶ For further particulars and references address ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙

THE MUNICIPAL TRACTION COMPANY

Stock Exchange Department, 651 Electric Building, Cleveland, Ohio

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Do not keep your kindness in water-tight compartments- if it runs over a bit 'twill do no harm.



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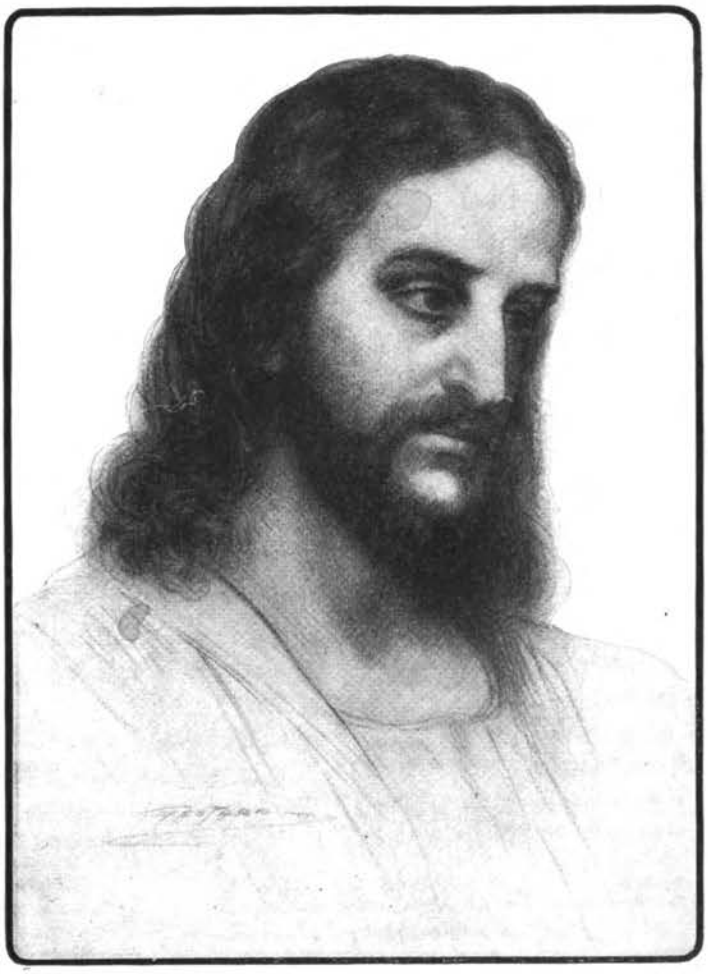
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(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

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Paper Specialists
TO THE ROYCROFTERS

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No Stropping **No Honing**



Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor for Christmas

HE will use it, never fear! And thank you from his heart every time he shaves.

Over two million men are using the Gillette—any one of them will tell you he would not be without it for ten times its cost.

Shaving in the old way is the bane of a man's life. It means time wasted at the barber-shop—or tedious stropping and scraping with the old-fashioned razor, with the certainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy.

Takes only five minutes for a smooth, satisfying shave, no matter how rough the beard or tender the skin.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It is the one razor that is safe—*cannot cut his face*—and it is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or close shave.

A man is conservative. He takes to the Gillette like a duck to water once he gets acquainted—but, as with other improvements, it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

The Gillette makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet lined, full leather case.

Standard set, as illustrated above, $5.00.

Combination sets, $6.50 to $50.00.

Send for illustrated booklet to-day.

The Gillette is on sale at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us.

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Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

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MR. SALESMAN, SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD WRITE A BOOK ON SALESMANSHIP

If you did, it Would be Worth a Great Deal to Other Salesmen

SUPPOSE you should write a book describing your selling career, telling of your struggles—your victories and defeats— and drawing the logical conclusions from them, laying down the basic principles that you have hammered out on the anvil of experience, analyzing the mistakes you have made and telling how you corrected them, finally simmering it all down into the great fundamental, practical truths and principles which you have proved to be a help to success in your line of work.

Think how much such a book would be worth to other salesmen. It would be impossible for you to write a book about your business that would not have some helpful, money-making ideas in it for me and for every other salesman who would read it honestly.

It occurred to me some years ago to put into printed form the knowledge I had gained about my business—viz.—**Salesmanship.**

"Science is organized knowledge." I undertook to organize and classify knowledge pertaining to salesmanship, thus formulating a science. I have worked as a salesman for a great many years. As a sales manager and employer I have trained hundreds of men.

I studied the problems of selling just as earnestly as any scientist in a laboratory ever studied the problems before him. I analysed sales and salesmen as carefully as a good lawyer analyzes his cases, or a good doctor his patients.

I talked with thousands of salesmen and business men and profited by their experience and opinions.

Finally, I got down to first principles, to bedrock. I got into text book form, organized knowledge about business and salesmanship which I believed would be helpful to other business men. In five years, more than thirty-two thousand men have bought and studied these text books and have found them profitable.

You will agree with me, I am sure, that it would be impossible for any salesman to study the science which I have formulated without getting some good ideas that would amply repay him for the time and money expended.

I would like to have the privilege of telling you more about the Science of Salesmanship. I want you to know what I mean when I say "Science of Salesmanship," whether you want to take up the study now or not. Just use the coupon to-day and a free booklet will be sent you.

Sincerely yours,

A. F. Sheldon

Where formerly I was successful in a haphazard fashion, since studying the Sheldon Course I am doing things with a clear knowledge of the "how and why." Your Course has made me believe in myself, my firm, my goods, and has helped me increase my salary 25 Per Cent.—*H. E. JENKINS, Representative H. K. Mulford Co., Chemists, Peekskill, N. Y.*



Having had considerable practical experience in specialty salesmanship, I can emphatically say that the Sheldon Course will help any one who faithfully wendies it and practices its principles, to sell whatever he has to sell to a large majority of the people he canvasses. The value of its teachings cannot be estimated by ten dollar bills.—*F. W. LLOYD, Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.*

SHELDON,
1236 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

Please send me more information about your Courses. I am interested specially in the subjects I have checked below:

.....Salesmanship	.....Selling talks
.....How to make approach	.....Character reading
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.....Analysis of goods	.....Business psychology
.....Self-development	.....How to close sales

.....Science of retail merchandising

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Town..... State.....

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with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in Nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomine, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of some kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.—Ruskin.

WHEN men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions are steady, deep, perpetual and vivifying to the soul as is the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play

SPEAK the affirmative; emphasize your choice by utter ignoring of all that you reject, seeing that opinions are temporary, but convictions uniform and eternal,—seeing that a sentiment never loses its pathos and persuasion, but is youthful after a thousand years.—Emerson.

Apart from moral conduct, all that man can do, or may think he is able to do, to become acceptable to God, is mere superstition and religious folly.—Kant.

MENTAL MAMMOTHS AND MARIONETTES ALIKE FIND SOUL SOLACE IN SCHILLING'S BEST

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Your Christmas Smile

Should be a thing of beauty, unmarred by unkept teeth. ¶ Civilization no longer forgives the man, woman or child, who in this way neglects his duty to society. Bad teeth mean bad management, bad manners, bad breath, bad digestion, generally a bad temper, and an unclean person. Discerning folks read character by the teeth. ¶ Twentieth Century Culture has installed Clean Teeth as a part of ones religion. The old proverb has been reversed. There can be no Godliness, we know, without Cleanliness.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Are manufactured to meet all demands of all people. Even a special brush has been made for the children; rounded to fit the "Baby teeth," provided with soft bristles. ¶Careless mothers raise careless children. Careless children become careless men. You create in a child a habit of cleanliness, and it sticks. Teeth now symbolize a man's Family Tree. ¶ ***A Tooth Truth:*** Neglect the child's and the man will neglect his own. ***Buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic Now.***



Special Christmas Package

Three Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, any size, packed snugly in a beautiful box. Art study by Philip Boileau decorates the top. Very distinct. A present to be appreciated. All druggists or direct!

PRICES { With three adult's brushes, $1.00 / With three youth's or child's brushes, .75

The Florence Manufacturing Company

195 Pine Street, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

IT is a certainty that the Bible is not an infallible Book, in the sense in which it is popularly supposed to be infallible. When we study the history of the several books, the history of the canon, the history of the distribution and reproduction of the manuscript copies, and the history of the versions,—when we discover that the "various readings" of the differing manuscripts amount to one hundred and fifty thousand, the impossibility of maintaining the verbal inerrancy of the Bible becomes evident. We see how human ignorance and error have been suffered to mingle with this stream of living water throughout all its course. If all our assurance of salvation were made to depend upon our knowledge that every word of the Bible was of divine origin, our hopes of eternal life would be altogether insecure.—Washington Gladden.

Death-bed repentances may be a legal-tender for salvation in another world, but for this they are below par, and regeneration that is postponed until the man has no further capacity to sin is little better.

WE have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.
—Swinburne.

Some say that men cannot be trusted to govern themselves? How then can they be trusted to govern others? Let history answer that question. Thomas Jefferson.

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INVESTIGATION



MAN is an investigating animal. Living naturally he will inquire—he wants to know. He is an eternal citizen of Missouri, by divine right, and his shibboleth is, "Show me." The willingness and the ability to investigate are distinguishing features of the strong and able person. Slaves do not investigate, they crouch and crawl.

Through investigating does the man become stronger and more able.

Strength is the reward of exercise. St. Cassiodorus prayed, "O God, give unto thy servant the hospitable mind and the receptive heart."

To investigate subjects that are hidden and unknown to us, and by persistent mental effort, make them clear, is the greatest joy known to humankind.

But there is no end to investigation. After every height we scale, we see heights beyond.

Alexander died sighing for more worlds to conquer, but no such difficulty confronts us: we see a milky way of worlds to conquer.

As sane and sensible men we realize that the best of life lies in the struggle and not in the achievement.

To investigate is to grow.

Socrates said, "If the Almighty should come to me with complete success in His right hand, and an Eternal struggle for success in His left, I would take the left."

To struggle is to evolve: to investigate is to become.

Before we study a theme, or thing, or subject, we should investigate and approve of it by our highest intellect.

¶There are those who are afraid to acquire—afraid to know. But of such is not the Kingdom of The International Correspondence Schools.

The willingness to investigate precludes prejudice. It obliterates hate. It routs fear. To investigate means to appreciate good wherever you may find it. Investigation lights up the dark abysses where ignorance gropes and stumbles, and reveals to us beauties before unguessed.

To be willing to investigate all creeds, all platforms, all sciences, all plans for human betterment is to be lifted out of the slough of despond and made universal.

The opposite of universality is provincialism. Man is a citizen of the universe, not an alien or an interloper dwelling in a province. To be provincial is to be limited, but man by nature is divine, and should set no bounds to his being.

Investigation strengthens Self-Reliance, augments Concentration, inspires Industry and makes it easy for a man to be Loyal to his highest and best.

The business of the International Correspondence Schools is to lend a wise, patient, friendly and scientific assistance to those who have a desire to investigate. Through this investigation, many so-called common people —the kind Lincoln said God loved— have become and are becoming competent and prosperous beyond the average. Write us what you would like to become and perhaps we can help you.

The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penn.

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YOUNG men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming out from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death; and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an even lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality.—John P. Altgeld.

TRUE Heroism means more, and less, than charging the cannon's mouth. Search not the war records for your hero's name but rather scan the list of writing men. Inspired bravery, born of battle's roar differs from that all-purifying kind which greets Life's defeats with a smile.

Writing men have ever been of heroic mold, exchanging sweetness for suffering, gentleness for hard knocks. Oscar Wilde wrote his wonderful poem, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* midst the damp of a prison cell; Lord Byron, born with a deformed foot, and styled by his own mother, "a lame brat," gave to the world *Don Juan;* Beethoven, master of music, was completely deaf for nearly thirty years; never hearing the cheers that greeted his greatest compositions ☙ But the most pathetic figure of all, yet most courageous, was handsome John Milton; stricken blind as a comparatively young man, yet celebrating his misfortune by dictating *Paradise Lost.*

Milton believed he had a message to give the world. Impetuosity made him careless. He paid no attention to the danger signals that failing eyesight inflicts. For years his eyes troubled him before they lost their power. Warned—he waved away proffered help. Blindness resulted. Was he wise? To us living in an enlightened age it seems needless sacrifice. He proved his *courage* but he killed his *career.* ¶There's a Moral to this tale: you writing men of feeble eyesight, use

MURINE EYE TONIC

and for you 't will be *Paradise Regained.* Thousands of literary and newspaper men, business and professional men, abuse their eyes all year 'round without a thought for consequences. Don't overworked eyes deserve any care?

A little book, "In the World's Eye," has been written for those who would retain Perfect Eyesight.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Illinois

Men are superior or inferior just in the ratio that they possess certain qualities; truth, honor, frankness, health, system, industry, kindliness, good cheer and a spirit of helpfulness, are as far beyond any mental acquisition that comparisons are not only odious but absurd.

HE'S true to God who 's true to man;
wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the
all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are
slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not
for all their race. —Lowell.

Smallpox is bad—but vaccination is worse.—Dr. C. S. Carr.

AT THE CLUB, IN THE DINING CAR, OR BY YOUR OWN FIRESIDE YOU DIKE THE TIDES OF CARE WITH SCHILLING'S TEA

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MANY people no doubt think that, aside from the "Sanitariums" and "Sanitoriums" where only very sick people go, and where one must confine one's eating to a few unpalatable "prescribed" articles, must forego all freedom of habit, and must submit to the particular "regime" of the Institution, there are no Health Resorts accessible during the winter months, except in the far South or in California.

This idea is readily dispelled upon gaining a knowledge of Cambridge Springs, Pa., and the palatial but homelike

HOTEL RIDER

that delightful spot in the foothills west of the Alleghanies, in the rugged old Keystone State, which has recently sprung into such popular favor with the discerning habitues of Public Homes.

Here prevails at all seasons that cosmopolitan air which lures one's thoughts from ailments, cares and worries, and invites a return of normal functioning, physical and mental. ¶ A few days only amid the environments of good-fellowship and good-cheer, for which Hotel Rider is justly famous, to say nothing of the elaborate provision for creature comforts, will turn time backward in its flight, and add years to life's span. ¶ Cambridge Springs is the most accessible Health, Recreation and Rest Resort in the United States—only a night's ride on the Picturesque Erie from New York or Chicago, and but four hours from Buffalo, Cleveland or Pittsburg. ¶ A sojurn at Hotel Rider will not cut deep into one's pocketbook. Better join the procession!

Hotel Rider, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

It is the spirit's beauty that makes the best face, even for the evening's company; and the spirit's beauty is the only beauty that outlasts the work and wear of life.—Gannett

I HAVE sympathised with Socrates and Plato; I was with Christ at Calvary, and with St. Paul in his wanderings; I was with the blue-eyed Aryans—the Teutonic Race, that laid the foundation of the civilization that is to redeem humanity. I was with my race in its great struggles; I was with it in its crude and miserable states, when through the ages, it elaborated and prepared the elements of social life in the present. And I shall be with it in its future glories, when it shall be one of the counselors of the Spiritual Powers that distribute and arrange The Harmonies of the Universe.—Albert Brisbane.

SPLENDOR from within! It is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendor without. Trust that inevitable law of self-expression Be, not seem! Be to seem! ¶ Be beautiful, and you will by and by seem so. Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robin-room, the sculptor's work-shop.

For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul,—the face catches the glow only from that side.

The University of the Future will be industrial—all may come and go, all men will be university men, and thus the pride in an imaginary proficiency will be diluted to a healthful attenuation. To work and to be useful—not merely to memorize and recite—will be the only initiative.

GROCERS NEVER DARE TO OFFER "SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD"—WHEN THE CUSTOMER ORDERS SCHILLING'S TEA

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WHITE HYACINTHS

TICKIE of the Eternal Quest, says that it is the duty of great men to leave their love letters to the British Museum—this, in order that future lovers on Life's Sea may profit by their experience, and thus avoid the shoals and shallows upon which so many marital ventures are lost. It can be assumed, without unreasonable assurance, that there will be lovers on Earth for many ages to come, because Nature needs lovers in her business. WHITE HYACINTHS seems destined to Immortality. All lovers, ex-lovers, near-lovers, semi-lovers, pseudo-lovers, puppy-lovers and bachelors find a lasting joy in this book

Boards or Limp Leather - - - *$2.00*

ALSO OBTAINED IN BETTER BINDING

A William Morris Book

AN authentic statistic claims that ninety-five per cent of all English and American homes show the influence of William Morris. This man, master of seven trades, socialistic philosopher, worker, lover of things beautiful, taught two countries how to furnish a house. ¶ He, Pre-Raphaelite leader, dressed as a laborer, believed in the Divinity of work, and in demanding better conditions for fellow-workingmen knowingly let pass his opportunity to become Poet Laureate of England. ¶ This Roycroft book gives a glimpse into the great welling human heart of the man

Price, prepaid - - - - *$2.00*

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

THE BRONCHO BOOK

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

CAPTAIN JACK has no University degree, he is merely a student, an under graduate in the College of Hard Knocks, yet his poetry has a sweetness, and swing that speaks of a rugged, righteous heart. There is nothing of the prig about Jack. He is a child of the great outdoors, a disciple of wind and rain; his home, the saddle on his broncho; his bed, the bosom of Mother Nature. ¶ In mining camps, prospecting, herding cattle, in the Army, fighting Indians as chief of Scouts, riding mail, Jack has lived, hoped, starved, laughed, hit hard, laughed again, and ever and anon, broke forth in song. ¶ The Poet-Scout's verse is blown to you fresh from the prairie; in it the howl of the coyote sounds near, and you hear the rush of stampeding cattle. His own brand —the brand of Man, has been burned deep in every page.

To the Elect - - - - - *$2.00*

Roycroft Xmas Kandy

ALL Bromides send "Buylers" at Christmas; but pleasant people, who tabu the commonplace have their Christmas orders cared for by the *Kandy Kitchen Girls*. A little thoughtful consideration as to individual taste earns a lasting gratitude. ¶ Many different kinds of Pure Sweets—say—about One Dollar a Pound, Prepaid

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SPECIAL ORDERS

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

LEATHER PILLOWS

SIMPLY two whole goat skins laced together over a pillow, with the Roycroft mark in corner. Very decorative and artistic. We have the pillows with edges cut square and laced over and over, or with the flaps still on and edges untrimmed. ¶ Colors: Brown, gray, ecru, old rose, green and maroon.

Size: Twenty by twenty inches. Price, $5.00 and $6.00, according to quality.

Roycroft Rag Mats

WOVEN roycroftie by hand on the Old Fashioned Looms—by girls sixty years young! Some of these girls work three hours a day and some work less; meeting as a Social Sewing Circle with an aim to perpetuating local topics. Freedom of Speech and a great disdain for things financial, lift our weavers above the level. But the rugs reflect the care and skill of the last generation. $1.00 the Yard.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

GOAT SKINS

VELVET finish, untrimmed, discretely stamped with Roycroft mark in corner. Can be had in many colors—Old Rose, Brown, Gray, Maroon, Green, Wine. They introduce an artistic atmosphere wherever displayed.

Size, between five and eight square feet.

Price by Mail, say Two DOLLARS

Obituary Notices

ARE forever excluded from "Philistine" pages because Immortals never die. Join the Academy now and scorn the ravages of Time Certificate guaranteeing Health, Wealth and Happiness, also immunity from Doctor's Bills, Church Fairs, and the Worry Habit for ninety-nine years, costs but Ten Dollars. ¶ In addition The Philistine and Little Journeys will be sent you every month during your Life—gratis, and Roycroft Books valued at Ten Dollars shipped immediately upon receipt of entrance fee. ¶ Have your name recorded by the Chief Scribe before Christmas. Address THE BURSAR

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

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CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

CRIME and experience have taught us that Criminals are human beings, in shame perhaps—but still our Brothers. In Life's great Getaway, many suffer handicaps ❧ Environment oftentimes forces Divine Energy into depths where Crime has its birth. Only Police Blotters record and delineate the sufferings, hardships, cruelties and despair of the Other Half. Yet Society being psychic, knows and suffers in sympathy. Recently our prison systems have been changed. Now, punishment is not the aim; we seek to reclaim, remedy, reform. Intelligent thought commands us to stimulate and build up lacking qualities; then the criminal will no longer be a menace to society.

Robert G. Ingersoll was the friend of the lowly. His work reflected the purifying light of commonsense upon the dungeon, the lockstep and other hope-killing fancies of reformation. His hand lifted the sullen beast from out the dungeon and made him a man.

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

THE Pastor has et 'em and O. K.'d 'em, b'Gosh.

And now, Brethren, that is n't a bad lead for the Flock to follow—is it?

If you could all come out here to the farm and see the way my sausages are made, you would realize just how pure and delicious sausages can be when they are made exactly right. But you could n't all come at once, much as I'd like that, because there would n't be enough sausages to go 'round. My sausages are made by an old farm method—not manufactured by the mile—of the choicest parts of little milk-fed pigs, home-ground spices and salt. No adulterants, fillers or preservatives. I make only enough to fill each day's orders; therefore they are always fresh. ¶For the benefit of those Philistines who would charm the palate, as well as preserve the regularity of their six-cylinder digestive mechanism, I am making this

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Jefferson's Democracy

Chapter I—LOOKING BACKWARD

Jefferson gained a reputation as a plain man merely thru his ability to meet conditions. He separated the false from the real with unerring accuracy. He made himself one of the so-called Common People because he knew that Equal Rights to all men waited just 'round the corner. Yet his fair dealing saved the Country ☙ Ask Tom Watson. Jefferson deserves our admiration, our commendation and our respect because he did the Right Thing without being told. Initiative is the highest expression of Divine Energy, and Divine Energy is the highest expression of Life. And so we find that this man who lived in an age of lace, silk hosiery and silver buckles, wore a suit of "plain cloth" on the day of his Inauguration and "instead of driving to the capital in a coach and six, as had been the practice, rode there on horseback, without a guard or even a servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to a fence." Democracy or Foresight—Which?

Chapter II—LOOKING FORWARD

A New York Mail Order House has successfully adopted two of Jefferson's leading characteristics: First, simplicity in dealing with others, no red tape. Second, Initiative—doing the Right Thing *first*. Automobile owners have found this concern a true friend to the "Common People." Autoing is no longer a millionaire's exclusive privilege. Upkeep boogaboos have faded before sterling honesty and progress. You now pay for a part or an accessory, a fair price based on value, and not on your ability to stand the pressure.

Why trade with a local dealer who "applies the screws" when these folks undersell him by a margin of thirty-five per cent?

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YOU SAVE THE AGENT'S PROFIT.

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N a Court of Law, you are not asked what you "believe," or what you "presume"—you are asked what you *KNOW!* ¶In the realm of Business you qualify on the same basis. ¶Facts open the door of Opportunity. ¶Greatness rests for Eternity on the Pedestal of Fact. Master Knowledge and Posterity will hail your name! Men who live in our memory, pulsed the heart beats of the Thinking World. ¶Mangasarian, that wonderful genius, whose wordy wisdom flashes as Summer Lightning 'cross our Mental Sky-line, says, "Before we can have an opinion of the intellectual masters of all time, we must *know* what they thought." ¶Then we harken back a century and listen to Edmund Burke—classic statesman, who applied the ideas of the Thinker to the Problems of the Political Reasoner, voicing this sentiment: "The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts." ¶Master men all agree that *Fact* is Supreme! ¶You tap the reservoir of Eternal Truths in

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SAMUEL A. BLOCH

674 N. OAKLEY AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THOUGHT it curious to inquire where this Science of the Future stands today. It no longer has the splendor nor the hardihood of old. It no longer forms part of the public and religious life of nations. The present and the past reveal so many prodigies to us that these suffice to amuse our thirst for marvels. Absorbed as we are in what is or was, we have almost given up asking what might be or will be. However, the old and venerable science, so deeply rooted in man's infallible instinct, is not abandoned. It is no longer practiced in broad daylight. It has taken shelter in the darkest corners, in the most vulgar, credulous, ignorant and despised environments. It employs innocent or childish methods; nevertheless, it too, has in a certain measure, evolved like other things. It neglects the majority of the processes of primitive divination; it has found others, often eccentric, sometimes ludicrous, and has been able to profit by some few discoveries that were by no means intended for it ❧ I have followed it into its dark retreats. I wished to see it, not in books, but at work, in real life, and among the humble faithful who have confidence in it and who daily apply to it for advice and encouragement ❧ I went to it in good faith, unbelieving, but ready to believe; without prejudice and without a predetermined smile; for, if we must admit no miracle blindly, it is worse blindly to laugh at it; and in every obstinate error there lurks, usually, an excellent truth that awaits the hour of birth.—Maeterlinck.

❧

Cease being a creature, and become a creator.

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A Wonder Age

An even century ago, Robert Fulton mastered the mighty Hudson with his steam tub. Imbued with the spirit of Mechanical Conquest, this man ushered in a Wonder Age that puts the civilization of Ancient Greece to shame.

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ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XXVII—Sunday, December 6, 1908

JESUS OF NAZARETH

A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another.

Health Thought: Accept the gifts God has provided in the great out-of-doors; breathe it, exercise in it, live in it.

JESUS—THE GALILEAN PEASANT

UP in the Galilean country, about sixty miles north of Jerusalem, there was a beautiful Jewish girl whose mother's name, tradition says, was Anne. And the name of the daughter was Mary. And to this daughter a son was born.

¶ There has been much disagreement as to the child's father, much confusion of natural law and the supernatural. Even those who accept miracles disagree. Some state that the Jewish God, Jehovah, was the father of the child, Jesus; others that it was the Holy Ghost, one whose status, however, does not seem to have been fixed even after the Nicene Council, over three hundred years after the birth of the Savior.

Still others, who also accept miracles, declare Joseph to be the father.

Ernst Hæckel, of the scientific mind, thinks it very probable that the father of this man was a Roman soldier who was for a time stationed near Nazareth. If from the virility, independence of mind and daring of Jesus we can judge his parentage, he surely had a father and mother capable of a great love, vigorous, strong and filled with the Messianic hope.

If the father were a Roman soldier, he disappeared before the child was born and left the mother's heart full of tempestuous longings. Again and again she may have wandered with him in imagination into new and wonderful experiences. He may have told her when first they met of the far countries he had been in, of the customs of the people, their worship and religion.

¶ The home of Mary was Nazareth, a little village in that semi-tropical country, three days journey from Jerusalem.

We would never have heard of this little town but for this one woman who lived there. Nor would the little village of Bethlehem have been anything to the world, were it not for this romantic and tragic life—so romantic and tragic that it has led poet and devotee to weave myth and mystery about her and the people who lived with her in obscurity, without art, culture, business industries or any special intellectual attainments.

Why this woman, young, beautiful, energetic and full of aspirations and desires, was betrothed to an old man, a carpenter without ambition, the history does not tell us.

¶ It is possible that anxious relatives took charge of affairs, as anxious relatives are wont to do, and joined Joseph and Mary in legal marriage, feeling that they had been very diplomatic and wise.

Doubtless the claim of Deity for the father of Jesus came after Jesus had been proclaimed a martyred Savior.

Mary and Joseph were Galilean Jews and obeyed strictly the letter of the law. And when the time came for them to go into Judea to be taxed, they started out from their little home.

The babe was born at Bethlehem. The public house in the village was filled with pilgrims when Mary and Joseph reached there, and they were sheltered in the stable with the cattle. This does not seem to have been considered a hardship nor to have troubled the mother, for her life and habits were very simple and she was accustomed to the primitive ways of the peasant.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit. And he was named Jesus.

When Jesus was twelve years old he went with his mother, Mary, and with Joseph to Jerusalem to one of the Jewish feasts.

Jerusalem was a cosmopolitan city, for it was in a Roman province and Roman cities were centers of interest for people from the ends of the earth.

At the time of the Christian era there was a great mental awakening. The great Augustus was emperor. He said he found Rome mud and left it marble. He was not a builder of structures alone, but he developed art and literature.

At this period there was a great unrest in the religious world. The philosophy of Socrates had deteriorated into argument and debate, and the niceties of the Hebrew laws were a perpetual cause for quibbling, quarreling and wrangling.

The Temple at Jerusalem was an arena for theological combats and so arranged in its construction that many different groups could gather and expound the law to each other, and refute false doctrines that were creeping in from Greece, Rome, Assyria and Egypt.

When the feast days were finished, Mary and Joseph set out on their homeward journey, with many other Galileans who had come to Jerusalem as had they. The child Jesus was not with his mother but she supposed he was with their relatives in the company until they had gone a day's journey. Then Mary and Joseph returned to Jerusalem seeking him. And for three long days the mother sought him sorrowing. She found him in the Temple amidst the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.

To Mary's question, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? he replied, Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And all were astonished at his independence and his wisdom.

¶ His father's business was to him the understanding of the philosophy of life, responding more to the commands of the God within than even to the wishes of those who stood as guardians to him.

GOLDEN TEXT

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

Lesson XXVIII—Sunday, December 13, 1908

JESUS—A SAVIOR

ONE would make Jesus a sage, one a philosopher, one a patriot, one a good man, one a moralist, one a saint. He was not any one of these. He was a charmer, says Renan.

¶ In the light of the very few facts that we have about Jesus, and not even the few undisputed, it seems to me Renan is right. He certainly must have had one of those charming personalities that draw men unto them.

His heart went out to all humanity. In the midst of one of those moments of power he gave expression to the desire to carry the troubles of all the sorrowing, which comes to the great-hearted who are saviors,—Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Their burdens seemed easy to him and he said:

Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in spirit and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

These people needed very little, and the troubles of those about him were like ours—unnecessary troubles, mostly about things they did not need and could not use.

Jesus would show them how to live, and to live naturally. Their Jewish religion had become so complex and involved in quibble that the spirit had been well nigh crushed out. Mingling with the Greeks and Egyptians as had the Jews a

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Jerusalem, and now being under the political rule of Rome, philosophers and verbal speculators formulated reasons for their laws.

Your actions are usually right, but your reasons seldom are, says Elbert Hubbard.

The rules governing Israel were social, not political, and this was the first people to be so governed. All other nations were founded with the idea of being governed empirically.

¶ Evidently the early thought of the fathers in Israel was to have a people well, strong, simple, each having respect for his neighbor.

The moral code was similar to that of their contemporaries. But the everyday life of the Jew was planned to be simple, pure and without theology.

The first Commandment suggested a duty to God—the other nine related wholly to conduct towards each other ❧ But through the fixity of the written word and lack of readjustment, the spirit of it all was changed.

Jesus came into these controversies fresh from Galilee. He had been brought up among those beautiful hills with their sunshine and flowers, in the simple religion of the country folks. He was an idealist, a dreamer. Why all this complexity and discord? Was there not all their needs could ask in simple food and clothing? And then was there not food for the mind in hills, rich with verdure and in the sunshine, glinting the wings of birds and butterflies as they flitted from tree to tree, from flower to flower?

I have meat which ye know not of.

The life is more than meat, the body than raiment.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

❧ ❧ ❧

Lesson XXIX—Sunday, December 20, 1908

JESUS—THE HUMAN SAVIOR

EMERSON said that the curse of this age has been in considering Jesus anything other than a man.

If we believe that Jesus was a man, tempted—that is, ignorant like unto ourselves, this establishes a bond of brotherhood between us and him. It makes vital to us his ambition, his desires, his struggle to live out his days as the God within him impelled him to do, his impulse to reform and revolutionize the old laws that were dead, his sorrows, his fears, his hopes.

If he were subject to the natural law as we are, and weak as we are, then we are indeed his mother, his sisters, his brothers. But if he were the son of Almighty Power, here in disguise for a brief season, who knew the glory to which he should soon be restored, it is a romance, but only a tale that is told. He could have nothing in common with us, for he would have no peers. He would be the only one of his kind, an only begotten Son of Jehovah, companionless, out of the common life. He would be comparable with no one who has ever lived on the earth; farther from us than is the most powerful man in America from the lowliest babe in Italy. He would have known all the past secrets of the Universe, all of the hereafter; and we know very little of what is in the Today in which we live.

¶ His infinite advantage would put him entirely out of our class. He could be nothing to us.

It has been urged upon us that the sufferings of Jesus must hold our consideration, engage our pity, and formerly, that we must assume a personal responsibility for the tragedy of his life—that he suffered and died for us individually.

Just for a moment let us see what these sufferings were, as told in the New Testament.

There were thirty years of quiet life with lowly Galilean people who loved him, in the most beautiful country in all Palestine. And three years of a larger experience, culminating in a tragedy, similar to that of many thousands.

What suffering would that be when one had the complete assurance of infinite ages of eternity, of absolute power, authority and Heart's Desire!

The sufferings which have been kept vitally before the mind of the people for nineteen hundred years were these: He was arrested one day; condemned, scourged and crucified the next.

¶ Millions have suffered more, far more, for they have endured for weary weeks and months and years all their capacity for both mental and physical pain.

He came to his own and his own received him not. The misery of being misunderstood is the common fate of all.

His own suffering would not be worth his while to recount, I believe, and surely we have no business to exaggerate it and put it out of proportion to the facts.

Healthy people do not rehearse their woes and surely heroes do not. We have put Jesus of Nazareth in a poor light when we hold perpetually before people a suffering Savior.

And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.

❧ ❧ ❧

Lesson XXX—Sunday, December 27, 1908

JESUS—THE REVOLUTIONIST

SOCIAL equality was the key-note of the primitive Jews. Ye are all brethren. In the household the father was head, and to this day the Jews give respect to and reverence their parents.

The tent in which Abraham dwelt and his descendants for many generations, the little Ark of the Covenant and a few matters pertaining to it, gave no hint of a Temple of Solomon.

But the simple life of the Jew had become contaminated. Possibly Solomon's numerous wives were at fault ❧ The multiplication of sacrifices and ceremonies of the Temple, cherubim and seraphim, the Holy of Holies, the outer court, etc., all implies caste.

Jesus rebelled against this. And one day in the Temple when he was rebuked because his disciples in passing through a field plucked some of the heads of wheat, rubbed them in their hands and ate of the grain, Jesus said to his accusers,

Have ye not read so much as this, what David did, when himself was an hungered, and they which were with him: How he went into the house of God, and did take and eat the shewbread, and gave also to them that were with him; which is not lawful to eat but for the priests alone?

Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man.

¶ Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath or to do evil? To save life or to kill?

The laws were first formulated to assist men to better health and to educate the people into a mode of living whereby health, happiness and prosperity should be theirs—not to burden them. The law must benefit and be reasonable and rational, or Jesus would have none of it.

Jesus was one of those geniuses who dared break away from custom, precedent and the laws of the prophets, when his intelligence could not justify the law.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

And when some of those kind people, who always want to set you right, came to Jesus and told him they never did it that way before, and we always did it this way, Jesus said with some fervor:

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

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THERE is no such thing in the world, there never has been such a thing as a predestined child—predestined for heaven or hell ❧ Men have taught such things in the past; there may be now those who account for certain manifestations of this belief, just as there may be those who in the presence of some hopelessly vicious man hold to the view, whether they express it or not, of total depravity ❧ But even total depravity never existed in a human being, never can exist in one any more than it can exist in a plant. Heredity means much, but what is heredity? Not some hideous ancestral specter forever crossing the path of a human being. Heredity is simply the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life forces.—Luther Burbank.

❧

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS has in many outgrown that stage in which the sense of a compelling power is joined with rectitude of action. The truly honest man, here and there to be found, is not only without thought of legal, religious, or social compulsion, when he discharges an equitable claim on him; but he is without thought of self-compulsion. He does the right thing with a simple feeling of satisfaction in doing it, and is indeed impatient if anything prevents him from having the satisfaction of doing it.—Herbert Spencer.

❧

One of the advantages of becoming old is that one becomes indifferent to hatred, insult and calumny, while one's capacity for friendship and good-will are increased.—Bismark.

EMERSON told us a half century ago of "Compensation." One enters this life with a clean book and when he leaves it, all accounts will have been balanced. A portion of Divine Energy is his to expend—wisely or not as he decrees; if he radiates happiness, he receives happiness. All must end here. He must go unhampered on his final journey. Yet in defiance of this well proven creed we fight for prizes that leave us in a single night. ¶ One has but to peruse history's page to learn that the challenger invites his own Waterloo. The happy people are the thinkers, not the soldiers, nor the financiers. ¶ Without books God is silent, Justice dormant, Science lame, Philosophy dumb, and all things involved in darkness. Only books have saved the world from itself. ¶ Today every house has its library or bookcase ❧ Progressive parents teach their children by good example. Some one reads aloud in the evening, after dinner; then the boy finds his home circle more attractive than the street. A habit formed in childhood clings through Life. ¶ A suggestion to all parents: Teach your boys and girls to read; arrange for a little library in your home; select the room, then ask the GLOBE-WERNICKE COMPANY of Cincinnati to submit a bookcase plan. Somehow these folks have mastered the art of making a home library look *just right.*



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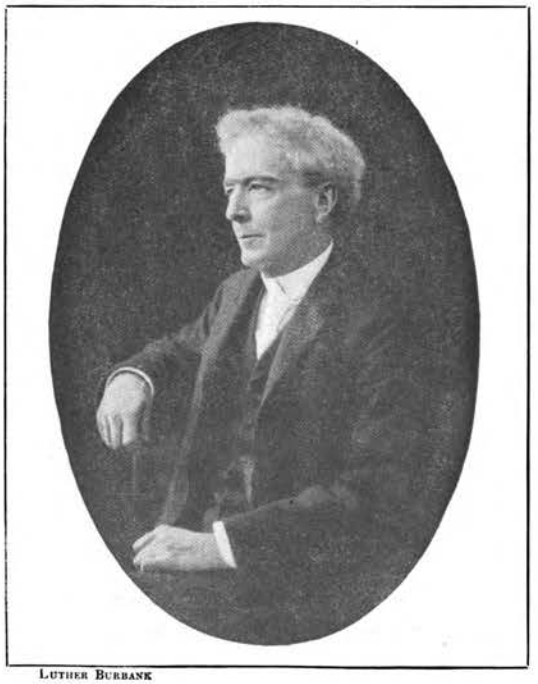
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The Good Samaritan

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead ❧ And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

—*JESUS OF NAZARETH*

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JOE CHAPPLE



AY down East in Boston Town, a Country Boy runs a Magazine. It's a peculiar Magazine because it's different in a different way ✍ People who love the home-side of life, read it eagerly each month.

This Magazine is ideally American. It never scraps nor screeches, muck-rakes or howls. It has personality, because the Country Boy who owns and edits it has a plus supply of the same Good Stuff. Joe Chapple!

Joe Chapple stands out against the Horizon as a man of the people. Reared on a Farm, he learned the value of Hard Work as a man-making ingredient. Every morning, as a little shaver, he trudged three miles to school during the Winter months, so that he could prepare himself for the position that he holds today in the Public Eye.

Joe Chapple now owns a beautiful home and loves it: he has all the money he needs, and he sometimes wears a fur-lined overcoat, and runs his own automobile. Yet every little while he hikes down to Roycroft and helps Ali Baba do chores. You know he has to keep "in touch."

¶This man is a great, fair-minded, hard-hitting, pure-thinking American. He believes that hard work, simple food and eight hours' sleep make a man think big thoughts, and keep him off the greased chute. You'll adopt *his* formula if you read *his*

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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ALL POLITICIANS, INCLUDING PROHIBITIONISTS, SAFELY INDULGE THEIR APPETITES FOR SCHILLING'S BEST

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WOULD that the tortuous fluxions of the eons might finally deal with every sentient thing on the scale of justice. Would that there might in truth be the glorious coming of an ideal day. Does any one wish otherwise? If so, who? Every one hopes that good may evolve—somewhere, somehow. Every one can hope. But that is all. If there were to be an individual future for all, no feature of it would for a time be more pronounced than the amazement of the fanatics of this earth at finding their creeds to be naught but petty, immoral, unworthy insults to the stupendous Power behind the Veil. ¶ We are anathema. Be it so. Hold to your interpretations and we will hold to ours. And may the infinite ages, that press and surge with resistless sweep, bring some day a far-off glory upon the vasty silences—an amaranthine dawning of some Valhalla beyond what has ever been dreamed of in all the mystic and everlasting past. In the presence of endless space and endless time, of endless rhythm, of endless life, the drooping mind cannot but sigh, "Take me, Great Power, to Thee—take me to Thee."
—George Allen White.

PROGRESSIVE People no longer recognize a "Science of Medicine." Our emancipation has been announced. Costly experience taught that a body full of dope lacked combativeness. Temporary relief is no relief. You weaken a faculty by drugging it. ¶ Health attainment demands obedience to Nature's Laws ☙ To lose one's self in a labyrinth of gastronomic indiscretions, then court the Pink Pill as a guide to Perpetual Youth, betrays faulty judgment. ¶ A new Science of Health has been introduced within the last ten years; a science over which common sense holds sway ☙ Dietetics, the wonder-worker, now aids ailing mankind. Avaunt the Pill ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙ ☙

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Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the Victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

—Matthew Arnold.

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Gee Twitchell Sodges	Old Bill Grahm
Thomas Ody	Billy Johnson
Wm. Dockstader	Billy Smith
Bluepoint Carman	Billy Robinson
Sidney Calhoun Tapp	Old Bill Spear
O. Van Arsdale	Billy B. Dammed
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Alex Forny	Buffalo Bill
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FROM the very beginning, according to tradition, the FIG has been most intimately associated with human existence. ¶ Combining, as it does, the qualities of a *valuable food,* a delicious tidbit (when packed the Geraldson way) and a gentle but lasting laxative which *cannot be adulterated,* it is probably the most valuable of all fruits—that is, *good ones* are. ¶ There are many varieties, nearly all inferior, and some of which are packed in enormous quantities and sold to an unsuspecting but fig hungry public.

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SO Art has become foolishly confounded with education—that all should be equally qualified. ¶ Whereas, while polish, refinement, culture and breeding are in no way arguments for artistic results, it is also no reproach to the most finished scholar or greatest gentleman in the land that he be absolutely without eye for painting or ear for music—that in his heart he prefer the popular print to the scratch of Rembrandt's needle, or the songs of the hall to Beethoven's C minor symphony. Let him have but the wit to say so, and not feel the admission a proof of inferiority.

Art happens—no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy, and coarse farce.

This is as it should be—and all attempts to make it otherwise are due to the eloquence of the ignorant, the zeal of the conceited.—Whistler.

Why should there not be fit confidence in the ultimate Justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?—Lincoln.

THEY were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that has made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

—Lowell.

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IT is impossible for me to tell you how much a man must possess to entitle him to the liberty of wasting anything, or of letting it be stolen and run away by the Indians A man has no right to property unless he has use for it. It is impossible for a man to have money enough to justify him in salting it down, or in other words putting it away in a chest, there to lie doing no manner of good either to himself or to his neighbor. If you have more oxen or cattle than you need, put them in the hands of other men and receive in return their labor. If a man is worth millions of bushels of wheat and corn, he is not wealthy enough to let his servant girl sweep a single kernel into the fire Let it be eaten by something. I have not had flour enough in the time of my greatest abundance to let my children waste one morsel of bread. No, I would rather feed the greatest enemy I have on earth than have it go to waste. Money is not real capital. It bears the title only. True capital is labor, and it belongs to the laboring classes. They, only, possess it. It is the bone, sinew, nerve and muscle of man that subdueth the earth This power tears down mountains and fills up valleys, builds cities and temples and paves the streets. In short what is there that yields shelter and comfort to civilized man that is not produced by the strength of his arm making the elements bend to his will?—Brigham Young.

The first creation of God, in the works of the days, was the light of sense; the last was the light of reason; and His Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of the spirit.—Bacon.

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TAKE an inventory of your spiritual assets—How do you stand on these? Mark yourself ten where you are perfect, then the rest mark down to about where you are, and see how it looks ☙ Faith, system, energy, service, loyalty, purpose, kindness, economy, industry, courtesy, initiative, intention, frankness, evolution, education, fellowship, patience, courage, responsiveness, tenacity, ambition, harmony, prudence, integrity, obedience, thoroness, mutuality, mastership, fraternity, endurance, enthusiasm, equanimity, good-cheer, reciprocity, cleanliness, helpfulness, personality, self-respect, orderliness, punctuality, self-control, co-operation, self-reliance, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, perseverance, individuality, concentration.

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The Caxton Society, Pittsfield, in Berkshire, Massachusetts

THE love of dominion of one over the other entirely takes away marriage love and its heavenly happiness; for, as was said above, marriage love and its happiness consists in this, that the will of the one is that of the other, and this mutually and reciprocally. The love of dominion in marriage destroys this, for he who domineers wishes that his will alone should be in the other, and none of the other's reciprocally in himself; hence there is nothing mutual, consequently no communication of any love and its happiness with the other, and reciprocally. And yet this communication, and conjunction thereby, is the interior happiness itself which is called blessedness in marriage. —Swedenborg.

☙

Parties who fuss about saving their souls, probably have no souls worth saving.

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Dec. Fra

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TAXATION is a necessity of civil government ❧ He who evades his share of the burden throws an unequal share on the shoulders of another. The evasion of taxes is dishonest. The higher the character of the owner of property who evades his share of the burden, the deeper is the wrong, since it serves the more to excuse others in wrong. Taxation should be as direct and as plain as possible. When the sources of revenue are hid, all sorts of abuses follow ❧ Out of the tariff which is hid from the eye of the average voter 90 per cent of our political corruption has come, and the gangrene from public life has infected business ❧ The reformer who does not appreciate this fact lacks fitness for his profession; the President knows it and all his zeal for reform is discredited by his "stand pat" attitude on the tariff. He seems to condemn wicked wealth and upholds the gate by which it flows in; he seems to advocate the "square deal" when he knows very well that the tariff is the mother of unfairness, corruption and legislation by influence. ¶ But the greatest evil by example is done by the church which demands or accepts exemption from taxation. Christ refused exemption and preached the payment of taxes in his "Render unto Cæsar." Accepting protection from civilization and boasting of its influence on government, how can the church evade its duty to support government? In the attitude of a beggar in the chambers of legislation the church is at once discredited; accepting favors, its voice is no longer free and its condemnation is at once silenced ❧ In vindication of itself the church should pay taxes ❧ Originally the claim of exemption was based on the willingness to give free contributions; making no free contributions, why should not the church pay? Claiming the right to hold property, why should not the church assume the plain duties of ownership? —Florida Times-Union.

The Subject of Elbert Hubbard's

"Little Journey" for December is

MARY BAKER EDDY

OCCASIONALLY an Immortal discovers that his wires are down, that in some way he has short-circuited himself. When this happens and the brain central fails to keep in touch with outlying stations it's time to make repairs. ¶ Wise members of the Clan shut off the current of their daily life, hang out the sign, "CLOSED FOR REPAIRS," then hike to the

FAIRFIELD INN

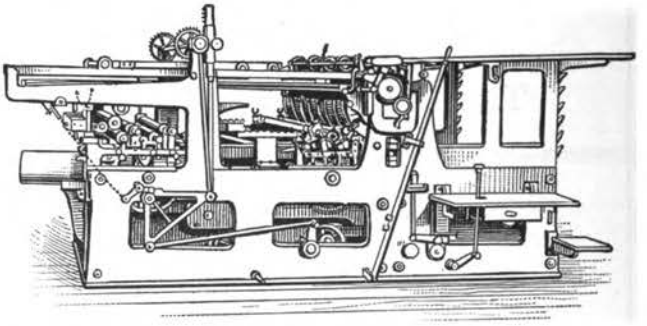
to have their system renovated. ¶ Fairfield Inn Folks depend on the Wonderful Waters of the Mineral Wells for health and happiness—and they are not disappointed. ¶ When the batting average of your battery slumps, when your sparker fails to spark, take the next train for Mineral Wells, Texas. ¶ Additional information on request.

The Fairfield Inn, Mineral Wells, Texas

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My bridges are burned behind me and I want to earn an honest living. If you have any faith in human sincerity and can give me a "boost," write me. I'll make good.

NUMBER 7654,
Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y.

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IN its heart the world cares for little but play; but in its life it does hardly anything but work, for the world has forgotten that the reason of its work is—play. The natural man works that he may play—works that he may love and dream, and know while he may the wonders and joys of the strange and lovely world which for a short space he is allowed to inhabit; the unnatural man plays that he may work. So unnatural indeed have we become that not only have we forgotten our dreams, but we have actually grown ashamed of them ❧ Proverbially there is nothing of which an Englishman is so much ashamed as his emotions. To suspect him of sentiment is to imply insult, to surprise him in tears is to commit a mortal offense. Laughter he still retains, but too often for the unworthy purpose of laughing at other people's emotions, and ridiculing beautiful things he no longer understands. England indeed is the Siberia of emotions. Let us all escape from Siberia.—Le Gallienne.

❧

The ink of THE FRA is more potent than the blood of Martyrs.

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Happiness
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Equal Suffrage
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Dietetic Righteousness
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A Patriotism that will include other countries, with no lack of love for our own
No war of aggression, excepting on a popular vote of all the people, including women
Disarmament through mutual agreement; and a constant campaign of education until this is brought about
A Square Deal for horses, cows, cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, guinea-hens and all other animals, wild and domesticated
When in doubt, mind your own business, and thus give others a chance to mind theirs
Tax church property and all educational or philanthropic institutions, that are not supported through and by taxation

IN men whom men pronounce as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

—Joaquin Miller.

❧

Nothing is impossible to the man who can will, and then do; this is the only law of success. Mirabeau.

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THE earth yields nothing more divine
Than high prophetic vision,—than the seer
Who, fasting from man's meaner joy, beholds
The path of beauteous order, and constructs
A fairer type, to shame our low content.

—George Eliot.

✠

The man that endures is the man that wins.

IS Homer wasting in taste? On the contrary taste is found throughout, but it is taste on the grand scale, incorruptible taste, the manifestation of the beautiful. It is in what shocks, it is in what irritates, and it is invulnerable even in the melee of filthy and obscure words, like the god that it is. Read Plautus. Read Horace. Accordingly as beauty, that light, is absent or present, the same words make Vade ignoble and Aristophanes splendid.—Victor Hugo.

✠

MUSIC is a secondary sexual manifestation, just as are the songs of birds their gay and gaudy plumage, the color and perfume of flowers, that so delight us, and the luscious fruits that nourish us—all is sex. Without love there would be no poetry and no music. All the manifest beauty of earth is only Nature's nuptial decoration.

✠

Shakespeare says that we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

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A Message From Arthur Frederick Sheldon

OUT here at Libertyville, Illinois (35 miles north of Chicago), I am starting Sheldon University. I have 600 acres of land, covered with great trees, blessed with Lake Eara—a lake a mile long and half a mile wide. Here I shall train men for business—shall train men for life. I shall train them mentally, physically and morally. I have already trained 32,000 men by correspondence. I teach men to develop Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—the prime factors of Success.

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

is my monthly messenger—a magazine of inspiration. I want you to know this magazine. I want you to read it every month. It is crammed full of inspirational articles by men who have succeeded and about men who have done likewise. It will tell you of my Ideal— the building of a university which will teach business men that ethics —the square deal—pays in business-building, and that there is more in business-building than in mere business getting. It will inspire you as no other magazine will inspire you, *and it will teach you how to make more money.* I know. I am a physician who takes his own medicine.

I TEACH MEN HOW TO MAKE MORE MONEY

I do it by teaching them how to do more and better work—the only legitimate way. There is no royal road to wealth and success. You must always pay your way. I can help you to travel farther successward. ¶Write to Thomas Dreier—my business manager at Libertyville, Illinois—and tell him you read Sheldon's Message in THE FRA. He will give your request for more information his personal attention. Send along twenty-five cents and he will send you three issues of "The Business Philosopher," a book of views of Sheldonhurst Farm, and send some other Good Stuff about business-building books and things. Address Tom care of

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But the church that did for the Fifth Century, or the Fifteenth, will not do for this. It must have our ideas, the smell of our ground, and have grown out of the religion of our soul.

The freedom of America must be there before this energy will come; the wisdom of the present Century, before its science will be on the churches' side.—Theodore Parker.

Some people bear three kinds of trouble all they ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

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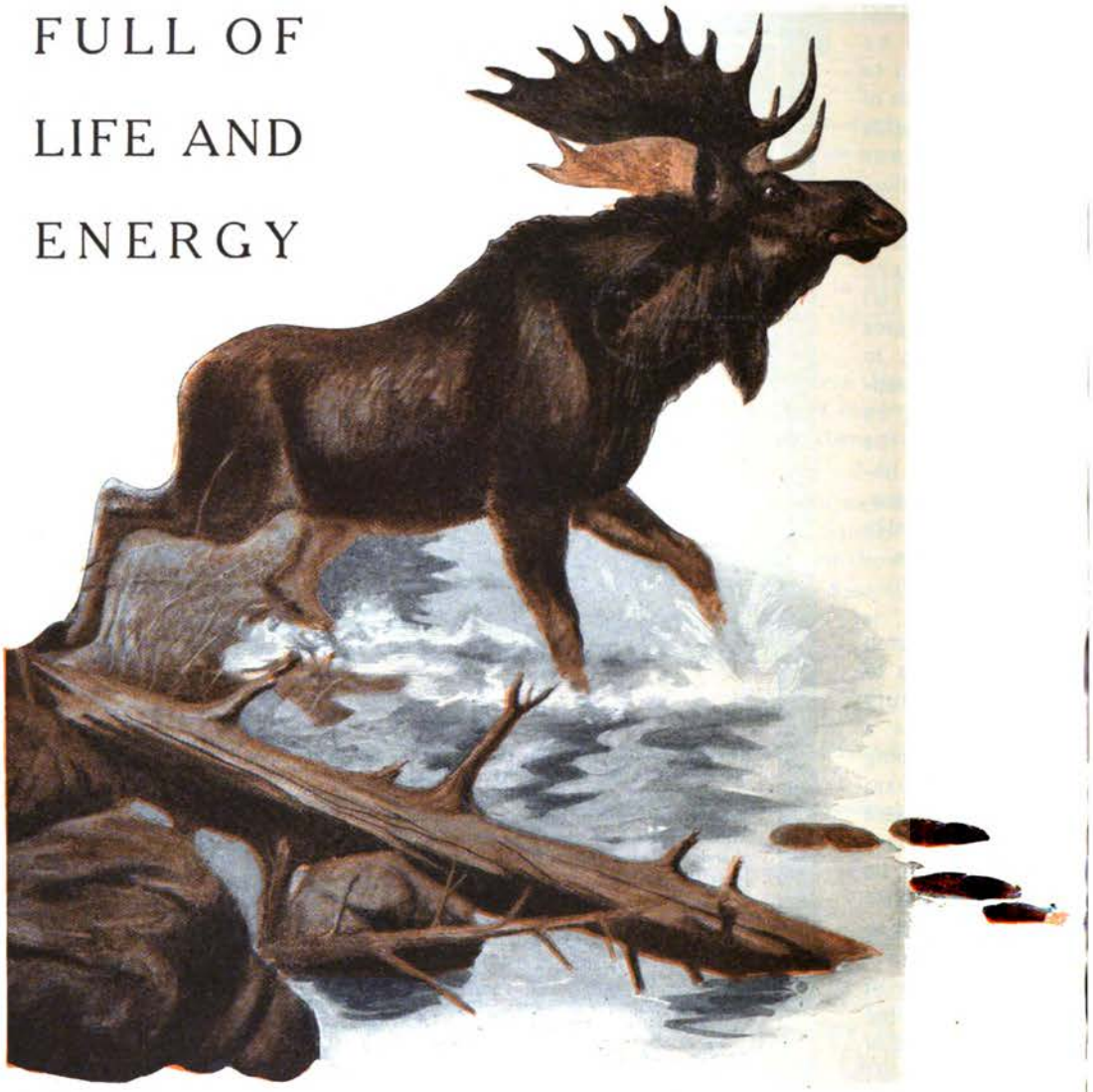
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The Science of Curing



THE idea of taking something out of a bottle, a vest-pocket box, or to have something "rubbed on," has become almost a superstition with the majority of people, *the whole scheme is wrong.* Nearly all human disorders can be cured by removing their primary causes ❧ These causes can only be removed by obeying a few simple natural laws. First, we must learn how to eat—we must partake of only such food as the body needs—food that contains the same chemistry as the body. Second, we must partake of these in the right combinations and proportions, so as to not over-feed on one element, while we are starving for another.

The Chemistry of the Human Body and the Chemistry of Food have been pursued and taught for many centuries as two distinct and separate sciences, and yet singly and alone, both of these branches of learning are mere theories, absolutely worthless and unuseable. The Chemistry of the Human Body is only half of a great science—the Chemistry of Food is the other half of the same science ❧ Taken together they compose the most important science before the civilized world, because they deal directly with energy, vitality, longevity and life itself. These things govern our sympathies, hopes and happiness—they control our senses of mercy, justice and love—they determine about all that makes life "worth while."

I have made a special study of Food Chemistry for many years. I also studied the Chemistry of the Human Body, and I decided to put these two sciences together, so I have united them, and made of this union THE SCIENCE OF APPLIED FOOD CHEMISTRY, which I repeat is the most important science before the civilized world.

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Respectfully,

Eugene Christian
Food Scientist

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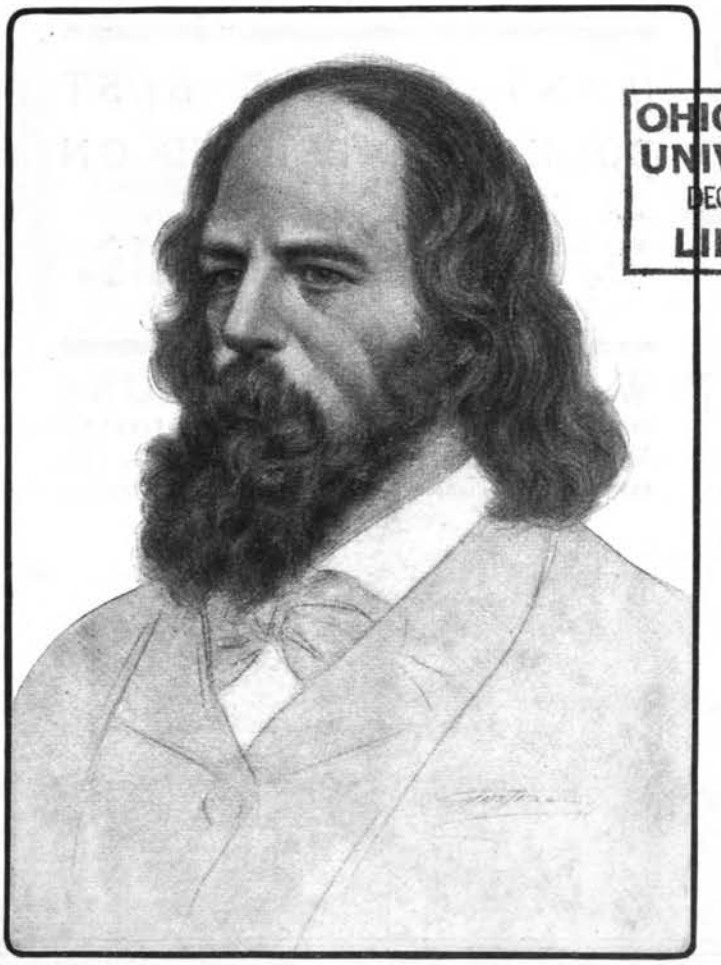
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Copied for Elbert Hubbard by his friend Robert Barr, just 240 years to the very day after Tho. Roycroft wrote it with his pen ❧ The original letter may be found in the Bodlian Library, Oxford; Rawl. D. 398.

For his much esteemed ffriend, Mr. Samuell Clarke, these psent in Oxford.

London this 22th of June, 1668.

Sir:—I had some discourse with Mr. Tibboles about a press which he told me was for you, for the use of the Vniuersity, and did offer it to him for 8. but withall told him it would cost 20 or 30s to fit things for it there being some things lost from it by the removing at the time of the ffire, it is the same Press that I did Nobilius's Notes and part of the Prolegomena's with, and the Iron and Wood-worke, as good, if not better, than you may haue in a new one, it being so large makes me the more willing to part with it, hauing three more of the same size, and with it provide a less for my self, I leave it to your own choice, please your self in it, I shall be content, I know nothing of it, but that it may answer your expectations, for any work you shall do with it. I shall not trouble you further, but take a kinde respects to your self, and be assured, I am,

Your ready ffriend to serve you,

THO. ROYCROFT.

The spelling and punctuation are Roycroft's very own and not those of Robert Barr, Roycrofter-at-Large (yet).

❧

Sanity lies in your ability to think individually and act collectively.

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DO not be cross with the child; you cannot afford it. If you are cultivating a plant, developing it into something finer and nobler, you must love it, not hate it; be gentle with it, not abusive; be firm, never harsh. I give the plants upon which I am at work in a test, whether a single one or a hundred thousand, the best possible environment. So should it be with a child, if you want to develope it in right ways. Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter, let them have a good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; give them to your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all the years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next; they cannot stand it. Remember that you are training not only for today, but for all the future, for all posterity.—Luther Burbank.

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A MAN'S body is a battle ground for microbes. Health depends upon your ability to support good healthy microbes. Do not take sides with the microbes—they have rights which we should all respect. Let them fight it out and, like religious denominations, take it out on each other. Safety lies in the opposition of forces.

Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.—The Son of Man.

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The HOWARD is a gift for a lifetime. When you give a man a HOWARD watch you leave no question of your intention as to quality. ¶Once and for all it is the best that money will buy. ¶In comparison to the HOWARD the selection of any other watch must appear in the light of a makeshift and a compromise. ¶The HOWARD has a history of which every American should be proud. ¶It was the first American watch. It is the finest practical timepiece in the world and has held that place for upwards of seventy years. It has been carried by our distinguished men from Daniel Webster's day to our own. It is recognized by the world's scientists. It was awarded a certificate of the first class by the International Astronomical Observatory at Geneva. It has been the choice of our men of action from Fremont to Peary.

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ALL works of taste must bear a price in proportion to the skill, taste, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the Artist than those which everybody calls cheap. Beautiful forms and composition are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense. A disposition for cheapness, and not for excellence of workmanship, is the most frequent and certain cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufactures.—Ruskin.

NO happiness ever consists in abstaining from work and depending on this for happiness; in this way every one would wish to have the happiness of others for himself, and when every one would wish for it, no one would have it. Such a life would not be active but idle, in which the faculties would become torpid; when yet it may be known to all that without active life there can be no happiness of life, and that rest from this activity is only for the sake of recreation, that one may return more eager to the activity of his life.—Swedenborg.

If I treat all men as gods, how to me can there be any such thing as a slave?—Emerson.

"Tea is the only stimulant that DOES NOT GIVE A DEPRESSING REACTION," said Peary, the Arctic Explorer. He probably was thinking of SCHILLING'S BEST

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The Glenwood



BROOKLINE, Massachusetts, is the richest city in America ❧ Its tax rate is less than ten dollars a thousand, and it loans money to itself. ¶ Next to Brookline in point of wealth comes Riverside, California. In Brookline the wealth is apparent; in Riverside its distribution is so even that when you look for the lavish you look in vain. ¶ Riverside has six great assets: Sunshine, Water, Oranges, Roses, Soil, and Col. Frank A. Miller. The first five items produced the sixth ❧ The "Col." part, I believe, is an honorary Kentucky title conferred by admiring friends, or secured in the imminent deadly Militia. ¶ Personally, I think of Miller as Reverend, for if any man should be revered it is the one who ministers to mankind, and that is just what Frank Miller does—he ministers, serves, benefits and blesses. ¶ This is an advertisement, but Frank Miller did not prepare the copy for it, neither did he have a chance to correct the proof. ¶ Miller's life work has been to set a pace in Inn-Keeping. "The Glenwood" at Riverside is his creation—aided of course, by the heads, hands and hearts of the noble and unselfish men and women he has attracted to him. Success lies in selection. A big man succeeds because he selects big people, and pigmies attract their own. ¶ "The Glenwood" stands on the site of an old Spanish Mission, and preserves somewhat of its flavor, as of thyme and mignonette. It speaks of days agone, when holy men, amice 'tired, coped and cloaked, and stoled with the sacred tippet, here made a resting place—a sanctuary—for the traveler. ¶ Ruskin said he could not imagine how a single improvement could be made in a painting by Turner. I cannot imagine how "The Glenwood" could be bettered. It is luxurious without effort, rich but not loud, ample but without glare or blare. Surely, across its portals has come something of the soul of St. Benedict, who carved over the entrance to Monte Casino the words, "Ecce Labora." ¶ When you go to California, do not miss Riverside and "The Glenwood." In fact, it is worth a trip to California just to see Riverside and "The Glenwood." "The Glenwood" is a place of rest, peace, plenty, quiet, good-cheer, and the harmony which makes for wholeness—HEALTH

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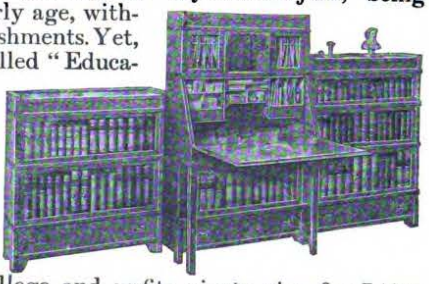
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GENIUS possesses at heart the mathematics of art; it is at ease among the confusion of stars and heavens. Number has nothing to teach it; it extracts from it with the same facility the binomial for calculus and rhythm for imagination. It has its box of tools, employing iron where others have only lead, and steel where others have only iron, and the diamond where others have only steel, and the star where others have only the diamond. It has the great plan of correction, the grand regularity, the grand tax, the grand method, and the use of all these is its own secret. And it mingles with all this wisdom one knows not what divine madness—and this is genius.—Victor Hugo.

USEFUL EDUCATION

THIS month a well-known magazine states that New York City has but one Industrial High School, altho that city maintains fifteen Academic High Schools and two Colleges. It also mentions that only one child out of every hundred goes to College—just one per cent. ¶ It does n't divulge what happens to the "ninety-nine" who have no use for "higher education." But it does hint sympathetically about Cash Boys, and Girls who call "fry two meejum," being obliged to leave school at an early age, without any money-earning accomplishments. Yet, the subtle irony of this thing called "Education" escapes the guilty ones. Ninety-nine children are un-educated for the probable benefit of One. ¶ But have patience! A new sun is rising in the East. Our true educators have sensed the error. An upheaval awaits just around the corner. Any system that fits one boy for college and unfits ninety-nine for Life's Struggle must go! ¶ Education locked in schools or colleges and doled out to a particular few is not education. Education is for the many. Give a boy, or girl, a happy, healthy environment, sufficient useful labor, and a small bookcase well stocked, and in a short time, you evolve an educated man of the Better Kind. Knowledge rightly assimilated, works for good.



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GREATNESS rests for Eternity on the Pedestal of Fact. Master Fact and Posterity will hail your name! Men who live in our memory, pulsed the heart beats of the Thinking World. ¶Mangasarian, that magnetic genius, whose wordy wisdom flashes as Summer Lightning 'cross our Mental Sky-line, says, "Before we can have an opinion of the intellectual masters of all time, we must *know* what they thought." ¶Again we harken back a century and listen to Edmund Burke—classic statesman, who applied the ideas of the Thinker to the Problems of the Political Reasoner, voicing this sentiment: "The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts." ¶Master men all agree that *Fact* is Supreme! ¶You tap the reservoir of Eternal Truths in

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LAST Tuesday an election took place, of vital importance to every woman. It decided who should be president of the United States during the coming four years.

The president thus chosen will appoint the heads of every department of the goverment. He will appoint or remove tens of thousands of officials, who will collect and expend more than $4,000,000,000 during the next four years. This enormous sum, more than $50 for every man, woman and child in the United States, will be taken from the earnings of every woman, from my earnings, from yours and those of every one else. The tax is levied on everything we eat, drink, wear or use, in the form of an increase of price. We pay it on every purchase we make of shelter, clothing, food or fuel. No one can evade it. ¶One would naturally suppose that in a community calling itself a republic, with institutions nominally democratic, every taxpayer (and all are taxpayers) would help choose the men who are to collect and expend this compulsory contribution. But no, strange to say, one-half of all our citizens are not allowed any part in this most important of all elections. ¶Now, that the election is over, let the women of every state lose no time in petitioning their next Legislature to erase the word "male" from the law regulating the appointment of the presidential electors, thereby enabling women to take part in the choice of Mr. Taft's successor in the presidential election of 1912.—Woman's Journal.

[illegible] BEST [illegible] ambition and renews energy

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ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE

ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XXXI—Sunday, January 3, 1909

ALFRED TENNYSON

Health Thought: There is no death in Nature. All is life and life is the result of joy and hope and love.

The world is wonderfully beautiful. Adjust your eyes to the beauty. Mingle with the Great Out-of-doors.

TENNYSON—THE EVOLUTIONIST

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

CAPTAIN PERRY, in his journal written during one of his expeditions in the North, tells of the monotony of an excursion he and six others took from their headquarters, where Mrs. Perry and her Snow Baby were.

Somebody says these men had Howard watches to tell off the hours, but there was no way of marking off time into day and night. The sky, the earth, the air were one color—a solid grayish white.

For justice all places temple,
All seasons summer

said Richelieu. But this is poetry and not fact. If all places were Temples, and all seasons identically one, there would be no justice because there would be no sanity.

Captain Perry says that after traveling a few hours their reason began to totter and intelligence to fail. And to save themselves, they made a dugout in the snow and crept into security from the monster monotony which threatened.

Statistics from Hospitals for the Insane show that a great percentage of their patients is farmers' wives. The sameness of work and care, nothing of interest happening, the isolation have made disaster in the peaceful life that, poetically speaking, goes on far from the unhealth and noise of the city.

The telephone has benefited business to an unlimited extent, but the amount of salvation it brings to the isolated farmhouse is a still greater good. The Paris telephone girl does not respond with the American "hello!" but a courteous, "I listen." Let the farmers listen on their party lines, it makes for sanity—even though it adds to harmless gossip.

We are told that man evolved his primitive intellect in an equatorial region where existence was easy. The sky was the only roof he needed and the manna was within easy reach every morning. But man never went beyond the A B C of his mentality until the North Temperate Zone marked his time off into day and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter.

And after Julius Cæsar observed and carefully calculated and gave the general command, "Mark time! Everybody!" the whole world was safer than ever before.

Moses, in his wisdom, set apart every seventh day for his people to vary their thought and exercise, and we have been adding holidays ever since.

As we develop more sensitiveness, more intellect, we demand more relief from monotony, more ways of varying our portion of eternity here.

"There is no such thing as a New Year or birthdays! All time is one!"

Very well! Probably so!

But man needed them and so we have them. They are necessary to evolution. These days are milestones and let us know our bearings, whether we are nor' by nor'east, or sou' by sou'-west. These days are a necessary delusion, not scientific but hygienic.

The evolved man is the product of rebirths, new eras, evolutions, of New Years ringing out the old and ringing in the new.

Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Lesson XXXII—Sunday, January 10, 1909

TENNYSON—THE FRIEND

WHAT is the secret of your success in life?" asked a woman of Charles Kingsley.

"I had a friend!" said the author of "The Three Fishers," and his eyes looked out over the mists of the sea and pierced the gloom of the unseen shore, while the harbor bar was moaning.

"I had a friend," says Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam." ¶ It was ten years of palsied agony before the poet could transmute this death into life. But Tennyson was close to the Infinite Mother. And she knows only life.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Nature whispers, "Lo, thou must,"
The Youth replies, "I can."

It was ten years after the shock of parting from his friend that the poet was able to write his tribute to friendship. But truth and life were awakened in Tennyson's soul by the death of Arthur Hallam.

Nature takes the fallen leaves, the dead plants and animals and transubstantiates them into vital elements and a new resurrection. Nature never mourns—to her there is no death. ¶ In Her great economy there is no loss of life. Everything is life.

Nature is an alchemist, and in her laboratory substances are resolved into their constituent parts, back into their elements, and into other substances.

Nature is an Economist and nothing is wasted: substances are changed, transmuted, analyzed, systematized, but her debit and credit always balance—her scales are equipoise.

Nature never laments; she has no accidents; she is never dismayed, never paralyzed by agony, knows no fear.

On the night of May Twenty-ninth, Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight, there was in Western New York so severe a frost that all fresh vegetation was frozen.

On the morning of May Thirtieth the sun rose clear and joyous in the heavens. The sunbeams danced into the frost drops and sparkled and gleamed.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens the plants turned blacker and blacker and fell to the ground and mingled with the soil. ¶ It seemed a tragic thing—that glorious heyday in the sky, and the sackcloth and ashes on the earth.

On swept the sun to his climax of brilliance in the West. Back to the East the next morning, on the instant, he came and flaunted across the heavens again.

And in two weeks there was no sign of mourning on the earth; everywhere were leaves, flowers, grass, weeds and later a bountiful harvest. Nature is never dismayed.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust!

that we, too, respond to the great spirit of Power and Repose that we adjust ourselves to, what seems to us, the unseasonable death.

When little Waldo Emerson died, Emerson perhaps felt more sorrow than he had ever known before or after. In later years, he writes of it as being an experience well worth the poignant grief. It was the time of the soul's awakening, never to sleep again.

And so it was with Alfred Tennyson when the only friend of his young manhood was suddenly taken by death. He was

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awakened into life as never before. He became awake and aware, and he questioned why.

But the days came and went and the answer came to him, as to each of us, from the God within. Tennyson awoke one morning and found the sun still shining, the earth beautiful. And he added "In Memoriam" to the wealth of the living thought of the world.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

Lesson XXXIII—Sunday, January 17, 1909
TENNYSON—THE IDEALIST

IT is tautology to speak of Tennyson as an Idealist. All poets are this. They find the Ideal in the real and point out to the workaday, prosaic minds beauties and hopes which are obscured to them.

This idealizing power is the mark divinity has placed upon the forehead of man. It is the breath of life which was breathed into the common clay that made man a living soul.

An ideal of today is not the ideal of tomorrow, and the next day the ideal is better still. An ideal of our generation is not that of the next.

Thus does the race progress.

We look to the poet for classic truth. The poem is not a matter of meterage or rhyming, but of prescience and prophecy of the better day. The poet perceives truth that is true today and has been true since history began. He presents to us the beauty of truth. He suggests a standard of thought and conduct. He crystallizes into words our dreams of the perfect.

Or else what he writes is not poetry.

We turn to poetry for exaltation, reverence, religious contemplation.

Poets have given the attributes of strength, power, wisdom, virtue, constancy to man such as have been ascribed to deity. They have made heroes live so that an ideal of their virtues might be bodied forth as a standard for man for all time.

Poetry makes its appeal to the imagination. Before going geologizing or botanizing, Agassiz would read a little of the most exalted poetry. He said he could find more specimens after such reading. We see with our imaginations. Imagination is the sparker for our senses.

In these verses from Locksley Hall, Tennyson hints at an ideal of constancy in love and the struggle for the supremacy of the ideal in man, and finally the triumph of the ideal.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Then love was taken from the man and despair grappled with him.

"Let it all go," he said. "I will mate with a savage woman."
I, to breed with pure my forehead, I, scant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time.

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than a single thread should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Lesson XXXIV—Sunday, January 24, 1909
TENNYSON—THE FREEMAN

GENIUS must have come in showers in the year Eighteen Hundred and Nine. In fact, in that year there were born three men who made their impress on their age, and to do that is to influence all time.

Good and great religious men and women, whose reputations have had only additions of good memories for one hundred years after they have died, are canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. These people are called saints because they are supposed to have benefited the world by bringing humanity nearer to God.

Saint Anne, Saint John, Saint Paul, Saint Benedict, and so on down to the canonization which, I believe, threw out Columbus at the last moment. Formerly none but professional pietists were called saints, and that Columbus was considered at all is hopeful that the Church thinks mankind is made better by those who do work that helps man here and now.

¶ On February the Twelfth, Eighteen Hundred and Nine, in a cabin in the woods of Kentucky, was born Abraham Lincoln. The poverty was superlative.

Whistler says that Art happens. No hovel is safe from it. And Whistler is right.

This cabin was not safe from greatness.

On the same day, in the same year, in England, in the cultured home of Erasmus Darwin, was born Charles Darwin.

Occasionally a palace is not safe from it. The one was to say the magic word through which slave owners were set free from the bondage of being master over human beings.

The other was to see the truth of the evolution of man. And this truth set into motion activities which revolutionized the religion of the race.

Charles Darwin was and is an emancipator of the mind of man. Our world is not the same world that was rotating on its axis before Eighteen Hundred and Nine.

And in this year of evolution, Alfred Tennyson was born—August the Sixth. He was a part of the progress of the time and he was a product of it, too.

The writer is ever putting into sentences his own life's history. The poet is writing metrically the ideals of his soul.

When Tennyson revolts from the chains that bound Columbus, he shows his heart's desire to set all men free. The chains of the Admiral of the Ocean cut into the wrist of the poet—and he would liberate the world.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of nations than all their heroes!—Chains for him
Who curbed his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the dragon's mouth,
And came upon the mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

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Chains! We are Admirals of the Ocean, we,
We and our sons forever—Ferdinand
Hath signed it and our Holy Catholic Queen,
Of the Ocean, of the Indies, Admirals we.
Our title which we never mean to yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,
But our amends for all we might have done,—
The vast occasion of our stronger life.
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe
Will suck in with his milk hereafter—earth a sphere.

I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Lesson XXXV—Sunday, January 31, 1909

PROBABLY the Tennyson poems that sing most in the heart are his lyrics. But the Idylls of the King, the Arthurian legends turned into heroic meter, will be read and loved so long as there are readers of Homer and Virgil.

These stories of King Arthur, his Knights and his Ladies, were told by Sir Thomas Malory before Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West ❧ Then there is the "Boys' King Arthur," retold by Sidney Lanier since Tennyson made these stories popular.

When Abbey wanted a subject for his decorations in the Boston Public Library, he chose the classic story of Sir Galahad, one of the Knights of King Arthur's Table Round. And this theme in the hands of the artist has made a mural decoration that Raphael might well have envied.

Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving graced and did honor to the Arthurian legends in their presentation of an adaptation of the Idylls of the King.

It was Tennyson who made popular and brought these stories of courage, bravery and romance to the minds of the readers of classic literature.

The stately, grand and majestic pageant of the Passing of Arthur gives us a picture of the great poet's heart, his ideal of a man as,

From the great deep to the great deep he goes –
He passes to be king among the dead.

These lines, so suggestive of the grandeur of kingship, the Knights of the Round Table heard as out into the unseen passed King Arthur:

But now farewell. I am going a long way
With those thou seest—if indeed I go,
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt –
To the island-valley of Avilion?
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

C U L T U R E



TAKE HEED TO CULTURE. Culture is character in motion. It is a habit of life—a habit transformed into a tendency. It is the tendency of appreciation for every good and beautiful thing, and the quality of being courteous, kindly, generous and moderate in your judgments and estimates of others.

If you are a man of culture you do not shout, vociferate, rant, condemn or boast.

You realize that no man is so wholly right that he can afford to say that another is wholly wrong. ¶ You are more intent on being than seeming to be.

Cultivate the intellect, and you shall have a mind that produces beautiful thoughts, worthy images, helpful ideas; that will serve as a solace in times of stress, and be to you a refuge 'gainst all the storms that blow. The cultured mind, as compared with the uncultured, shows all the difference between a beautiful garden which produces vegetables, fruits or flowers, and a tract of land that is overgrown with weeds and brambles. ¶ To be a person of culture is to be at home under all conditions. Your mind is stored with mental images and memory comes to keep you company, and guide you from nostalgia and the sense of separateness to universality or oneness with the Divine.

The country will be beautiful to you in any season, and society and solitude each will be welcomed by you in turn. You are to reject nothing, despise nothing, knowing that everything belongs somewhere, and that it is needed to make up the great mosaic of life.

You are not to draw close about you the skirts of intolerance, nor look with disdain on those less fortunate, but always, and at all times be able to place yourself, through the gift of imagination, in the position of others. Thus do you evolve sympathy and pity, two sentiments, without which a man is indeed but a mental mendicant.

Conduct, culture and character are graces that go through life hand in hand, never separate or alone. Happy is he who has more than a speaking acquaintance with each.

Culture is the cream of conduct ❧ It is the sure result of the Study Habit, linked to Self-Reliance and blessed by Concentration. Fortunate are we if we evolve from our hearts these great gifts with which the Creator, in His goodness and wisdom, has endowed us. ¶ Culture, like all of life's blessings, cannot be hoarded—it is for service. Those who are wise give their culture away, and thus do they retain it.

To help men and women train their minds, through pleasurable and scientific exercise, and thus evolve Culture is the work of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Perhaps you had better write for circulars.

The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pennsylvania

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System
Inside Back Cover—Eugene Christian



REV. DR. C. C. ALBERTSON

The Roycroft Inn

(Across From The Well)

In the Land of Immortality

* * *

Dr. Albertson is not yet a Roycrofter—but we have hope

* * *

Come to the Inn and Forget It

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND UP

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, N. Y.

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JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

THE text is the same as it was last time. ¶And though the sermon may be different, the conclusion of the whole matter is now, as it was then, once and for all, today, yesterday & forever—the inherent purity, wholesomeness and toothsomeness of the dairy-fed-little-pig sausages we make out here on our old Wisconsin farmstead cannot be surpassed. ¶I was younger than I am now when we began to make them for others than our own family—urged into it by the people of our neighborhood, who ate them and found them too good to forego. ¶That was more than forty years ago; and every year since then has brought an ever-increasing demand from an ever-widening neighborhood, until now the only practical limit to our sausage-making is our determination never to depart from the good, old-fashioned way of making them. ¶We won't make more than we can make right. ¶All we make shall be the best it is possible to make them. ¶Our dairy-fed-little-pig sausages contain four ingredients. Three of them you might see if you were here at the Farm when we were making sausage, any morning except Sunday, from October to April: Selected Meat from Milk-fed-Little-Pigs; Pure, Fresh, Home Ground Spices; Pure, Refined Salt. ¶The fourth ingredient you 'd have to wait and taste in some of the nicely browned sausages we 'd give you later—the Experience and Skill of forty years and more, and an artist's Pride in making them the best in the world. ¶Put my statements to the proof of your own palate with my

TRIAL OFFER

FOUR POUNDS, ONE DOLLAR, EXPRESS PREPAID

One Dollar and Forty Cents West of Kansas and South of Tennessee

A special trial package of Jones Dairy Farm Hams and Bacon is also suggested—16 pounds weight exclusive of packing—$3.00, anywhere north of Alabama or East of Colorado; outside this territory but in the United States, $3.75. Remit any way that suits your convenience.

The Jones Dairy Farm Booklet tells all about the farm and its products. It tells how we first made sausages for our own use and how the neighbors got us into making them for you; tells of the other good things I make here besides sausages, such as hams, bacon and lard, buckwheat and maple syrup, and gives some fine old-fashioned recipes for cooking such things. It is interesting and well printed and I wish you 'd send for it.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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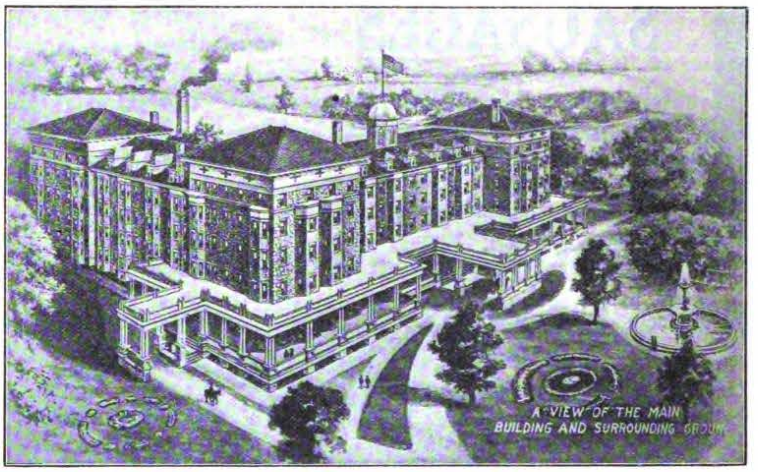
LOST—A MEDICINE MAN

NO REWARD!

Lost, near the Bernarr Macfadden Sanatorium, Battle Creek, Michigan, a large, round-faced, bespectacled M.D. Answers to the name of "Doctor." Old Family Pet, kind and gentle, housebroken. Last seen hovering 'round Sanatorium Entrance, gazing despairingly at "hopeless cases" playing Health Ball ☙ Any message giving his present location will receive *Special Attention*.

(Signed) ATHLETIC "PATIENTS."

Bernarr Macfadden Sanatorium



Bernarr Macfadden accepts your case after the Pill Pounders say in their throaty way—"He cannot live. It's only a matter of time." Macfadden combats cause—not effect. He teaches one to live, and then Nature, gently stimulated and encouraged, does the real work. Macfadden is not a mystic, nor are his cures Black Art. A very simple system wins. He takes one back to Nature, and by perfect co-operation, compels Health. ¶ For a few Health Hints, address

Bernarr Macfadden Sanatorium, Battle Creek, Mich.

The wanderers hope for home. Hope builds the house and plants the flowers and fills the air with song.

The sick and suffering hope for health ☙ Hope gives them health and paints the roses in their cheeks.

The lonely, the forsaken, hope for love ☙ Hope brings the lover to their arms. They feel the kisses on their eager lips.

The poor in tenements and huts, in spite of rags and hunger hope for wealth ☙ Hope fills their thin and trembling hands with gold.

The dying hope that death is but another birth, and love leans above the pallid face and whispers, "we shall meet again."

Hope is the consolation of the world.

Let us hope that if there be a God that he is wise and good.

Let us hope that if there be another life that it will bring peace and joy to all the children of men ☙ ☙

And let us hope that this poor earth on which we live, may be a perfect world—a world without a crime—without a tear.—Ingersoll.

IF we are immortal it is a fact in nature; and that fact does not depend on bibles or Christs, on priests or creeds.

The hope of another life was in the heart, long before the "sacred books" were written, and will remain there after they are forgotten. The "sacred books" are known to be the work of savage and superstitious men. Hope is the consolation of the world.

☙

Religions are not revealed—they are evolved.

SCHILLING'S cements new friendships and gives strength to the Old

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MORSE invented his telegraphic code on an Atlantic Liner. He perfected his dot-dash in a single evening after mess. The Idea struck as a thunderbolt from a summer sky and impatience ruled him until he had rigged up a jigger-instrument to prove his theory. This same instrument eventually revolutionized the Electrical World. But it took Morse twelve years to get a Public Hearing. He had perseverance so he won. ¶Morse was not, as you may believe, a scientific man, a mechanic, or electrician; he was that which is supposedly most impracticable, an artist. Apparently he was not even a good artist, but he was a fine fighter. He never knew when he had enough. The Idea floated Morse and he won with colors flying. You can't sink an Idea nor can you blot out the man who produced it, even tho he be an artist. ¶Another epoch maker has appeared out of the mists; Delaney by name, a Celt by origin. Delaney differs from Morse in that he has worked for thirty-five years, quietly, earnestly, sincerely, *confident* that he would win. In his experiments Delaney discovered many things, including himself. Some of his discoveries, inventions, he converted into money and turned the money back into the till to further his one big plan. Delaney had faith in himself. Delaney won. ¶This man evolved an Idea that will place his picture in the Hall of Fame next to Edison and Morse. And that's what he sought (not the Hall of Fame) *The Idea!* ¶Delaney is, was, and always will be a worker. He has no desire to accumulate wealth. Did frenzied finance trouble him, he could sell his Idea today for a sum that would house him in luxury for a century. But as a loving parent he refuses to trust his brain child to strange hands. Delaney works for posterity, not for cash. Money to him represents another step toward the light—that's all. ¶Success dawns. To the worker belongs the Spoils. Delaney nears his goal. New England, peopled with far-seeing Yankees possessed of great caution, has installed his invention. ¶Residents of Portland, Me., Old Orchard, Me., Saco, Me., Biddeford, Me., Dover, N. H., Portsmouth, N. H., Exeter, N. H., Haverhill, Mass., Lawrence, Mass., Lowell, Mass., Boston, Mass., and adjacent points, are now communicating by wire at rates so low and service so accurate and prompt that they are wondering at their former patience with exorbitant rates and inadequate service.

ONE RATE TO ALL POINTS

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Line construction is progressing rapidly; watch for the announcement of new cities opened for business at Telepost rates:

25-word TELEGRAMS, any distance, for 25c
50-word TELEPOSTS, any distance, for 25c
100-word TELETAPES, any distance, for 25c
10-word TELECARDS, any distance, for 10c

An interesting illustrated booklet has been prepared, describing in detail the invention, its operation, its economy, its rapidity and its accuracy. Mailed without cost to any Fra Follower asking for Booklet No. 22.

TELEPOST COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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LITTLE JOURNEYS FOR 1909
WILL BE TO THE HOMES OF
GREAT BUSINESS MEN

Mr. Hubbard has been office boy, printer's devil, foreman, editor, manager, proprietor. He is an economist himself—an economist of time, money and materials. He writes with the touch of a man who knows—more or less—about what he is talking. These biographies will be intimate, yet critical. Fra Elbertus uses red ink, and writes with a fresh-nibbed, sharp-pointed pen and never with a whitewash brush. The subjects are as follows:

ROBERT OWEN	H. J. HEINZ	JOHN JACOB ASTOR
JAMES OLIVER	PHILIP D. ARMOUR	AUGUST SCHILLING
STEPHEN GIRARD	MAYER A. ROTHSCHILD	JOHN WANAMAKER
ALBERT A. POPE	JAMES J. HILL	ANDREW CARNEGIE

Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys educate and increase capacity. Every man on your pay-roll will be benefited by a Year's Subscription.

SPECIAL LITTLE JOURNEYS for Nineteen Hundred and Nine, THE PHILISTINE Magazine for one year and a De Luxe Leather Bound ROYCROFT BOOK, all for TWO DOLLARS

MESSRS. W. W. RAWSON & COMPANY take pleasure in announcing to the Elect, the following important novelties for the season of 1909:
A new Rose, a new pink Perennial Lupin, the first double-flowered Michaelmas Daisy, ten distinctly new Dahlias of their own introduction, many new Gladiolus, a score of new Annual and Perennial flowers from seed and several important novelties in vegetables.
They also beg to announce that with the year 1909 they are celebrating their 25th Anniversary and in commemoration intend issuing a De Luxe 25th Anniversary Edition of
RAWSON'S GARDEN MANUAL
This Beauty Book will be ready January 1st, and mailed free to FRA Gardeners. A postal card will bring it.
W. W. RAWSON, 5 Union St., Boston, Massachusetts
DAHLIA SPECIALISTS

Exactly so! People who live in New York City cannot understand that. In the Country it is different—you call on your neighbors in time of stress, and the fact that your neighbor is an eminent Judge, or an ex-Governor of the State makes no difference. ¶ All orders received today, must go out today, says Jonesy.

The Jones Dairy Farm is a family affair—father, mother, son and daughter, with the County Judge to paste labels, and if necessary pass judgment on the sausage cases. ¶ Ex-Governer Hoard lives at Fort Atkinson and, I am glad to say, has made a modest fortune as a printer and publisher. Some printers manage to get along! Hoard is a Ben Franklin kind of a printer. I offered him a job in the Roycroft Shop, but he declined because he said he had promised to stay around and help Milo. ¶ Those Fort Atkinson folks, with their intelligence, system, honesty, industry, economy and direct simplicity made me think of the Duke of Wellington and the man who asked him this question, "Do you find it any special advantage in life to be great?" ¶ And the conqueror of Napoleon replied, "Yes, indeed, I find it a decided advantage to be great; for it enables me to do without servants, to brush my own clothes, to black my boots, to take care of my horse, to pack and carry my traveling bag and ride in a bus while you have to have a cab."

I'VE been up to Fort Atkinson to lecture for my old college chum, Milo C. Jones, who does things strictly Kosher. He gave me a full house all right, of people with phosphorus plus. The chairman was Hon. Chas. B. Rogers, County Judge. Milo can make a good speech himself, but it is his policy never to do anything that he can get some one else to do. The Judge's wife used to work for Milo, and when there is a rush of orders on for Little Pig Sausages, she goes over now and helps them out. Then if there is a special rush, they telephone for the Judge.

To inspire youth and sweeten old age, try SCHILLING'S BEST

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$1000

Reward

For the ARREST and CONVICTION of the man or woman who stole my directoire gown, my fluffy ruffles, my picture hat and my shoes from a Pullman Sleeping Car, on the night of December 23.

Annabelle Looker Lee

Full Particulars in

The Philistine

FOR JANUARY

Ask Your Newsdealer

Subconsciousness In Clothes

Is the aim of thinking men everywhere. A certain intellectual poise—a mental erectness—belongs only to the man who dresses himself reasonably from "lid" to "lingerie" and then files away the knowledge in his cerebellum. ¶Much low thinking has been directly caused by the annoyance of faulty garters. ¶We have entered upon a new era in this department of masculine accoutrement.

Thinking Men

have evolved a perfect garter—the only one shaped and fitted to meet Nature's model of the leg masculine. ¶Furthermore this garter *has no metal parts that can come next the wearer.* This means freedom from wear, wounds and worriment. ¶This ethical sock supporter is known as the

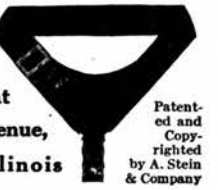


Paris Garter

The makers insure *the enthusiastic satisfaction* of every wearer with a money-back guarantee. ¶If your outfitter is of "the elect" he's sure to have *Paris Garters.* Otherwise you can supply yourself by writing the makers and enclosing twenty-five cents for the mercerized quality, or fifty cents for a de luxe edition in silk. ¶*Paris Garters* are made strictly in accordance with the proven truths of *"New Thought," "Natural Selection" and "Survival of the Fittest."*

A. Stein & Company

Make Them at 180 Center Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



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EACH the child self-respect, just as you train a plant in better ways. No self-respecting man was ever a grafter. Make the boy understand what money means, too, what its value is. Do not deal it out to him lavishly, but teach him to account for it. Instil better things into him, just as a plant-breeder puts better characteristics into a plant. Above all, bear in mind repetition; repetition, the use of an influence over and over again. Keeping everlastingly at it, this is what fixes traits in plants—the constant repetition of an influence until at last it is irrevocably fixed and will not change. You can not afford to get discouraged. You are dealing with something far more precious than any plant—the priceless soul of a child.—Luther Burbank.

I AM informed by a conscientious subscriber that Paul Revere never took that ride. The only ride taken was by a poet from the safe recesses of a New England rocking-chair. Paul was a designer and engraver of bookplates, and never straddled a horse in his life. ¶I admit that I have had something to do with spreading that Paul Revere fallacy, and I now apologize for it ❧ If I ever stand on a chair and recite the thing again, I'll preface my chest-tones with the information that Paul merely called up the farmers by telephone.

A prisoner in Sing Sing writes me, asking if I can give him the name and address of the poet who wrote, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." ¶What the Gray Brother proposes to do to the poet when he gets out, is not stated.

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French, German
Spanish or Italian

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way.
You must hear it spoken correctly, over and over, till your ear knows it.
You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it.
You must talk it and write it.

ALL THIS CAN BE DONE BEST BY THE

Language-Phone Method

Combined with Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

With this method you buy a native professor outright. You own him. He speaks as you choose, slowly or quickly, when you choose, night or day, for a few minutes or hours at a time.
Any one can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like. Begin now and in a few months you can speak, read, write and think in a new language.
¶ The method is recommended by well-known members of the faculties of the following universities and colleges:
Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracuse, Minnesota, John Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, De La Salle, St. Joseph's, St. Francis Xavier.

Send for booklet, explanatory literature, and testimonial letters

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Watchman's Clock

Controls your watchman.

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An inexpensive but thoroly good system. It is up-to-date, practical, successful, popular. Write to them for details. P. S. The Roycrofters are using two of these clocks.

Only High Grade Concerns use THE FRA Advertising Space. "There's a reason." If you have a certain Something, way up, that needs De Luxe publicity, write us for Vibrations

Edgar Allan Poe Centennial

COMMEMORATING the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, which falls on the 19th of January, 1909, we have prepared the most scrumptious volume of Poe's writings ever offered to true booklovers. It contains those little masterpieces which were the favorites of this unique man of letters. Printed and bound in that pleasing manner which has made all Caxton productions dear to the bibliophile. Large, clear type, rubricated initials, white antique rag paper, special ornamentation, introduction by a master, bound in black cloth with paper label. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, and the price is $1.25; but if you are not acquainted with the Caxton Society and its work, send us $1.50 and we will send you the book and eight numbers of the Caxton Brochures, "Thoreau," "Emerson," "Chesterfield," "Franklin," "Bacon," "Lamb," "Houssaye," and "Henry VIII." A sample Brochure will be sent upon receipt of fourteen cents in stamps.

THE CAXTON SOCIETY
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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FROM the very beginning, according to tradition, the FIG has been most intimately associated with human existence. ¶ Combining, as it does, the qualities of a *valuable food,* a delicious tidbit (when packed the Geraldson way) and a gentle but lasting laxative which *cannot be adulterated,* it is probably the most valuable of all fruits—that is, *good ones* are. ¶ There are many varieties, nearly all inferior, and some of which are packed in enormous quantities and sold to an unsuspecting but fig hungry public.

GERALDSON'S FIGS

are the Cream of the Black Mission variety which has stood the test of centuries. They are packed so as to reach your hands *clean* and *fresh.* We are now marketing the new crop. We will send you three 30 oz. cartons, transportation prepaid, for $1.00; or five for $1.00 if *you* pay the express charges.

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY, Newcastle, California

REAL HABANA SEGARS

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Panetelas - - - $4.00
per box of Fifty

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per box of Twenty-five

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No age since the Reformation has been so marked by idol-worship as our own—so prolific of favorite and one-sided schemes of social improvement, founded on the sense of some solitary want of human nature, but barren of good from neglect of all the rest. Our Christianity is no longer catholic, rich in provisions for the whole faculties and being of man. With the expansion and complication of our life, religion has lost its comprehensive grasp of all the elements of our well-being, and permitted them to escape and break up in mischievous analysis, and consign themselves to separate trusts. In answer to the earnest cry of society, "What shall we do to be saved from all our miseries and sins?" there are countless fragmentary answers, in place of the deep full harmony of response from the soul of Christian inspiration.—James Martineau.

I SEE by a telegram from Washington that the President is going to give the Smithsonian Institute the specimens he collects in Africa. The telegram adds that these specimens will be "worth many thousands of dollars in money besides their priceless value for scientific purposes." I wonder if our worthy President ever read a book called, "Tartarin of Tarascon," the hero of which promised lion skins to all of his friends?

Sacred are the lips from which has issued only truth. Over all wealth, above all station, above the noble, the robed and crowned, rises the sincere man. Happy is the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor vencers! Blessed is he who wears no mask! —Ingersoll.

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Do You Believe In Cleanliness?

FOLKS who value their health know that Nature requires co-operation and assistance. This body of ours may accomplish great things and stand many abuses, but even Human Machinery eventually shows wear and tear. ¶To maintain a standard of excellence and eliminate depreciation, watchfulness and kind care are essential. You insure against breakage and long stays in the repair shop by taking an occasional INTERNAL BATH. ¶There is just one and only one effective Internal Bath which has been before the public for years —which operates in such a way as to leave no ill effect whatever after using—which is so near to Nature's own way that it does not force but assists her—that one is the

J. B. L. CASCADE

Thousands are using it with great results and corresponding enthusiasm. Some of their experiences, and most interesting information on the Internal Bath, its purpose, its reasons and its results, are contained in a little book called, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent you free on request. We suggest that you write for it now, while it is on your mind.

Every One Ought to Read This

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK, February 26, 1908

CHAS. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

My Dear Sir: About two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition, and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me and has given me the relief I had been looking for for years.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) DAVID D. LEE

TYRRELL HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
321 V Fifth Avenue, New York City

IT'S A MYSTERY

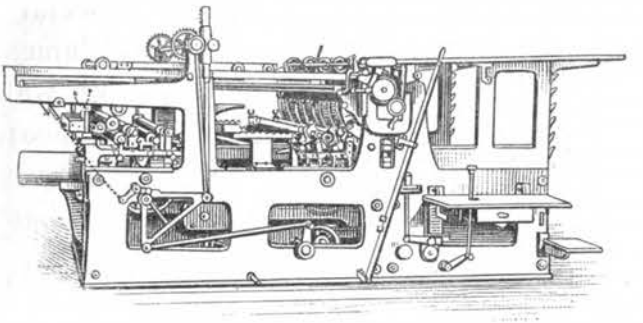
To our competitors how we make Inks that always work. The trick of it is the knowing how.

BUFFALO PRINTING INK WORKS
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

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THE BABCOCK "OPTIMUS"



The vital element in business economy is TIME. This condition will remain unalterable as long as twenty-four hours make a day. From start to finish,

THE BABCOCK "OPTIMUS"

is the recognition of this fact, materialized. Into this unequalled two revolution is built the printer's trinity,

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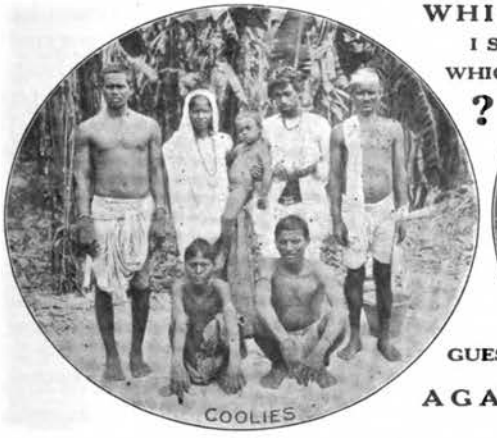
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TO those Unfortunate Ones who have missed SOME of the Good Stuff we make a Very Special Offer: At present we have on hand a few Volumes of Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* printed on Roycroft water-marked, hand-made paper, specially bound solidly in boards, leather backs, with portraits—the kind of reading that never tires, and suitable for presents to good People who Appreciate the Best.

LITTLE JOURNEYS by ELBERT HUBBARD

ENGLISH AUTHORS—Vol. I—William Morris, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Burns, John Milton, Samuel Johnson.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—Vol. II—Macaulay, Byron, Addison, Southey, Coleridge, Disraeli.

GREAT MUSICIANS—Vol. I—Wagner, Paganini, Chopin, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn.

EMINENT ARTISTS—Vol. I—Raphael, Leonardo, Botticelli, Thorwaldsen, Gainsborough, Velasquez.

EMINENT ARTISTS—Vol. II—Corot, Correggio, Bellini, Cellini, Abbey, Whistler.

EMINENT ORATORS—Vol. I—Pericles, Antony, Savonarola, Luther, Burke, Pitt.

EMINENT ORATORS—Vol. II—Marat, Ingersoll, Patrick Henry, Starr King, Beecher, Phillips.

GREAT PHILOSOPHERS—Vol. I—Socrates, Aristotle, Spinoza, Seneca, Aurelius, Swedenborg.

GREAT PHILOSOPHERS—Vol. II—Kant, Comte, Voltaire, Spencer, Schopenhauer, Thoreau.

GREAT SCIENTISTS—Vol. I—Copernicus, Newton, Herschel, Galileo, Humboldt, Darwin.

GREAT SCIENTISTS—Vol. II—Hæckel, Linnæus, Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, Fiske.

GREAT LOVERS—Vol. I—Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood, William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, Dante and Beatrice, John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor, Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, Petrarch and Laura.

GREAT LOVERS—Vol. II—Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal, Balzac and Madame Hanska, Fenelon and Madame Guyon, Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Donniges, Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, Robert Louis Stevenson and Fannie Osbourne.

GREAT REFORMERS—Vol. I—John Wesley, Henry George, Garibaldi, Richard Cobden, Thomas Paine, John Knox.

GREAT REFORMERS—Vol. II—John Bright, Bradlaugh, Theodore Parker, Oliver Cromwell, Anne Hutchinson, Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Frontispiece Portrait of each subject. Initials and title-page our own designs. Bound in boards, leather backs, silk marker. TWO DOLLARS A VOLUME.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

People who have been to The Roycroft Shop never ask that threadbare question, "Is he sincere?" If you can't go to the Roycroft, then read "White Hyacinths" and you 'll commit the "Essay on Silence" to memory and chant it in your sleep.—TOM L. JOHNSON.

The work of Elbert Hubbard in his LITTLE JOURNEYS has not been equalled, in a similar line, since Plutarch wrote his "Parallel Lives." And Plutarch lived in the time of St. Paul. —THOMAS E. THOMPSON, Superintendent of Schools, Leominster, Mass.

I know, in a measure, how Keats felt after reading Chapman's Homer. I behold with delight and astonishment a man emerging out of myth like a graven image from a shapeless stone. I thought your "Man of Sorrows" at the time I read it, the finest effort I had ever seen to rescue a man from mythology. I think MOSES even finer.—THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER.

If you do not read LITTLE JOURNEYS, written by Elbert Hubbard, you are missing some of the finest touches of literature that have been penned since the days when Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his prime. They are a series of biographical sketches written in a most fascinating style. No high school library should be without them.—S. Y. GILLAN in the "Western Teacher."

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THE Village of East Aurora has a population of Two thousand Four hundred and Sixty-seven. It is the only town of its size in America that has a First Class Post Office. The salary of the Postmaster is Three thousand dollars a year.

IF in the last hundred years the whole material setting of civilized life has altered, we owe it neither to politicians nor yet to religious institutions. We owe it to the combined efforts of those who have advanced science and those who have applied it. Science is the great instrument of social change, all the greater because its object is not change but knowledge; and its appropriation of this dominant function, amid the din of political and religious strife, is the most vital of all the revolutions which have marked the development of modern civilization.—Balfour, Former Premier of England.

AN old foundation is worthy of respect, but it must not take from us the right to build afresh whenever we will. Every man must think after his own manner, for in his own path he will always find a truth which will help him through life. Only he must not allow himself to drift; he must be self-controlled; bare instinct alone does not befit him. And only while this principle of reason stands firm and inexpugnable, does man deserve to be named god of this world.—Goethe.

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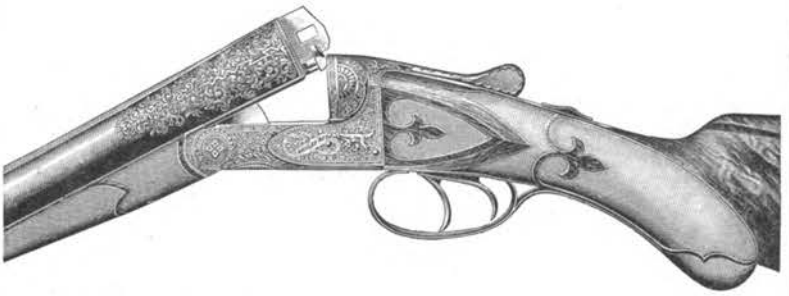
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A FONTAINE lived the contemplative and visionary life up to the point of forgetting himself and losing himself in the grand whole. One might almost say that he vegetated rather than lived. There he is in the copse, his feet in the moss, his head among the leaves, his mind wrapt in mystery, absorbed in the existing ensemble, identified with the solitudes. He dreams, he gazes, he listens, he examines a bird's nest, he studies a blade of grass, he spies on the mole at work, he understands the unknown language of the wolf, the fox, the weasel, the ant, the gnat. He no longer exists for himself; he has no consciousness that he is a being apart, his ego is effaced. He was there this morning, he will be there this evening, like yonder ash or birch tree. A cloud passes, he does not see it; it showers, he does not feel it. His feet have taken root among the roots of the forest; through them the mighty and universal sap circulates and mounts to his brain, and there almost unknown to him, becomes thought just as it becomes an acorn on the oak tree and a mulberry on the vine. He feels it mounting; he feels that he is living this great, strong life where all are equal; he enters into communication with nature; he is in equilibrium with the whole creation. And what does he do? He works. He labors as all creation does at the direct work of God. He puts forth flower and fruit, fable and moral, poetry and philosophy; strange poetry composed of all the feelings that nature awakens in the dreamer; strange philosophy, which issues forth from things to enter into man. La Fontaine is one tree the more in the forest, the fablier.—Victor Hugo.

I believe in the manly doctrine that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts, and that no man can be justly saved or damned on account of the goodness or the wickedness of another.—Ingersoll.

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Have You The Happy Habit?



PEOPLE who *think* they are sick and miserable—don't like to be disappointed. But people who *think* Happiness, *talk* Happiness and *radiate* Happiness, find Life a pretty pleasant proposition. The grouch is out of date. ¶'Twas only yesterday that we placed this Health and Happiness Game on a Scientific basis. But don't let the word "Scientific" confuse you. It is really no Science at all, just a return to first principles, surrounding one's self with conditions which induce forgetfulness of one's ailments and thereby permitting natural functioning. Such conditions exist—as nowhere else—at

HOTEL RIDER

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA

"America's Foremost Health, Recreation and Rest Resort"

The wonderful medicinal mineral "Spas" of Cambridge Springs alone calls great numbers there each year. The pure, dry, bracing country atmosphere, the high altitude, the ideal climate, where changes are gradual but never extreme, and the beautiful surrounding country—all work for Health. Indoors every comfort and convenience, which can be devised by thoughtful care, are yours. The very air is redolent of good fellowship and good cheer. ¶These are only a few of the many claims of this popular resort upon the patronage of the Elect. ¶It is a far cry—geographically—from Northwestern Pennsylvania to the Gulf of Mexico, and during the winter season the contrast between the two localities is great, but the guest ensconced within the hospitable walls of Hotel Rider need not over-exert his imagination in order to believe himself under the beneficent influence of Sunny Southern Skies. ¶Why not spend a Winter Week where Health, Happiness and Good Fellowship prevail?

HOTEL RIDER, CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

LOVE! O compassion! O tenderness and mercy! You leave us the moment fanaticism enters the mind! You leave us the moment this Asiatic creed of hell like a night-mare captures our brains! What a compliment to human nature that it has not completely withered under such a blighting belief! We have survived this paralyzing fear! In spite of it there is light in our eyes and a smile upon our lips! But what a burden we have borne through the ages, and how much of our best vitality we have had to spend not to be crushed by this hideous monster masked in religious garb! O, the hypnotism of hell! See how the believer's eye is fixed upon it. Wean him from his belief in hell if you can. If he gives that up he feels as if he has been robbed—mercilessly, blasphemously, robbed. He hugs to his heart the belief that forever and ever, and ever and ever, there will be sin, crime, misery, wickedness, abominations and tortures in this universe, while in one distant spot there will be singing and praying. He is not comforted unless he can believe that the time when all sin and suffering shall end will never come. O, that I could be the means of striking this awful fear its death blow—that I could bring peace, joy and hope—sweet and brave—to my fellow men!

Dear smiling Nature! Ye caressing zephyrs, ye laughing waters, ye meandering, chattering streams, and you, lovely sea, with your soothing murmur and sounding roar, and ye stars and suns that swim in luminous immensity, impart unto us something of your serenity and cheer! Preserve our sanity, lest we go mad. Keep us in sweetness and light. Above all spare us our reason.—Mangasarian.

A picture agent in Chicago got shot because he brought around a bum proposition that bore no resemblance to the original or to the sample. And yet there are people who think that justice is a barren ideality!

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Could Draw Everything But Checks



Commercial Art to them was a thing unknown. Some few starved while presenting to the World their Wonderful Works. A man who studied Art as the Old Masters Studied it, in the Art Centers of Europe, will teach you to Draw, also teach you the value of your work—and how to turn your Skill into a Bank Account. A High Class Art School stakes its Reputation on this Man's ability to teach You! If you are at all interested in Art for Practical Purposes.

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R. J. Bingham, formerly with Hotel Woodward

The "Silent Salesman"

Tells the plain truth about seeds! It also tells Other Things about Other Seeds. It tells about gardeners, gardens and gardening. It tells of the largest trial ground in the world—Fordhook Farms. In fact it tells so many things of importance about the garden, that home gardeners cannot afford to be without it.

BURPEE'S
The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1909

Handsomely bound in covers lithographed in nine colors, it shows with the beautiful colored plates (also in nine colors) Seven Choice Novelties in Vegetables, Three Superb "Spencer" Sweet Peas and the most beautiful New Giant-flowered Pansies—all accurately painted from nature. With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions it is A SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants either for pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to send unsolicited (except to our regular customers), we are pleased to mail it **FREE to every Immortal** who has a garden and can appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so, kindly name THE FRA and **write TODAY.**

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Burpee Building, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

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Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits.

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YE WHO WOULD LEARN

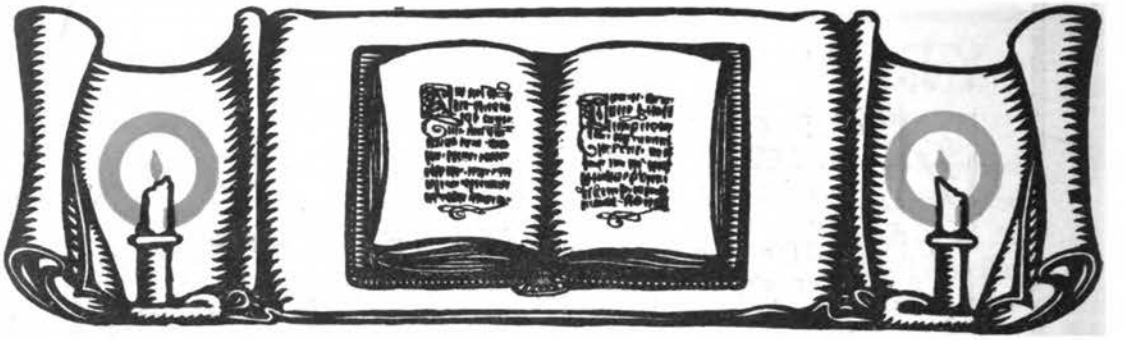


FOOD Chemistry is a Science. Applied Food Chemistry is the method of applying or using that science—making it of benefit to humanity. ¶The fundamental principles and the self-evident truths of applied Food Chemistry ar becoming more fully recognized by every learned man and woman. The more learned physicians are abandoning the deadly drug, and getting closer to nature—closer to causes. ¶People are beginning to realize what Food Science means to humanity, and are conforming more and more to its teachings. ¶I predict that within ten years the science of Applied Food Chemistry will be taught in every advanced school and college, especially the Medical Colleges. Food as a curative factor cannot be longer ignored. ¶The human body is composed of chemical elements formed into tissues, bones and fluids. Every one of these elements needed by the human body can be found in vegetation in the form of natural foods. ¶That condition of the body which we call health is simply the result of a proper balance or proportion of these chemical elements, supplied through careful selection, combination and proportion of foods. If the blood is thin or impoverished, I prescribe foods rich in organic iron, combined with other foods that will preserve the nutritive balance. In other disorders, such as stomach and intestinal troubles, anaemia, emaciation, obesity, rheumatism, catarrh, constipation, nervousness, etc., etc., I prescribe such selections and combinations of food as will restore the natural balance of chemical elements, thus remedying these abnormal conditions in a perfectly natural and constructive manner, thoroughly in harmony with Nature's fixed laws of nutrition, growth and health. I simply pursue lines of no resistance. Nature made the crysanthemum out of the field daisy by the same law. ¶Ninety-two per cent of all diseases are caused by errors in eating. The remedy can be found in the field of the cause—where else could it be found? *This is what I teach.* ¶The use of drug-store poisons in combatting these conditions is quite as ridiculous as the giving of dried lizards' tongues for rheumatism which was practiced by the learned "medicine men" a few centuries ago. ¶The only remedy is to remove causes—nature will do the curing. Health is your natural condition; disease has to be caught. Write for my new book "How Foods Cure," mailed free together with diagnosis blank. This book will make you think and thinking never hurts any one. ¶Applied Food Chemistry teaches you how to select and combine your foods according to your individual requirements; this is the true secret of health.

Eugene Christian
Food Scientist

Suite Forty-five
7 East 41st St., New York

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WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG NO MATTER HOW LONG THEY LIVE



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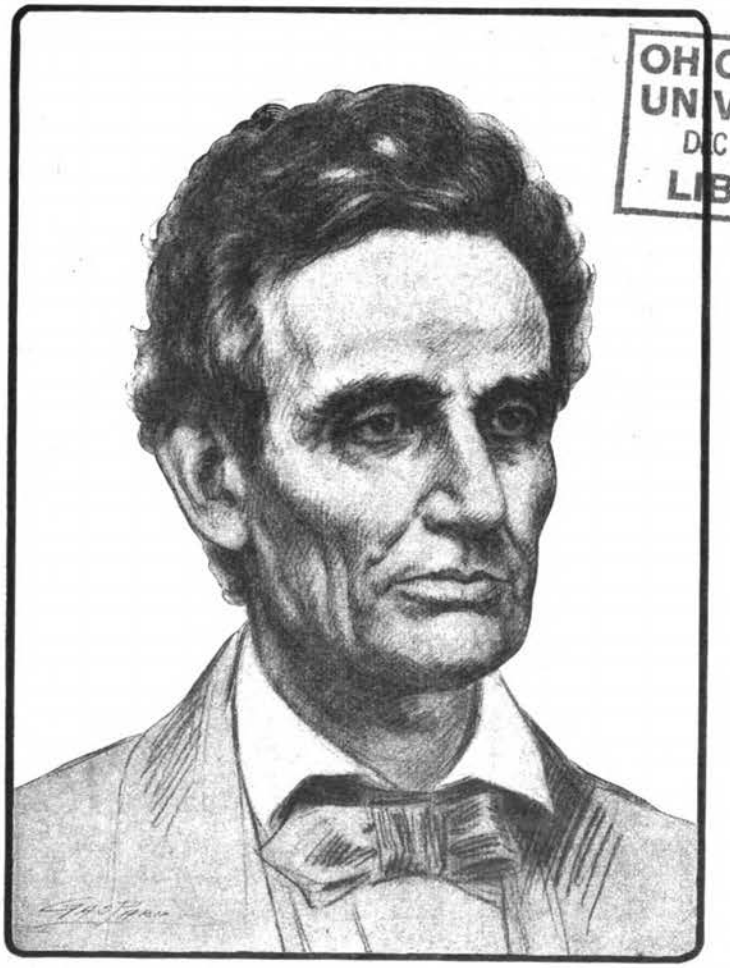
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THE FRA

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A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. II. FEBRUARY No. 5



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One Century Has Passed

LOOKING backward One Hundred Years, an even Century, we mark the births of just six men. Millions of men one hundred years dead, are forgotten, but these six, only six, carved their names deep in the Immortal Tablet of Memory. ¶Students will search for a common reason for their greatness; for a single quality that marked each of the men who survived the Century—so here's a hint. ¶Statesman, Poet, Musician, Scientist, representing different countries, different types, different Ideas and Ideals, loved but one thing in common—in all else they differed as the day from the night—they loved Books. Lincoln in his Log Cabin, Gladstone in his Library, Poe in his Garret Sanctuary, Mendelssohn musing o'er his music, Darwin touring the World—found in books ever and always the material for dreams. ¶These men opened perpetually the windows facing the East, they welcomed the Sunshine of Knowledge—and so they live forever in our midst. They not only thought their own thoughts and lived their own lives, they thought other men's thoughts and lived other men's lives—in Books. They read, dissected, selected, and each in his own peculiar way evolved a Major Idea. ¶To reach a truth you must first acquaint yourself with all truths and near-truths that have interested Humanity in the past. Pitfalls a thousand years old confront you at every turn; without a Road Map you are lost. Books are the beacons that beckon and guide. Books are the foundation stones of greatness. ¶During the Dark Ages a few men controlled the supply of Books, and that's why the Dark Ages were dark. And that's why this age is so enlightened—a few big, broad-minded, far-seeing men are doing all in their power to spread knowledge. Foremost among these are the men that compose the



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How Much Does This Mean to You in Cash?

NO STROPPING NO HONING

asks GILLETTE.

A BUSY Business Man can't keep an eye on his razor all the time. Occasionally he forgets. So there comes a morning of a weighty business-getting conference. His appearance has vital importance; a big contract hangs in the balance. It is not a piker play. ¶Taking his Shaving Outfit he hurries to the bathroom; this time, above all others, he wants a good, clean shave. He lathers carefully—rubs it in well—then Ou-och! D—! *He forgot to have that razor honed!* ¶Well, no time for the Barber now; he simply *must* shave! His strop helps a little—just a little. But—at best he handles a dull razor. He pulls, he tears, he scrapes, he mutilates. He cusses the blade and its maker; at breakfast he scraps with his wife; on his way out he kicks the cat, and eventually starts down-town in a rage. ¶An hour later he keeps the appointment. His appearance defeats him. He looks and acts like "The Morning After." The usually suave, polite and diplomatic gentleman, betrays a scarred countenance of many hues, and a boyish temper under the slightest pressure. He fails to create a favorable impression. He *loses* the contract. *All because he forgot to have that razor honed.* ¶This sounds like a Fairy Story—but instead, its a Twentieth Century Fact.

THE GILLETTE WAY
WITH NEW-PROCESS BLADES

has made it possible for the Business Man to meet the emergency, unscarred, unruffled, with his wits *all there;* possessed of Mental Peace. That's one of the reasons for the GILLETTE Vogue. ¶The GILLETTE requires no stropping, no honing. There is nothing to keep in order; nothing to do when through shaving but rinse the razor and wipe it. And you never want for a keen, sharp, satisfying edge when you use a Gillette. Twelve New-Process Blades (24 cutting edges) cost only $1.00

DO YOU RECOGNIZE A GOOD INVESTMENT?

Standard set in velvet-lined, full leather case, with triple silver-plated handle and 12 New-Process blades (24 cutting edges). Price, $5.00. Combination sets, with shaving-brush, soap and little accessories—handy for the traveling bag. Price, $6.50 to $50.00

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FRA BURPEE has studied the Subject of Gardening as a mother studies her child. He has not only assimilated all the good Ideas floating in the Cosmos, but he has evolved New Ideas —dreamed New Dreams—and then proved their practicability at Fordhook Farms. Fra Burpee uses 20th Century methods in gardening: a gardener with a big, masterful brain. His energy, his belief in himself, and his ability to execute, have emancipated "The Man with the Hoe," and made surburban life worth living. Recently, Fra Burpee wrote a little Book about gardening. That is to say he shaped the Ideas and the Book wrote itself. Writing about Flowers gives Burpee almost as much pleasure as planting and growing them. In this Book he sketches a story of great interest to Folks who love BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

"A GARDEN OF DREAMS"

Tells the plain truth about seeds! It also tells other things about other seeds. It tells about gardeners, gardens and gardening. It tells of the largest trial ground in the world—Fordhook Farms. In fact it tells so many important things about the garden, that Fra Gardeners cannot afford to be without it.

B U R P E E ' S

The Leading American Seed Catalogue for 1909

Handsomely bound in covers lithographed in nine colors, it shows with the beautiful colored plates (also in nine colors) Seven Choice Novelties in Vegetables, Three Superb "Spencer" Sweet Peas and the most beautiful New Giant-flowered Pansies—all accurately painted from nature. With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions, it is A SAFE GUIDE TO SUCCESS in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants either for pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to send unsolicited (except to our regular customers), we are pleased to mail it FREE TO EVERY IMMORTAL who has a garden and can appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so, kindly name THE FRA and WRITE TO-DAY.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & COMPANY

Burpee Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE cotton trade takes children at an age before they have acquired strength or mental instruction and forces them into mills, those receptacles, in too many instances, for living human skeletons, there robbed of intellect, as the business is now often conducted, they linger out a few years of miserable existence, acquiring every bad habit which they disseminate throughout society. It is only since the introduction of this trade, that children, and even grown people, were required to labor more than 12 hours a day, not including the time allotted for meals. It is only since the introduction of this trade, that the sole recreation of the laborer is to be found in the pothouse or ginshop ✍ It is only since the introduction of this baneful trade, that poverty, crime and misery have made rapid and fearful strides throughout the community.

"Shall we, then, go unblushingly and ask the legislators of our country to pass legislative acts to sanction the working of children in mills? To sign the death-warrants of the strength, morals and happiness of thousands of our fellow-creatures, and not attempt to propose correctives for the evils which it creates? If such shall be your determination, I for one, will not join in the application; nay, I will, with all the faculties I possess, oppose every attempt to extend a trade, that except in name, is more injurious to those employed in it than is slavery in the West Indies to the poor negroes. For deeply as I am interested in the cotton manufacture, highly as I value the extended political power of my country, yet knowing as I do, from long experience both here and in England, the miseries which this trade as it is

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now conducted inflicts on those to whom it gives employment, I do not hesitate to say, Perish the cotton trade! Perish even the political superiority of our country!—if it depends on the cotton trade and the blood of little children—rather than they shall be upheld by the sacrifices of everything valuable in life."—Robert Owen, written in 1801.

FEAR not that thy life shall come to an end, but rather fear that it shall never have a beginning.—Cardinal Newman.

—

And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?

What do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere.

The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,

And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,

And ceased the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,

And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.—Walt Whitman.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Shakespeare.

Henri Rene Guy De Maupassant

The Supreme Master of the Short Story

H I S W O R K S

JUST two kinds of people condemn De Maupassant—the very ignorant and the very hypocritical. One cannot understand and the other will not. De Maupassant uses a language unknown to mediocre minds. He deals in a philosophy that scorns the mossbacks. He handles naked facts without apologies or prayer. ¶ De Maupassant writes as Old Walt used to write with the same full-grown-man freedom, but with a gentler touch. He confides, he suggests, he invites, he stimulates. He finds truth a wonderful vehicle, and all subjects are sacred to him. When he has a story to tell, he tells it simply, without reserve, as he knows it; as an unprejudiced observer would see the thing. He does not sneeze, nor cough, duck, dodge nor wiggle, when the lines grow strong. He cannot change it; it is not his to change—he would not—yet, his narration compels your keenest admiration. ¶ Of the French Writers of Romance, no one made a reputation so quickly as did Guy De Maupassant. No one preserved that reputation with more ease, not only during life, but in death. His fame will always endure, for he was a keen observer of humanity, and a consummate artist in expression. De Maupassant was THE painter of humanity in words. Without hatred, without love, without anger, without pity, merciless as fire, immutable as fate, he holds a mirror up to life without attempting judgment.

Those of you who have not read De Maupassant are, as yet, asleep.



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YOU ARE TRUE TO YOUR IDEALS AND YOUR FAITH IN YOUR FELLOW-MEN GROWS FIRM, WHEN YOU USE SCHILLING'S

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There Are Three Kinds of Holeproof Sox

THE KIND YOU WORE ON THE FARM, AS A KID, FROM March till November. Back in the days when a blue gingham waist, a pair of knee-pants, (father's reduced) a single strap-suspender, a braided straw hat, and the "Holeproofs" constituted your entire wardrobe.

THE IMITATOR'S KIND, unlike the bear-skin "Holeproofs" of your Youth: equally unlike Perfect Holeproofs: guaranteed to WEAR but that's all. A few folks manage to use these Near-Holeproof, somehow, but these particular folks surely possess Sox-Proof Feet. You see, our Imitators have not yet mastered the Art of making soft, fine, easy-to-wear, Holeproof Sox. They manufacture a name—something that sounds like the Real Thing, and live on another's reputation. But they can't make the Sox—or give satisfaction. They dupe the Uninitiated. They are satisfied with One sale. Imitator's Holeproofs soon turn gray, and shed their coats; they crock and stretch and wrinkle; they are bad-tempered, always out of sympathy with your feet and wear like sandpaper. ¶ You've heard before and oft, that a silk purse cannot be made from a sow's ear; nor can one make Classic Sox from Inferior Yarn. The Good Yarn goes into the Imitator's Advertisements—not their Sox! BUT ENUFF—YOU KNOW!

THE SURE NUFF KIND, The Holeproof Holeproofs, made of soft Sea Island Yarn, the kind that required Thirty-one Years to Make the First Pair, the kind that are never returned, are THE KIND YOU SEEK.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproofs never wrinkle, stretch, crock, fade nor rust. And they are comfortable, because of extra fine yarn. We could buy coarse yarn for less than half what we pay. We could then charge less still for the sox. But you wouldn't wear such sox more than once. It's far cheaper to buy the best. ¶ Please compare Holeproofs with the best "guaranteed" sox. Then let them show how they wear. ¶ That will prove more than we can say in this ad. See if any Near-Holeproof sox you know are one-half so good.

25c FOR A PAIR OF MEN'S GENUINE HOLEPROOF SOX

OTHER PRICES

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MAN passes for what he is worth. What he is, engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him ✍ His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean impression in his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of his head, and writes: O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king.—Emerson.

✍

NO enemy is worth having unless his bitterness is big.

—

Love can live without language, but words alone keep Hate alive.

—

Depend upon this: you get what is coming to you, be it high honor or a swift swipe.

—

If, at the end of the day, joy does not permeate your cosmos, you better look for another job.

—

Do not quarrel, but if you must, let the other do all the talking and then agree with him.

—

Most of the blood that stains the centuries has flowed because men could not agree upon a god. And even to this day God is pulled and hauled about by bigots who know nothing about Him, but believe they believe much.—Bert M. Moses.

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FOR what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the light of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows?—George Eliot.

ALL works of taste must bear a price in proportion to the skill, taste, time, expense and risk attending their invention and manufacture.

Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest: they are attended with much less profit to the Artist than those which everybody calls cheap.

Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense.

A composition for cheapness and not for excellence of workmanship is the most frequent and certain cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufactures.—Ruskin.

WHEN man makes his home presentable, he automatically accepts responsibility, and works for the community's good. A town looks prosperous—or not, according to the efforts of the individual land-holders. In this particular way, man proves his permanent interest. Well-kept, beautiful homes reflect the stability and the intelligence of a people. Savages, Idiots and Drunkards never beautify their Homes. ¶ Years ago, New Amsterdam Dutch laid the corner-stone of America's Freedom by Home-Building. They owned clean homes, arranged "Dutch Gardens," and to preserve the Poetic Unities, prospered and raised Healthy and Happy children. ¶ Sages say, "To make men out of boys, and women out of girls, there is no place like a real Home. Character is not best formed in an apartment house, or in a fashionable hotel." Quite right! You shower love on a house, tenderly care for it, clean it, and out-of-doors plant a rose-bush here, some geraniums there, a lilac-bush near the gate, and you and your children will love and reverence that Home, and if necessary, fight for it. Home Beauty works for both Character and Love. ¶ And so, these simple, kindly, industrious folks planted gardens, tabued the Worry Habit, and in passing, willed to their descendants a love for Homes adorned with beautiful Flowers and Shrubbery. This then brings our story down to the present

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EVERYTHING harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return.—Marcus Aurelius.

Victory is a matter of staying-power.

Literary Lights find in a Schilling's Cup the Essence o'Dreams

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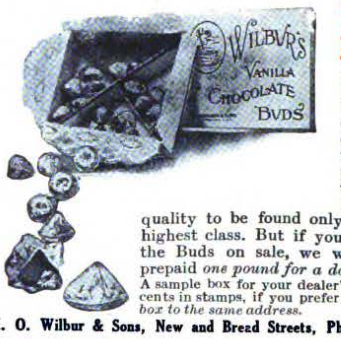
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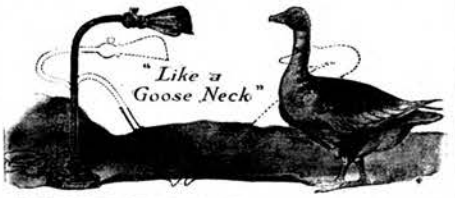
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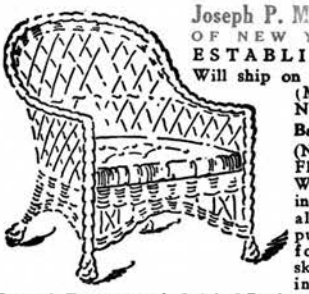
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That Man Has Nothing On His Mind But His Hat!

SO sayeth the Wiseacre with a knowing Wink ¶ But the Wiseacre betrayeth feeble judgment and falleth far short in his joke, provided the man weareth a Knox Hat. ¶ Prithee, Kind Friend, do not cast the slur salebrous at an advocate of Knox. Be assured his thoughts travel on a high plane, when he circleth his top-piece with the Hat of his Grandsire. People of Quality wear hats of Quality, even unto the Third Generation. ¶ Latter-day prophets who proclaim ever and anon, in voice sonorous, "What was good enough for Grandpapa suits this chickee from the Head Up," refer, of course, to

STYLE KNOX HATS *SERVICE*

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TO look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—Maeterlinck.

IT is mere childishness, or else bigotry, to point at Nietzsche's end as the moral tag of his life. If he had lived during the Middle Ages, either he would have been burnt alive or else have proved a formidable rival to some angelic bishop. But living in the Nineteenth Century, a century of indifference to men of his ardent temperament, he erected his own stake and fagots and the mad genius within him burnt up his mind. While he would not have so astonished the world if born to work in the dogmatic harness of the Roman Catholic Church, yet its discipline might have quieted his throbbing nerves, and perhaps given the faith a second Rosmini.—James Huneker.

I love children. They do not prattle of yesterdays: their interests are all of to-day and the to-morrows. I love children.—Mansfield.

LET us have a church for the whole man; truth for the mind; good works for the hands; love for the heart; and let our doctrines and forms fit the soul as the limbs fit the body, growing out of it, growing with it. Let our church fit man, as the heavens fit the earth.—Theodore Parker.

I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came.—Lincoln.

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"DOU see, boys," said the Grizzled Guide, after supper, as he lit his pipe with great care and precision,—"a Sport and a Sportsman ain't jess the same man. A Sport comes to the woods to get somethin' to talk about when he gets home; a Sportsman comes for sport—recreation. A Sport does most of his huntin' at the end of his trip, 'round his own camp-fire. Thar's when he shoots his big game and has his narrer escapes. Thar's where he totes his heavy pack over weary miles. ¶ On the trail a Sport don't tote packs; he's always tired. He plays poker at night and sleeps late in the mornin'. He carries his ammunition in a bottle, and when he hunts, it 's mostly by proxy. His guides supply the game. A Sport wears tailor-made huntin' clothes, and a carvin'-knife or two in his belt—for bears, I guess. But of all things, you should see the average sport's gun; all carved and silver-mounted, all frills and furbelows. It can't hit nothin' nohow. ¶ A sure-nuff Sportsman carries a Winchester. Incidentally, I mought mention, a Sportsman *knows* a gun, and he requires more than tassels, tinfoil, and carved butts, with inlaid this and that. ¶ You see, a Sportsman goes to the woods because he loves the woods. He hunts the game because it's exhilaratin'. But he ain't bent on murder—he gives the pursued a chance. All things bein' equal, he knows his Winchester will bring down the prize—without any unfair advantage. A Sportsman always gets his share of game, and that's all he wants—a share. He likes *huntin'*. ¶ A Sport—but, Oh, Shucks! You know, boys. ¶ You can pretty generally, mos' always in fact, tell a Sportsman by his gun. He likes the Old Reliable Winchester, that shoots straight and true every time you pull the trigger. Why, that Texas feller who was along here in the early Fall, told me that as many as

450,000 SPORTSMEN USE

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THE GUN IDENTIFIES THE MAN!

The United States Ordnance Board, after subjecting one of these guns to the severest of tests for strength, reliability, accuracy, penetration, endurance, excessive loads, defective shells, rust and dust, reported officially that: "The result of the severe tests to which the gun was subjected showed that every part was strong and serviceable. The Board finds that the gun possesses the advantages claimed by the manufacturers." ¶ When the experts comprising the United States Ordnance Board cannot suggest any improvement in a gun, it means that it is as near perfect as a gun can be made. *Remember this when in the market for a shot-gun and buy a Winchester—*

The Perfect Repeater—endorsed alike by Sportsmen and Government Experts

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

EVERY child should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water-bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud-turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hay-fields, pine-cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education.

By being well acquainted with all these they come into most intimate harmony with nature, whose lessons are, of course, natural and wholesome. ¶ A fragrant beehive or a plump, healthy hornet's nest in good running order often become object lessons of much importance. The inhabitants can give a boy pointed lessons in punctuation as well as caution and some of the limitations as well as the grand possibilities of life; and be it even a brief experience with a good patch of healthy nettles, the same lesson will be still further impressed upon him. And thus by each new experience with homely natural objects the child learns self-respect and also to respect the the objects and forces which must be met.—Luther Burbank.

NOTHING is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

The best music is not complete—it ever suggests something beyond—it is only a symbol of a spiritual condition which we seek to attain. —Beethoven.

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ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE

ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XXXVI—Sunday, February 7, 1909

LINCOLN

General Health Thought: Health is the first requisite for every position in life.

Exercise in the open air; no matter about the weather.

¶ Fletcherize, taste and enjoy your food; no matter where you board.

Read and write a little every day, and think your own best thoughts.

LINCOLN—THE FAVORED OF THE GODS

BLESSED is that man who hungers and thirsts after knowledge. Such a man becomes educated.

¶ It is a great calamity to be born where there are too many things and too many opportunities.

We are all hunters by instinct, prenatal influence. There is no joy like that which comes from the chase. The hunt for an idea, thought, knowledge, is health, wealth and happiness.

The person who genuinely appreciates white hyacinths and sweet violets, is the one who has had a little of their perfume, has lost it, remembers it, and now and then finds the flowers in their seasons.

Horace Fletcher tells us we should not eat, are not nourished, unless the thought or smell of food makes the mouth water: then eat and you have the gracious pleasure of knowing gratitude for the privilege of food.

There should be joy in the exercise of every function of the body, says Dr. Emerson. If there is not satisfaction in the exercise, rest assured you have committed the sin of surfeit.

If you want a thrill of delight from reading a book, have just one good one within reach. Children brought up in a great library seldom become scholars.

Happy is that man who is deprived of the opportunities of school and many books throughout his life, and who never outgrows the delusion that he has missed something of great importance out of his life by not going to school or having a great library. Such men become educated for they acquire the study habit and value every opportunity.

To be born where there are no books, does not necessarily make the eager brain, but to be born in a cabin where there is but one book, and to have the endowment of a hungry mind and never to have time to quite satiate that hunger, is to have lived.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a little log cabin, Hardin County, Kentucky, a mile or a mile and a half from Hodgen's Mill, February Twelfth, Eighteen Hundred and Nine.

He had a hungry mind and great responsibilities.

He said that the sum of all his schooling was less than a year and he was never in a college or university as a student. He studied and nearly mastered the six books of Euclid when he was a Congressman at Washington. He read comparatively few books, but he was a mine of information. He knew so many things that are so, that he was a distinguished scholar. He never had a tutor in rhetoric and yet he wrote classic English. His letters are models for those who teach the three requisites, "clearness, force and elegance."

Nancy Hanks Lincoln died when little Abe was nine years old. "Take care of her, Abe!" said the dying mother, pointing to her little daughter. And Abraham Lincoln, as boy or man, never shirked an obligation or hardship. The hungry mind! Grave responsibility! Poverty! Strength!

What a gift for the gods to bestow upon a man when they wanted to produce an equal!

Lincoln never tired out his brain cramming for exams. He never became so familiar with the backs of books that he had a contempt for what was within the covers. He had a reverent mind for truth.

He knew values and he knew the relation of values; and that is education. He never mistook for a great thought one of little or no importance, no matter how it strutted and paraded before him.

And any one who has the sense of values has the sense of humor ❧ Lincoln knew that seriousness was not always wisdom and that a good joke often caused one to see truth. ¶ Lincoln never learned it out of books, but he knew that the law that controls us is ebb and flow, systole and diastole. ¶ He knew that we are sane only when tension is followed by relaxation.

In conducting the affairs of State, when Lincoln found his Cabinet Members rigidly serious, assembled for grave council and momentous decisions, he never proceeded to the business at hand until, by his wise humor, he had caused the rigor of countenance to relax into a smile or a genuine ha! ha!

Then he could give candid thought to matters of gravest importance. Only a mind free from tension could formulate such thought as the following:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

❧ ❧ ❧

Lesson XXXVII—Sunday, February 14, 1909

LINCOLN—THE WORKINGMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was educated by his work.

There never has been a story whose influence has had so evil an effect upon humanity as that Eve and Adam fable. In this story the woman has been given the first place in responsibility without let or hindrance.

¶ Eve was an afterthought on the part of Jehovah, but she was the first choice on the part of Monsieur, le Serpent. She it was who got inside information. It was she who had the first taste of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It was Eve who recognized that to banquet alone was not good. She gave to male man the education she herself had acquired.

But the predominating thought of the Garden of Eden story is this: Idleness, ease, luxury, indolence, helplessness, with all that goes with such qualities.

"Work is a punishment"—that is the cause of the fall of man, if man ever has fallen!

Indolence and ease, ignorance and vacuity, are the ideals of the perfect state pictured to us in the Bible. Adam and Eve were without defect when they did nothing all day long.

If God did drive Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Idleness and put them into the barren fields to work, barring their return with a flaming sword, it was certainly the work of a God.

Work has been and is the evolution of the race. Socrates taught this. But the Christian religion, as well as a few other religions, has taught that work is a curse and not good form. Work is for punishment and not for salvation. But we know now that without work there is only death.

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The story of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is more righteous than that of a heaven in which man is in a state of coma.

It is in the chase, the exercise, the bringing into play all muscles, all nerves, all brain cells, that there is life and salvation.

Activity is life. Directed energy is civilization.

An evolved man knows the value of work. To teach a child to acquire the work habit is to benefit him far more than to give him books or money. It is a safety beyond that of estates and securities in bonds.

Lincoln knew the value of work.

All his life, his circumstances made him work from the time he could bring into the one room of the log cabin a pan of chips with which to start the fire. Later he must bring in the wood, then cut the wood that made the fire that cooked the dinner.

When Lincoln was seven years old his father moved from Kentucky to Spencer County, Indiana, into an unbroken forest. The first work of the new settlers was to make a clearing and build a log cabin.

In this work of building little Abe was an important factor. He was soon able to fell a tree like a woodman, and he says that until he was twenty-two he was almost constantly handling that "most useful instrument" —the ax. He had the work habit and Necessity never allowed him to forget to do useful things.

I am always for the man who wishes to work, he says. If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

This is the answer Mr. Lincoln gave to a man who wanted others to work for him, to help him because he somehow did n't get along—he had hard luck:

I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hard laborer, making rails at [illegible] a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have a chance.

To Lincoln "a chance" was an opportunity to work.

¶ The following letter was written to Major Ramsey, October Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one.

My dear Sir:

The lady bearer of this says she [illegible] and will want to work. So [illegible], if possible, as the work is so rare a want that it should be [illegible].

A. Lincoln.

Lincoln considered that any one who could not get along without borrowing money at intervals had a defect in his character. Thus he wrote to a friend:

What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are in [illegible]. You have not kept out of debt for you, you have [illegible] one day. You do not [illegible] and you do not work [illegible] from you that you [illegible] of industry which [illegible] vastly help [illegible] open, that you shall [illegible] need of some money; and when [illegible] shall go to work, [illegible] give you money for it. Go to work is the [illegible] your case.

* * *

Lesson XXXVIII—Sunday, February 21, 1909

LINCOLN—THE EDUCATED MAN

IN the year Eighteen Hundred and Nine were born:
Gladstone, the Statesman;
Darwin, the Scientist;
Tennyson, the Poet;
Mendelssohn, the Musician;
Poe, the Poet of delirium; and
Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the people.

Lincoln was not a specialist as was each of the others mentioned.

Gladstone's theology and his religion were made for him. When the Ship of State was steering toward a theological rock it was so much the worse for the ship. Gladstone dynamited no orthodox rocks to clear the harbor and make navigation better. What the Bible said about your first wife's relation, and women as being in all obedience subject to their husbands, was final truth to him and not to be discussed.

Lincoln made his own religion, and was guided in his actions by his reason and his heart.

Lincoln's search for truth and openness of mind to the truth was no less than Darwin's, though his work was with and for the government of the people, and not in natural science.

Lincoln was a practical man and he never put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain.

He was untutored in school and not a writing man by profession, yet he wrote a few sentences that masters in literature might well envy.

The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea.

This was written in a letter to James C. Conkling, to be read at a mass-meeting in Illinois. The second sentence is one with which to conjure the spirits of eloquence.

A few weeks ago, I heard one of the Illini tell of being at Gettysburg at the dedication of the National Cemetery there, November Nineteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three. Edward Everett had made a speech so long, so eloquent, so polished, so scholarly, so full of classic allusion, that the audience was supremely dull and tired out. They wanted to go home. Those who had watches, looked anxiously at them.

At last came the peroration, the conclusion and the closing sentence. It was the finest speech possible, above criticism, though nobody could remember anything that was said.

And after Edward Everett sat down amid a storm of applause, said this Illini, the great, tall, homely, sorrowful Lincoln arose. His speech was not five minutes long. It had none of the pageantry of metaphor or simile, hyperbole or finesse. It was simple, plain, direct from the heart, and it touched the hearts of those who heard, while tears of sympathy coursed down their cheeks. The people were too deeply moved to applaud. They sat quietly, awed into silence.

The speech has been handed down to us as a model of composition.

Here it is as the orator, great in his honest simplicity, gave it that autumn day, many years ago:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be

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here dedicated to the great task remaining before us —that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lesson XXXIX—Sunday, February 28, 1909

LINCOLN—THE STATESMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had little experience in National politics when he became President of the United States. He had served one term in Congress as Representative from the State of Illinois. Several times he had served his own state as Representative and had been a National Elector.

It is claimed by many that the people have never been so truly represented in this highest office as Lincoln represented them. He came direct from the people to the White House. He knew the minds and hearts of the common people, whom, he said, God must love well, because He made so many of them.

¶ He came to his own, and his own received him, as our own always do.

He took up the affairs of state as though there were no precedents. His mind was in statesmanship as in literature, unvexed by arbitrary rules and laws made by theorists and scholars. He counseled well with many, but he obeyed the God within.

No less a giant in moral strength could have stood the stress and strain when he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, Sepember the Twenty-second, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two.

Two years after he said of this:

As affairs have turned, it is the central act of my administration and the great event of the nineteenth Century.

On April Ninth, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-five, Lee surrendered at Appomattox, which act virtually ended the Civil War. It was an occasion of solemn joy. The Ship of State surely needed a great pilot at this time! It was a crucial point in the life of a Nation and Lincoln's brain was full of plans of healing and reconstruction. No one else knew the people as did Lincoln.

His mind was that of a scientist—open to truth. He had no prejudices, no vindictiveness: only kindness, sweetness and love for humanity. His oneness of purpose was to save this nation from itself and set it on a foundation where it could be a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

But his wisdom was not to guide, his singleness of purpose was not to control affairs.

Lincoln was fatally shot by a fanatic on the evening of April Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-five, while he was in Ford's Theatre, and he died on the morning of the following day.

The whole nation was in mourning. The bells tolled in every church of the North, and tears of anguish were shed by sturdy men, for there had passed away one on whom the strongest were leaning.

But the Ship of State did not go down, nor was she wrecked. There is a divinity that shapes the end of nations as well as of men. The United States did not cease to make progress. Others arose in their strength, and all is well.

But Abraham Lincoln has a place in the hearts of every American citizen and we love, honor and reverence his mind open to truth, his loving humanity, and the fact that he wanted nothing.

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When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds the brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism.—Ingersoll.

The highest wisdom and truth is like the purest ichor, which we should wish to receive into our very selves. . . . Can I, an unclean vessel, accept this pure ichor and judge of its purity? Only through the cleansing of my inner nature can I, to a certain extent, receive this baptismal consecration.—Tolstoy.

IT is the hour of man: new purposes,
Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow gate;
And voices from the vast eternities
Still preach the soul's austere apostolate

Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion; every goal
A traveler's tavern, whence he must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul.

—Edwin Markham

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OUR system of taxation puts the heaviest burden upon the home. Not only is the direct rate levied on the home higher than on other property, except real estate generally, but there is a further discrimination against the home as compared with other real property in the matter of assessment. The small home as a rule is put on the tax books at its full value or very close to it, while real estate used for other purposes falls short of that in the official valuation. The home owner or renter must pay more than his fair share of taxes. There is enough vacant land about the city to provide home sites for the decent housing of the whole population, but tax laws make it more profitable to hold it for speculative purposes than to put it to its proper use. These same laws prevent workingmen acquiring homes of their own and discourage others from building decent homes for them which they could occupy at reasonable rental.

The true solution of the housing problem is not to be found in either philanthropy or charity, but in commonsense taxation that will encourage home-building and discourage the holding in idleness of land needed by the people for their welfare, comfort and happiness.—Alex. P. Moore.

"Music dies on the empty air, embalmed only in sad and fleeting memory, but literature lives on forever." Thus wrote Heinrich Heine in Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three

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All of the best literature is autobiography, that is to say it is a confession.—W. D. Howells

A CONFESSION

THIS is an advertisement written by "John," alias "The Fra," erstwhile Elbert Hubbard, being a little labor of love for his friends, The Aeolian Company. Furthermore, this advertisement has the unique quality of being literally true. I have written one Little Journey a month for fourteen years. The best selling series, as well as the best selling book I have ever written is "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians." The musicians I wrote about in this series are as follows: Wagner, Liszt, Bach, Schumann, Brahms, Mozart, Paganini, Chopin, Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Beethoven.

Now I am not a musician, although I have ever listened to music with keen delight. But the names of the great composers, and their best pieces, were to me merely names. I decided to write of Great Musicians simply because I knew nothing about them, which is surely excuse enough for choosing a theme. I began with Richard Wagner, because he was arrested for speechifying on street corners in Dresden. This interested me, for I once was given a ride in the hurry-up wagon for the same offense. Beside that Wagner could never play the piano, and therein he also resembled me—we seemed to have things in common. So I wrote my Little Journey to the Home of Wagner. Three days afterward I read it, and it was so Class B punk that I tore up the MS. and chucked it into the waste-basket.

A few days after this I lectured in a town on the same evening that Paderewski played there. We stopped at the same hotel. I cut my Effort a little short, so to hear his last piece. He knew I was coming in late, and like the true gentleman that he is, he added two numbers to his program, just for me.

After the recital we had a little Dutch Lunch and I told him of my experience with the "Wagner." "If I could hear you play every day, I could write some Good Stuff," I said.

He smiled, replied, "Buy a Pianola, and play for yourself."

The next day I was in New York and met Rev. Hugh Pentecost, orator, thinker, poet and honest man. I told him of what Paderewski had said. "Good," he replied, "come home and have dinner with me and I 'll play my Pianola for you."

That evening Hugh played for me, and the next day I bought a Pianola.

I began on Wagner, and the satisfaction I got out of playing was for me a glad surprise. I seemed to get acquainted with my man—he was very near to me. I knew his trials, struggles, disappointments, aspirations, hopes, joys. Sometimes I mopped as I played—just as I do when I write, and I write well occasionally. After playing for half an hour I would write, and my pencil could n't keep up with my thoughts.

Each composer was taken up in the same way. I played his music until I seemed to know the man—I bathed me in sweet sounds. Then I bought another Pianola and put it in the Roycroft Bookbindery, and one of the girls used to play for the workers, to their great delight. I think I could write a better series of "Musicians" now—I have more harmony in my cosmos I hope than I had then, less grump, grouch and growl in my fortissimo. Then the Pianola Piano is a better instrument than I at first used. For one thing, it has the Metrostyle, which gives the proper swing to a composition —helps to make plain the thought that was in the composer's mind.

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"YOUR last chance!" called little Tommy Edison, trainboy, as he hurried down the car aisle. "Your last chance to buy the latest paper before the train starts." ¶ Just fifty years ago, the man who now enjoys the World's admiration, sold papers, apples and kandy on the trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad. ¶ This proves at least One Thing—environment has nothing, or everything, to do with what we call Greatness. A newsboy may yet cause the world to place flowers on his bier. ¶ Given ambition, a whole-souled spirit, tireless energy, and a strong appreciation of right or wrong, as ingredients, and the finished man will defy Oblivion. ¶ Thoughtful men agree, Edison had everything in his favor necessary for Success; not too much food, practically no money and all the work he could manage. Besides, he had a mother, an ideal mother of rare qualities. She, a Scotch Schoolmistress, would now and then take little Tommy on her knee and talk to him, and teach him, and fire him with a desire to be a great and good man ✍ She it was who impressed her boy with the dignity of labor. "Tommy, my lad," she would say, "the dirtiest kind of work can never soil a gentleman beyond recognition. Always remember to be kind and thoughtful of others, and your work will bring you Honor." She also developed in him the Study Habit, and it never left him. ¶ That Edison had no burden of congested wealth to carry on his youthful shoulders was a handicap of the right sort. He was a man before he was a boy, with a man's duties, with a family to support, yet it seems he was always a boy. He is one to-day. Thomas A. Edison's perennial youth defies Time. ¶ As a trainboy on a "thru-run," Tommy worked, and studied in the Baggage Car between stops, because his mother said it was the Proper Thing to do. Bill-the-Baggage-Man liked the little codger, and allowed him to convert one end of the car into an Experimental Laboratory. This was the beginning, but the end is not yet here. ¶ Thomas Alva Edison started work when he was twelve, and he has n't stopped since. He works, he reads, he studies—he works again, and all that he asks for his labor is his board and clothes. And Greatness surely crowns the efforts of Thomas Alva Edison.

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Edison's greatest invention is the Phonograph. It is his greatest because it proved, even as a grown man, he had not forgotten the influences of his early home; his mother's teachings. It proved that he knew the value of healthy, happy amusement. It proved that he appreciated beyond any one else, the educational possibilities of his invention. Thomas Edison believes that we can best educate our children *in our own Homes.* ¶ "A part of every child's education," says Edison, "should be a knowledge of music. He should learn to know and love good music." ¶ Here is where the Phonograph is especially strong. Think what it means to be able to recognize instantly and appreciate the Jewel Song from Faust, the Intermezzo from Cavalleria, Delibes' ballet music, the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser, as well as the national airs and the light popular music of the day.

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✍

NO greater blessing than the artistic conscience can come to any worker in art, be he sculptor, writer, singer, or painter. Hold fast to it, and it shall be your compass in time when the sun is darkened. To please the public is little, but to satisfy your Other Self, that self which watches your every thought and deed, is much. No artistic success worth having is possible unless you satisfy that Other Self.

✍

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.—Dickens.

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BE courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, that it is not every one that asketh that deserveth charity; all however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer ❧ Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.—George Washington in a letter to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, 1783.

❧

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen, stands erect.—Ingersoll.

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❧

Resolve to know thyself; and know that he who finds himself loses his misery.—Matthew Arnold.

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who appreciate good Coffee—not those who gluttonize—the connoisseurs who know, who discriminate, have issued an edict against all "bulk" Coffee. Say they: Three virtues surely dignify Good Coffee—Flavor, Cleanliness and Stability of Quality. Further, they add, "These three cannot possibly be found in Coffee that rests in Open Bins in front of Grocers' counters." ¶ The Air absorbs the Coffee flavor, the bins catch all floating dust and dirt, and every time the Grocer buys a new supply one gets a different kind of Coffee, called by the same name. That is the protest and it is well founded! Besides the price of the Best compares favorably with that of the Questionable—Why Experiment?

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IN some retail stores are clerks who cringe before customers, whom they foolishly think are superior to them because of being in different lines of work. A clerk who does this had best seek other employment. There are no degrees in useful labor. The ditch-digger is of just as much value to the community as the banker—something the doubting banker would discover were there no ditch-diggers to do that work. I once heard an employer say this to his clerks: "I have noticed that many of you act small and scared and fearful when you are waiting upon people who occupy a high social position. I want you to understand right now that this is a mistake. I want all of you to feel that in the work you are now engaged in there is needed far more knowledge than is required to be a mere society butterfly, and that those customers before whom you feel so small would be absolutely of no use, in most cases, if you were to give them a chance to do your work. I want all of you to look upon yourselves as specialists. You are just as good as the men who travel for the wholesale houses. Your territory is so many feet back of your counters, and your trade comes to you without any special effort on your part. If you know your goods, if you have developed the power to persuade, if you are gentlemanly and ladylike in your manner, if you always try to make your customers feel that they want to trade with you again—why, what reason have you for feeling small?"—Thomas Dreier.

Christian life consists in faith and charity.—Luther.

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YOU see, it s this way. Figs are like any other superfine fruit—when they are. But, of course, even good figs can be abused and neglected. Then again, many varieties are nearly all culls; others are largely good; but *just one* kind—Geraldson's—are superfine. Shortsighted CUPIDITY does n't distinguish very clearly between the Bad, the Near-Good and the Superfine, consequently, after one has sampled the average pack a few times, one loses interest in all Kinds. This should merely teach discrimination as a Fine Art, not Total Abstinence. ¶ Generally but little care is taken as to dirt or to keep the figs *fresh* after being packed, as before hinted, by Some Makers. ¶ Realizing and appreciating conditions and knowing that a GOOD FIG is one of the MOST EXQUISITE PRODUCTS OF NATURE, the Foothill Orchard Company, four years ago, commenced to pack

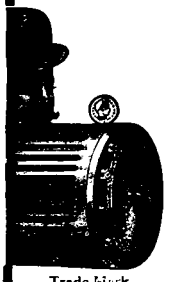
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absolutely tabooing culls and dirt, using only Superfine Figs, packing them in such a way as to insure their reaching your hands *clean* and *fresh*. Putting in a little extra labor and kind care, to be sure, but for a Good Cause. ¶ The success of the undertaking has shown that they "sized up" the American palate correctly. The Quality of our Customers proves the Quality of our Figs. ¶ Three Thirty-ounce Cartons, prepaid, for One Dollar, (That is to all Wells-Fargo Express points), or Five for One Dollar if you pay expressage.

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SOME day I shall have a tombstone put over my grave and an inscription upon it. I want only one thing recorded on it, and that to the effect that "he labored to divert his profession from the blundering which has resulted from the performance of experiments on the subhuman groups of animal life, in the hope that they would shed light on the aberrant physiology of the human groups." Such experiments never have succeeded and never can; and they have, as in the cases of Koch, Pasteur and Lister, not only hindered true progress, but have covered our profession with ridicule.—Professor Lawson Tait, M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D.

Give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.—Carlyle.

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A Message to Garcia

was first printed in THE PHILISTINE of March, 1899. The merit of the article was instantly recognized, and the edition disappeared. The article was then reprinted by George H. Daniels of the New York Central Lines, and over three million copies were distributed. It was also reprinted by the Westinghouse Company in England. In France the Bon Marche of Paris distributed a million copies. Prince Hilakoff, Director of Railways in Russia, translated the essay into Russian and presented a copy to every officer in the Russian Army. The Mikado of Japan, not to be outdone, had the "Message" printed in Japanese, and a copy was placed in the hands of every Japanese soldier. ¶ In all, the "Message" has been translated into eleven languages, and reprinted over twenty-five million times. It is believed that it has a wider circulation than any other article ever written by an American, and a larger circulation in the same space of time than any other article ever produced in all the history of literature. We have a

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BY ELBERT HUBBARD

A story of an honest man, who rebelled against corrupt society. It tells of his youth, his friends, his home life. It tells how he, a poor Jewish peasant, tried to save the world from itself. It tells how this same selfish world nailed him to a cross—done to his death by a mob. It is a plain story of a plain man, who worked according to his Ideals, and who died for that which he thought was right. Frontispiece—"Jesus of Nazareth," by Gaspard. Bound in limp leather, silk lined, with marker. Printed on English Boxmoor paper, in very plain type. Two Dollars to the Elect. Also bound in boards, leather back—Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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This is the only chocolate that can be made *correctly, instantly, without any boiling.* Mix it with boiling milk or boiling water—then serve.
A leading druggist in every community is agent for Whitman's Chocolates and Confections. If you do not find a dealer near at hand, send 50 cents for a sample tin of Instantaneous Chocolate. Send for Book of Recipes—FREE—entitled "An Instantaneous Affair."

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A Cup of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate. Note "Instantaneous." It is the *only Instantaneous chocolate.* Its flavor is a revelation.

For fifty years the best grocers have sold Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate and the first families have used it.

Whitman's

Whatever Happens
Don't Forget



The Bulldog's
After Dinner!

Bulldog Segars
ARE REAL HABANA
FINE AND MILD
Our New and Pleasing Shape
After Dinner - - $6.00
per box of Fifty
Panetelas - - - $4.00
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per box of Twenty-five
If Your Dealer Doesn't Handle
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MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY

IT is only the sincerity of human feeling that abides. As for a thought, we know not, it may be deceptive; but the love, wherewith we have loved it, will surely return to our soul; nor can a single drop of its clearness or strength be abstracted by error. Of that perfect ideal that each of us strives to build up in himself, the sum total of all our thoughts will help only to model the outline; but the elements that go to construct it, and keep it alive, are the purified passion, unselfishness, loyalty, wherein these thoughts have had their being. —Maeterlinck.

SO long as one aspires, daily putting ideals into circulation through the avenues of home-making, housekeeping, business relationships, keeping much in the open air, there is no danger of morbid introspection. Unless we make use of our ideals they are nothing but spiritual anesthetics.—Helen Rhodes.

THE five writers to whose genius we owe the first attempt at comprehensive views of history were Bolingbroke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon. Of these, the first was but a cold believer in Christianity if, indeed, he believed in it at all; and the other four were avowed and notorious infidels.—Buckle.

The man who does you an injury will seldom forgive you for it.—Dr. W. C. Cooper.

NO TASTE NOR TEMPER THE "MORNING AFTER" PROVIDED IT WAS SCHILLING'S BEST

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Do You Believe In Cleanliness?

FOLKS who value their health know that Nature requires co-operation and assistance. This body of ours may accomplish great things and stand many abuses, but even Human Machinery eventually shows wear and tear. ¶ To maintain a standard of excellence and eliminate depreciation, watchfulness and kind care are essential. You insure against breakage and long stays in the repair-shop by taking an occasional INTERNAL BATH. ¶ There is just one and only one effective Internal Bath which has been before the public for years —which operates in such a way as to leave no ill effect whatever after using—which is so near to Nature's own way that it does not force but assists her—that one is the

J. B. L. CASCADE

Thousands are using it with great results and corresponding enthusiasm. Some of their experiences, and most interesting information on the Internal Bath, its purpose, its reasons and its results, are contained in a little book called, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent you free on request. We suggest that you write for it now, while it is on your mind.

Every One Ought to Read This

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK, February 26, 1908

CHAS. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

My Dear Sir: About two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition, and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me and has given me the relief I had been looking for for years.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it. It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) DAVID D. LEE

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To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way.
You must hear it spoken correctly, over and over, till your ear knows it.
You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it.
You must talk it and write it.

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Any one can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like. Begin now and in a few months you can speak, read, write and think in a new language. ¶ The method is recommended by well-known members of the faculties of the following universities and colleges:

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A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou—
(Old Omar's Song has sweetened with the years)
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Without Omar Khayyam's Poetical Philosophy as seasoning, all other brands are quite tasteless. Eight hundred years have passed, yet the Persian with his Jug and Thou still holds the center of the "New Thought" stage. ¶ Bound in limp leather, silk lining, with marker. Price - - - - $2.00

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When arranging a cosy corner or a window seat, or when seeking to extract just another mite of comfort from that Old-fashioned Arm Chair, please remember Our Comfort Pillows. ¶ Roycroft Pillows are generously made by placing two whole goat skins over a Pillow, then lacing them securely with leather thongs. Edges cut or uncut, as desired. Stamped roycroftie and blest by the Pastor.

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IT is at all times the individual, and not the age, that preaches the truth. It was the age that gave Socrates his hemlock. It was the age that burnt Huss. The age is always the same. — Goethe.

LOVE is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart—builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods.—Ingersoll.

Elbert Hubbard

will give his Heart to Heart Talk, "The March of the Centuries," as follows:

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Friday Evening, February 12th. Fine Arts, "Memorial Hall," Locust and 19th Sts. Seats on sale at Bollman Bros. Piano Co., 1120 Olive St.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Tuesday Evening, February 23rd. Carnegie Hall, (North Side). Seats on sale at Boggs & Buhl's Book Department one week in advance.

BOSTON, MASS.—Thursday Evening, March 4th. Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave. Seats on sale at Box Office.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friday Evening, March the 19th. Witherspoon Hall, Walnut, Juniper and Sansom Streets. Seats on sale at John Wanamaker's Book Department.

NEW YORK CITY—Sunday Evening, March 28th. Carnegie Hall, 58th St. and 7th Ave. Seats on sale at Box Office one week in advance.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Sunday Afternoon at Three o'Clock, April 4th. Studebaker Theatre. Seats on sale at Box Office one week in advance.

DENVER, COL.—Tuesday Evening, April 6th. Woman's Club Hall, Glenarm Street. Seats on sale at Business Office of "The Denver Post."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Sunday Afternoon, at Three o'Clock, April 11th. Van Ness Theatre, Van Ness Ave. Seats on sale at Box Office one week in advance.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Friday Evening, April 16th, at Simpson's Auditorium.

On these Joyous Occasions named above, the Price of Reserved Seats will be just Fifty Cents, and no more. The best seats will be sold to those Wise Children of Light who first apply

The negative ideal of wickedness is embodied in what is commonly supposed to be called as the creed of Christianity. [illegible]

EVEN the sunburnt faces of Gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there; to know that the air and light are on them every day; to feel that they are children, and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of heaven, and not with tears.—Charles Dickens.

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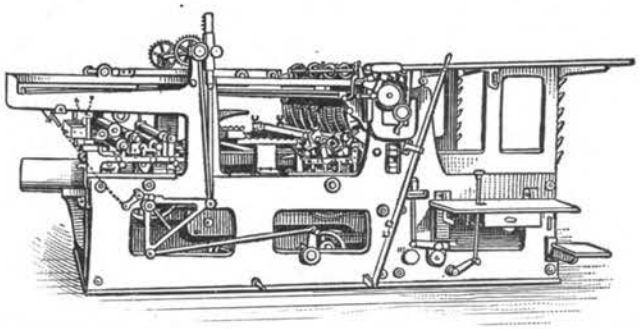
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TO HIS TRADE
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OU'VE heard of germs, bacilli, bugs, microbes, micrococci, bacteria, vibrios, spirilla and other wild and woolly free-traders of disease. You've heard how these small animals exploit the Rooseveltian Idea re race suicide. You've heard how they multiply faster than John-rabbits, and do fifty-seven times as much harm. You've heard how they caper on your custard pie and skip a barn dance on your pudding.

¶Further, you've heard learned men discuss eloquently the habits of these pithy little parasites. You've been warned and re-warned; even your sweetheart's kiss, so you're told, harbors a dozen or two of these unhealthy marauders.

¶Naturally you're frightened! You are perfectly willing to fight any visible foe, but to combat stealthy, strike-and-dodge, "work-while-you-sleep" antagonists, puts your nerves on edge.

¶They don't fight fair, these germs, they attack only the weak point in your defense; they double-cross you when your guard is down.

¶*This then is an invitation to take the war into the enemy's country!*

¶You've heard of the Ounce of Prevention—well, an Ounce of Prevention, in Germ Warfare, and an Ounce of **Dioxogen** are the same thing.

DIOXOGEN KILLS GERMS

¶**Dioxogen**, like the wild man in the circus, eats-em-alive; they die with their boots on! They die on the spot and as they die they're cremated.

¶**Dioxogen** is *the* standard antiseptic for cleansing mouth, teeth, throat, cuts, wounds, sores, burns, etc., and for keeping sound membranes from becoming infected. Its only active ingredient is Oxygen—the same Oxygen that you breathe in the air every day. It has no injurious effect on tissue.

You Can See It Work

Dioxogen bubbles whenever it touches decomposing substances such as lodge between the teeth, in tooth cavities, or in wounds and sores. It will not bubble when it touches healthy tissues containing no infectious matter. Hence when you use Dioxogen and it bubbles, you know that it is cleansing the tissues and removing the germs and germ products which produce diseased conditions. Dioxogen leaves injured or infected tissues in the best possible condition to heal quickly. ¶Rinse your mouth with Dioxogen and see how it bubbles even after you have brushed your teeth carefully with any other preparation and *think* they are clean. ¶Dioxogen has a hundred uses 'round the house; it serves a hundred purposes; it saves Doctor Bills.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE

To all Immortals who stand for cleanliness and health. Just write a postal and declare your interest in **Dioxogen.** Class "A" Druggists sell **Dioxogen.** Class "B," "C" and "D" offer "something just as good." Three sizes, Twenty-five, Fifty and Seventy-five Cents. Sold only in sealed packages.

The Oakland Chemical Company
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MORE VITALITY
MORE BUSINESS
MORE MONEY



"Besides Feeling Fine Every Minute"

So writes a New York business man after a few weeks' instruction in scientific eating.

MORE VITALITY BECAUSE his food was selected right, combined right, proportioned right, chemically harmonious and perfectly balanced, appetite satisfied and meals delicious; all the nutrition in his food was used by his body—nothing to make waste or toxic poisons.

MORE BUSINESS BECAUSE of more vitality, more energy and more endurance—and hence a more cheerful mind and a more attractive personality.

MORE MONEY BECAUSE his earning power was doubled—

"Besides feeling fine every minute." A sufferer for years from intestinal congestion, stomach trouble, nervousness and the ills that follow these conditions. ¶ This is but one example of the hundreds who have acknowledged in writing the benefits they have received from Applied Food Chemistry, my system of scientific dieting, which is becoming more universally recognized every day among thoughtful people. ¶ I DO NOT CURE DISEASE, I teach you how to remove its causes—Nature will do the curing. I teach you how to select, combine and balance your food, according to your individual requirements. ¶ When every cell in the body is full of energy and life, you are compelled to exercise—this causes deep breathing, and the cheerfulness and joy that comes with perfect health. ¶ Food is fundamental. It is the basis of health. First, eat right and then, exercise, deep breathing, and good cheer—the three other great essentials to health—will come automatically. ¶ My work is scientific, practical and fundamental. It goes down to causes and removes them. This is the only true road to health. ¶ I most earnestly invite your investigation of my method of teaching the simple science of human nutrition. ¶ Ninety-two per cent of all human disease is caused by errors in eating. Is not this subject worth your attention? ¶ Send for my little book, "HOW FOODS CURE." You will find it worth while. It is mailed free along with some other good things.

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Eugene Christian
Food Scientist

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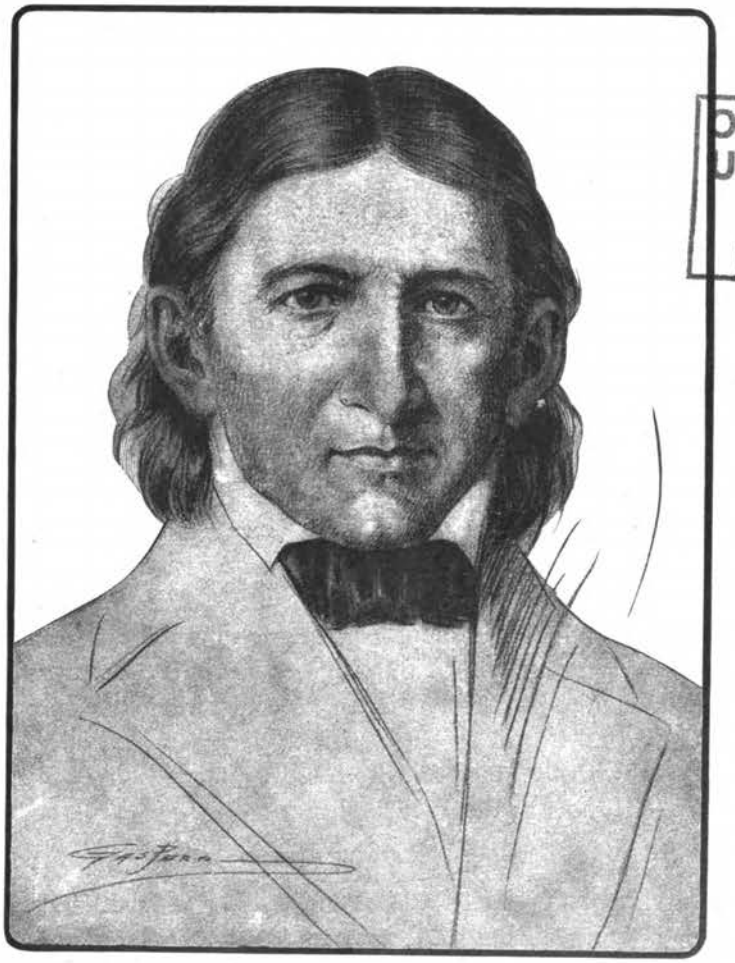
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THE FRA

(NOT FOR MUMMIES)

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. II. MARCH No. 6



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HERE you see the picture of William Penn, standard bearer of the Quakers and of QUAKER OATS. He gazes benignly out upon each and every man, woman and child who reads this sage advertisement, and with a Quaker's Blessing, silently philosophizes: "To Be Wise—Be Strong —Be Honest, to be True to Yourself and Others, you must first have for a foundation a Healthy Body. ¶Your breakfast starts the day's labor, it rekindles the flame of Life, as the ashes are raked from the furnace, and new coals placed upon the dying embers. Don't clog your grate with cumbersome foodstuffs early in the day." ¶Quaker Oats with cream and sugar fires the furnace of man: it supplies the warmth and good cheer that nerves one on to Conquest. ¶Lest we forget—William Penn was the Founder of a Great City and a Great Commonwealth. He was America's first exponent of the "Square Deal."

has also been a Founder—a Founder of Packaged Oats; the Grandsire of the Breakfast Food; the "Square Deal" Ancestor of the Sawdust Son. ¶To this day, and from the beginning, our firm could look that honest Quaker, William Penn, in the eye and say we have never sent a false, a misrepresented, a stale or a moldy package from our door. Ours has ever been a business of Mutual Trust. ¶Clean, Wholesome, Selected Oats sown in the Spring, and gathered in the Fall by Loving Hands, prepared under sanitary conditions, and packed with kindly care for the Elect—that's Quaker Oats. ¶Millions of children fed on Quaker Oats, grown from spindle-legged childhood, to strong, enlightened manhood, and womanhood, their lesson learned—are starting the next generation right by placing before their own kiddies, the key to Future Health, the stock in trade of Success—QUAKER OATS. ¶Our competitors, our imitators mean nothing to us. We stand alone. We will keep faith with you as the Quakers of old kept faith with the Red Men. We believe in Reciprocity. Test our Promise—try Quaker Oats—and enroll your name with the millions who now belong to Our Army; *staunch, loyal* and *true* believers in QUAKER OATS.



Sold by all Honest Grocers

The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago, Illinois

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"The first requisite for a man is that he shall be a good animal."—Herbert Spencer

ONE does not have to be a grave philosopher to grasp this vital truth. The Business Man who obeys Commonsense Rules of Nature gets more out of life, (that is—puts more into it,) and stays longer in the game, with greater accomplishments, than he who guzzles, grumbles, grouches, takes three special kinds of "appetizers," sleeps in a warm room at night, swigs a Spring Tonic, and grows a beard each Fall to protect his throat.

¶A Healthy, Progressive, Up-to-the-Minute Man, who can Do Things, lives the Simple Life, invites Fresh Air to his bedchamber, appreciates a Cold Tub, Fletcherizes, and consistently courts the Happy Habit. As an Economic, a Health, a Financial Principal, he spends five minutes each morning with his Gillette Safety Razor.

¶When a Fellow arrives at his work a little before time, "all shaven and shorn," redolent of clean linen, he smilingly carries Success in the Hollow of his Hand. He creates confidence.

¶This, also, remember—a strong, magnetic, clean-cut, attention-compelling countenance, presents a better argument, tells a sterner truth, than lies within a Classic Vocabulary's power. As a man *looks* so is he!

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¶Successful men have always indulged the *"Gillette" Habit.* Whether this is a "cause" or an "effect" cannot be reckoned. But the fact remains. It is the scintillating, sure-footed, pragmatical person, possessed of confidence plus, that exploits his Initiative by purchasing a Gillette. Laggards always lag, and Procrastinators Precondemn.

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Standard set in velvet-lined, full leather case, with triple silver-plated handle and 12 New-Process blades (24 cutting edges). Price, $5.00. Combination sets, made especially for Immortals, with shaving-brush, soap and little accessories—handy for the traveling bag. Price, $6.50 to $50.00

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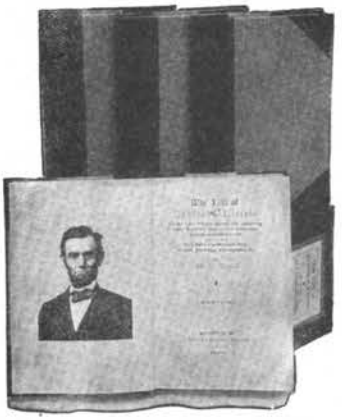
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The late Chas. A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York "Sun," and who, as Assistant Secretary of War, was intimately associated with Lincoln, selected Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln" (the only volume of the present great work then ready) to be one of ten books indispensable to every one of American origin.

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Leaves a vivid mental picture.—*Chicago Tribune*
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Please send me at your expense, a complete set of TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN, in four volumes, bound in de luxe 3-4 leather. If satisfactory, I will send you $1.00 at once, and $1.00 per month thereafter for thirteen* months. If not satisfactory, I will return them within ten days at your expense.
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FROM the mind of Emerson came as pure a stream of thought as ever flowed away from the times of Christ. At times mysterious, his style was as stainless as fresh snow, and his style was the picture of his life. His soul was as a city set upon a hill, and it was a city of God.—David Swing.

SO far as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall be my master. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a Padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind that no hope of preferment, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe, no matter whether it is to my immediate interest, as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow men who have not been as fortunate as I have been.—Robert Ingersoll.

I CALL the world to distrust the accounts of my friends, but listen to my enemies, as I myself do,
I charge you forever reject those who would expound me, for I cannot expound myself,
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me,
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.—Walt Whitman.

The day of the agitator is passing, but the day of the administrator is at hand.—John Burns.

DRINK SCHILLING'S BEST, AND BE A GLADHEIMER

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TO be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy. — Robert Louis Stevenson.

SHE grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun ☙ She will decay as a narcissus will if you do not give her air enough; she may fail and defile her head in the dust if you leave her without help at some moments of her life, but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always—

Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in the field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you, and the good ones, too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones good for it which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.—John Ruskin.

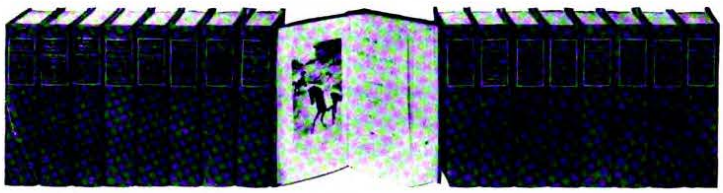
"TO BE GREAT IS TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD"

QEN of Genius who have left the beaten track to discover a New Country, have ever called down carping criticism. A practice centuries old, this, when one cannot understand nor appreciate, 't is so satisfying and virtuous to stand aside and sneer. Or better, take the Presumptuous One and nail him to a gibbet. For eons, men have fouled their own tongues by slander; they have dipped their own hands in the heart's blood of martyrs; they have besmirched their own memory and polluted their times, yet, all their destructive madness has plucked not a single leaf from the laurel crown of Genius. ¶ You may kill a great and good man—Oh! Yes!—you may reproach and revile him; you may call down imprecations, but when you are dead and forgotten, his soul, his memory, will go marching on and on. ¶ De Maupassant, of all writers has suffered most from misunderstanding. He has been crucified on the brazen cross of ignorance. This man never wrote to please the Rabble. He wrote because he had a message for the World, and because Divine Energy forced it thru his pen. ¶ De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low, as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly, that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis. ¶ If occasionally some intellectual pigmy after reading screams in falsetto, please remember that spontaneity and mediocrity are never kin. ¶ A WARNING: Those of you who find enjoyment in blue-milk brain-wanderings should never seek De Maupassant. You will be disappointed. You will not be able to digest nor assimilate the strong elixir of his mind, so it will curdle in your gullet—then it 's you for mental constipation.

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MASTER OF THE SHORT STORY

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☙

The dreams of yesterday are the realities of to-day.—Carlyle.

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How Foods Cure

Is the name of a little book recently written by Eugene Christian



THIS book tells in a condensed form, the results that Mr. Christian has obtained by fifteen years of scientific study and experimenting with human nutrition. Mr. Christian claims that all the chemical elements (fourteen in number) composing a human body, are reproduced annually in vegetation called food; he says that about sixty-five per cent of all the stuff taken into the body as food contributes nothing to energy; therefore must be thrown off as waste, which produces congestion in the stomach and alimentary tract and in the capillary vessels of the body. This congestion we call disease. Over ninety per cent of all diseases is caused by errors in eating.

He claims that the primary causes of over ninety per cent of diseases can be removed by his system of scientific feeding; that is, the selection of such food as will reproduce the chemistry of the body, proportioning it so that we will not be overfed on one thing and underfed on another—a sort of daily trial balance as it were—and this sounds sensible.

He teaches the laws of motion (exercise) and oxidation (deep breathing), but he claims that nutrition is the one great fundamental law of all organic life—some more sensible talk.

The following is a letter written by Mr. Hugh H. Kendall, one of the most successful and public-spirited citizens of Corning, New York. It was written to a perfect stranger with no expectation that it would be seen by Mr. Christian.

Mr. James Nicholson,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I have your inquiry in regard to Mr. Eugene Christian's knowledge of the food question.

I had been suffering for years with nervous prostration and all kinds of stomach and intestinal trouble, etc., etc. I came in contact with Mr. Christian and decided to have him instruct me how to select and combine my food. I fully believe that I owe my life to his instructions. He certainly knows more about the chemistry of food and of feeding the human animal than any one I have ever known, and is the only man in the world that I know of who has reduced this theory to a science; besides, he is a gentleman of sterling character and integrity.

I write this with pleasure and in justice to the man. Personally he will ever have my profoundest gratitude.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) HUGH H. KENDALL.

Mr. Christian's address is 7 East 41st Street, New York City. His little book, HOW FOODS CURE, is mailed free, upon request. Send for it.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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A Booklovers' Paradise

PERHAPS you've heard of me? Perhaps some bookish individual has casually mentioned my line when you were near? My name is Clarkson. My business is Books. ¶ The fact is, I believe I sell more books *direct* to folks than any other man in the Country. I am a Professional Go-Between. I am a Friend to Booklovers and to Books. ¶ I have a definite plan of campaign. I arrange the distribution of books where they will do the most good. I keep my ear close to the Earth, and if I hear a rumble, like book prices falling—it's me to the rescue. I am alert. ¶ Suppose some literary gentleman, due to distressed finances, deems it necessary to dispose of his entire library. He sends for me. I buy his treasure as it rests on the shelves—at my own price. I get the rare old books at a cost per volume that wouldn't pay for the glue in the binding—then I sell them to you at a scant profit. I am not in business for great wealth,—I love the excitement of trade; I love books. ¶ But to resume my story: If a publisher prints more books than he can sell, or a printing-house fails, or a book-store cannot move its stock, they send for me. Invariably I accept all their high-grade books—at my own price—so that you, my customers, may have a chance, though your means be limited, to enjoy a Rich Man's pleasure, a library of your own. ¶ Are you interested? Good and Bad children both leave home ultimately. My most valued editions of books don't stay long on my shelves; nor do the odds and ends of literature that make a direct appeal to the Bibliophile. The army of readers, the Bookworms know me; they watch my List for surprises. They are Opportunists. ¶ Heed this: I *buy* and *sell* books. It requires two transactions before I secure a profit. I make my living, I keep things moving, by quoting prices so low, I invite no competition. I am alone in this game. ¶ I will serve you as a Bookish Friend who knows, and in return, ask but a small profit—a broker's commission. To have you become a life customer, a friend who will write me whenever you desire a certain book, would be infinitely better than to secure from you *one* large profit

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AN OPEN LETTER



EAR CHARTER MEMBER, FRA SUBSCRIBER: With this issue you have had THE FRA Magazine of vital voltage for one year. Your subscription has now expired, but fortunately you have the privilege of renewal.

THE FRA has told you many things you knew, but which you did not know you knew until THE FRA told you. THE FRA has helped you to be brave, to think, to work, to love—to live; to be patient under criticism, and talk only when you have something to say ☙ As you well realize, THE FRA symbols success through the science of Human Service. It stands for health, efficiency, good cheer, harmony, brotherhood. It works for human betterment. It believes in the Divinity of Business. It aims to bring about Heaven here and now, in order that we may be used to it By and By ☙ If there is no By and By, we have then had Heaven, anyway, and so will have the laugh on those good folks who believe in the Doctrine of Postponement. The World is being made over. We live in a time as wonderful as that in which Pericles built the City of Athens, or Augustus in Rome transposed mud into marble, or that marvelous year, 1492, when Columbus went a-prospecting for continents, and casting his line for suckers, caught a whale ☙ THE FRA flatters itself that it is a factor in this making-over process. It is a revolution, but a peaceful one, that we are working out. The times call for courage, patience, persistency, poise. The Editor of THE FRA aims to be good, but not too good, for he realizes that a revolution of virtue is no better than a reign of vice ☙ We must all be equally good together, otherwise mox nix ouse. Above all things, THE FRA would help you to be natural, for health and sanity lie along the lines of Nature, and not on the side-tracks of artificiality. It is better to be a live man than a papier-mache monkey ☙ THE FRA Magazine has been self-supporting from the start ☙ Its sales on the News-stands have exceeded those of any magazine ever printed, for the first year of its existence—so we are reliably informed ☙ You who are wise to the esoterics of publishing know that to make a magazine pay from the start, almost proves that the age of miracles has come again. The reasons for the success do not lie far afield. First, THE FRA has appealed to a constituency who knew what to expect—a constituency of strong, helpful, happy, busy, competent men and women, who are keyed to A, and respond when you ring up ☙ Second, the facilities for getting out such a publication have been years in preparation, awaiting—all unknown—the psychologic moment. Third, the publishers are economists: the Editor working merely for his board and clothes—especially his clothes. Now we reach the issue—Vital Roycroftism, as it were, as opposed to caloric and East Wind. And here it is; this magazine has no free list, and no exchange list. We supply testimonials but no free samples. Buminski periodicals can be given away, but not so THE FRA. The thing that is not worth paying for, isn't worth having. As soon as a subscription expires we cancel it. Fortunately, however, as before stated, you have the privilege of renewal. It costs money to buy paper and ink and it takes somebody bigger than Nervy Nat to look a pay-roll in the eye. Then beside, there are the guinea-hens to feed—I guess so! Subscription to THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and you for a Roycroft Book, duly blessed by the Pastor. Are you with us? If so you can prove it in just one way—Dig, Koff, Loosen up, Hit the Offertory—Two Dolodocci for ideas that may save your life and make you a fortune!

THE FRA, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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A MONGREL Gun resembles a Mongrel Dog. A gun of uncertain lineage makes a big showing *before* the test. Like a Mongrel Dog, it barks furiously in the Back Yard, but it flunks, and fails to exhibit Class when tried in the Open. ¶ A Thoroughbred Sportsman cannot afford to jeopardise his reputation by seeming friendliness to a shooting-piece marred by the Bar Sinister. If you are a Thoroughbred—use a Thoroughbred Gun



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IN, justice, fear, an angry Judge—with these we are on the lowest round of the ladder of truth. ¶ How long the world dwelt there, and how many still look back regretful to those days!

One step higher and we find forgiveness and a Father.

For most men that is the last word, but we must press upward.

Beyond fatherhood and brotherhood we grope toward organic oneness—we dimly feel that God is palpitating, all-embracing love.—Ernest Crosby.

I SUBMIT that prunes and figs are better than calomel; that muscular effort will induce sleep better than morphine; that deep breathing is superior to digitalis; that fletcherizing is more to be recommended than pepsin; that the tonic you get out of the atmosphere ranks higher than the sort you can buy in a bottle. Of course this whole proposition may be disputed by the "perfesh," but my medicine will never put you under the ether cone, nor cause your appendix to be disannexed.—Bert M. Moses.

WHAT du I b'leeve? Thet 's ezy enuf,
Fust—b'leeve what I know, or thet I 'm sure:
Secon'—b'leeve what I jedge iz good straight stuff
Thet hain't no marks uv a lie er a lure,
Third—but they ain't no "third" at all.
Other two kivvers the hull o' the ground,
Willin' thet others should b'leeve in a "fall,"
'F they think its raisonably true an' sound.
—Ali Baba.

He loves his country best who strives to make it best.—Ingersoll.

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WHILE the snow is still upon the ground, do your thoughts ever turn to Spring? Do you realize that in less than a month you will hear the Robin calling to his Mate; do you realize the bulbs and plants that have lain so long beneath the cold blanket of snow and ice are waiting for the sun's warm rays to kiss them and call them from their winter's sleep? Just a little month, and through the open window will be wafted to you the sweet, fragrant breath of Nature's Early Spring Children. ¶ Soon the Violet, and the little Windflower, then the Lily-of-the-Valley, with graceful bells, bowing and bowing in the gentle breeze, asking to be plucked, to be placed in the hands of some sweet young Spring bride. Oh! Joyous Spring! ¶ Have *you* planned your part in Earth's anticipated rejuvenation? Do *you* purpose to people your grounds with Children of Beauty and Love—Flowers? Will *you* court Health and Happiness this Spring tending your own garden, out in the Sunshine?

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—

In the rhapsody of silent moments may be heard mute echoes of the music of love.

—

Satieties sicken; impotency inhibits; fear of detection intimidates; this is the formula for modern respectability and morality.

—

Iconoclasts dig their own graves—the idolaters whose particular idols have been shattered are the very active pallbearers.

—

We laugh at our inferiors—with our equals: our superiors are no laughing matter.

—

The Prophet must be crucified ere His message be accepted. This is the Philistine's ultimatum.—Walter Rosenbaum.

ALL that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence,
Not a move can a man or woman make, that affects him or her in a day, month, any part of the direct lifetime, or the hour of death,
But the same affects him or her onward afterward through the indirect lifetime.
The indirect is just as much as the direct,
The spirit receives from the body just as much as it gives to the body, if not more.
—Whitman.

OF course some folks won't like you
When they see you "Feelin' good,"
Some folks are never happy,
Never would be if they could.
—Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Here is the Ideal - or nowhere.—Carlyle.

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WAS Cyrano Mansfield's greatest acting? At least this performance was the most significant of his career. With it he scaled the summit at last. ¶ But it was not in his nature to be content. So when he finished one thing he turned to another ❧ Failure furnished its own reason for renewed effort. But he had mercifully few failures now he had come into the plenitude of his authority and the majority of his powers.

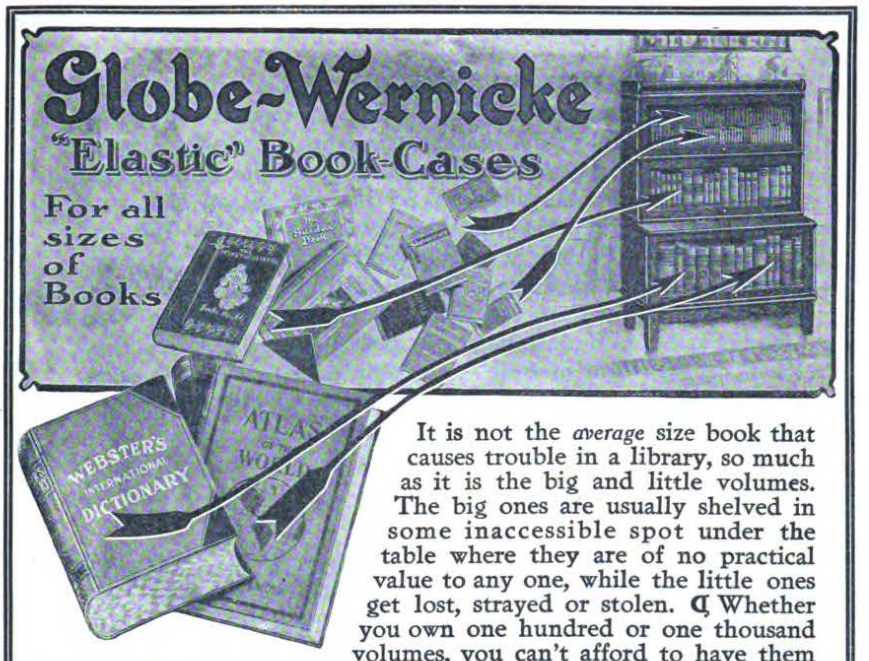
He would not heed the sweet caresses of praise. He coveted it but felt he dared not indulge himself. With few exceptions he seldom read a criticism, unless it was brought to his attention ❧ The day after a triumphant first night he would ask with the humility of a schoolboy who had sent in his modest thesis to his tutor, "Well, how goes it?" Glowing reports may have stimulated him, but he met enthusiasm and satisfaction with, "Yes, this is all very well, but what are we going to do next?"

It was not that he was a pessimist. He believed in unlimited potentiality. He had his head erect, his eyes hopefully on the future, his mind confidently fixed on new achievement. Nothing but the most extraordinary self-confidence would have permitted him to indulge in the prodigious undertakings which were the commonplaces of his career.—Paul Wilstach.

❧

EVERYTHING is happy now,
Everything is upward striving,
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'T is the natural way of living.

—Lowell.



It is not the *average* size book that causes trouble in a library, so much as it is the big and little volumes. The big ones are usually shelved in some inaccessible spot under the table where they are of no practical value to any one, while the little ones get lost, strayed or stolen. ¶ Whether you own one hundred or one thousand volumes, you can't afford to have them tossed here and there, mulled and well thumbed by each caller possessed of an investigating mind. Your books demand and deserve better treatment. ¶ An index to your own character are your books. They reflect your habits. Be sure the Story they tell to posterity subtracts not a whit from your memory. A Wise Brother conserves his energy, sweetens his disposition, insures against Idler's ravages and defies the possibilities of Time by housing his books, large and small, in

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SPRING'S golden promise fills the air. Old Earth has regained her resilience. Even the trees are stretching the kinks from their frozen arms. In another day we shall hear the birds sing, and pick Wild Flowers near the Brooklet's edge. ¶ So this, the Season of Reconstruction, commands us don our Garments of New Life and rejoice. Away with the grievous grouch, the whine and the complaint. Let us call back our youth, and become part of the Great Out-of-Doors. Let us reconstruct and renovate. ¶ Nature sets a Good Example. Her Balsam she pours over the sorely tried Earth, in the form of Rain, then soothes with balmy breezes. She forgives the assaults of Brutal Storms, and works only for a regeneration. Hers is a perpetual Labor of Love.

Wine of Pomelo

works for man, as Nature works for Mother Earth. Pomelo neutralizes Winter's ravages on Human Bodies. It quickens the circulation, it renews wasted tissue, it carries Health to the Anemic—the brain-fagged citizen. It vitalizes and nourishes the Winter-worn Body. As before stated, it co-operates in Nature's house-cleaning.

Wine of Pomelo is a *Tonic*—Not a *Cure*

A square, sterling, one hundred per cent tonic, free from all drugs, and manufactured with but one idea in view—to supply a tasty, invigorating, strengthening, result-producing Elixir. Wine of Pomelo is a pleasant blend of fine, rich, ripe Florida Grapefruit juice, Citrate of Iron and Beef Blood. These health-helping ingredients, intermingling with the juices of the stomach, relieve that organ of overwork, assist digestion, and help to promote a normal, natural condition. Again we say—

Wine of Pomelo is a *Tonic*—A GOOD TONIC

Just write as —Member of FRA ELBERTUS' Literary Family, and as for The Pomelo Book—gratis to you.

[illegible] Wine Company, Rochester, N. Y.

THE world to-day is without form and void,
and darkness is upon the face of the deep.
But lo! the Spirit of Love moveth upon the face
of the waters of humanity,
And we shall ere long see a new heaven and
a new earth,
And behold, it will be very good.

—Ernest Crosby.

I WILL tell you in a word why I like Goethe: his is the only healthy mind, of any extent, that I have discovered in Europe in long generations; it was he who first proclaimed to me (convincingly, for I saw it done): Behold, even in this scandalous Sceptico-Epicurean generation, when all is gone but hunger and cant, it is possible that Man be a Man!—Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson.

ALL that Count Tolstoy brings us is new. He is a new spectator and delineator of the endless human scene. He has no page like a page of Victor Hugo or, say, Dickens, no sentence like an antithesis of Macaulay, no details of nature like that of the "Stonemason" of Lamartine. He is a great creative genius—marred, as it now seems, by a touch of the monstrosity of asceticism which once inhabited Asia and the edges of the Christian world.—David Swing.

One usually prefers speaking evil of himself to speaking not at all.—La Rochefoucauld.

[illegible] SEALSHIPPER'S FRIEND, the tea that places a box in the grocer's and gives the Caruba his GLAD HAND

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GREAT DISCOVERIES

THE world was discovered in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two. Man was discovered in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six. But woman was not discovered until Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six

¶By a curious coincidence, it was in Philadelphia, the home of B. Franklin, Printer, that man was discovered and his presence first announced. Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and B. Franklin, Printer, are the men to whom we are most indebted for the discovery.

¶By a still further curious coincidence it was in Philadelphia, at the Centennial Exhibition that woman was discovered. The two great things exhibited at the Centennial were the Typewriter and the Telephone.

¶The Telephone was regarded by most people as a hoax. I talked with a man they said was five miles away—but I knew better.

¶The Typewriter I could understand, and also, in degree, the Typewritist. She was an expert pianist, and the belief then was that only a person who had the "piano touch," could become an expert operator on the Typewriter.

¶In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty I saw an advertisement of a New York music teacher, wherein the professor warranted all of his pupils to play well enough, so if they were really not great pianists, they could at least get jobs operating Typewriters.

¶Sometime between Eighteen Hundred and Eighty and Nineteen Hundred and Nine it was discovered that the Typewriter is just as easy to operate as a lead pencil and the man who buys a Typewriter today would no more think of consulting the professor to acquire the "piano touch" than he would of taking a correspondence course in the science of using the Telephone.

¶The greatest discovery since the Typewriter is the Monotype; a combination of a Typewriter and a Type Foundry. The compositor who operates the Keyboard of this wonderful machine makes out an order for the type required. This order is a strip of perforated paper, not unlike a piece of music for a pianola, and as it passes through the Casting Machine, that Type Foundry produces the type, not in packages to be sorted into cases and laboriously picked from these letter by letter, but in perfectly justified lines on galleys ready for proving. You don't believe it? Neither did we until we tried it.

¶The Roycrofters hesitated for months before buying the Monotype for fear its product would not be equal to hand-work—the best hand-work with new type—Roycroft work. When it comes to machine quality being equal to hand quality East Aurora is located in the geographical center of the State of Missouri, and until this point was demonstrated we were not sufficiently interested to have any other doubts. We were shown, and now the Fra, Philistine and Little Journeys are showing Monotype quality.

¶Our next doubt was that we would have to import a skilled operator for the Keyboard—a man expert in Monotyping, but with everything to learn about the style of Roycroft work. It takes time to learn that and it isn't pleasant to teach a prima donna, male or female. Therefore we held off. Had the Monotype Folks had their new Style D Keyboard then we would not have hesitated a minute.

¶We admire the Monotype, it is a monument to creative genius but after seeing the Style D Keyboard we admire more than ever the Monotype makers for their ability to restrain their inventive talent. The writer of "Class A Stuff" who uses an apt quotation does so, not because he needs help, but to gain force.

¶Instead of inventing a new Keyboard the Monotype Company has "quoted" the Universal Typewriter, for the key arrangement and action of the Style D Keyboard are exactly like any standard Typewriter, except that the operator has at his finger ends *six* alphabets, Roman CAPS and lower case, *Italic CAPS and lower case* and **Bold Face CAPS and lower case.**

¶Good bye, Expert. Farewell, Prima Donna. Any compositor can operate this new composing machine at sight, and after a little practice by the touch system. Instead of the machine requiring him to learn a new trade the compositor uses this typewriter composing machine to apply his knowledge of typography.

¶To those interested in the installation of composing machinery the Monotype Company asks this pertinent question:

WOULD YOU BUY A TYPEWRITER WITHOUT THE UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE COMPANY, 1231 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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That Amusing Bott

WE have three sets of Elbert Hubbard's Complete Works yet unsubscribed for. Four Volumes are now ready to deliver—the rest will follow. In all there will be forty volumes—tall copies—on Italian hand-made paper, in three colors. ¶This set of books will contain all of the Little Journeys—one hundred and sixty-eight miniature biographies—fully amended and revised; also all of the stories, essays, plays, criticisms, orphics and epigrams. There will also be an Index and a Concordance. The portraits of all the Little Journey subjects are redrawn and reproduced on vellum in photogravure, and there will be in addition numerous illustrations and portraits

A MONUMENTAL WORK printed after the early Venetian style, and probably the best complete sets of books ever issued from any printing house in America. The binding is in solid boards, one-half levant, specially hand-tooled by Mr. Kinder and pupils. ¶The price of the books is Ten Dollars per volume, express prepaid. The books will be issued at the rate of say four volumes a year. The edition will be strictly limited to one thousand sets, numbered and signed by Mr. Hubbard. ¶No modern author has ever issued his writing in so sumptuous a form, or a style so appealing to the bibliophile & collector

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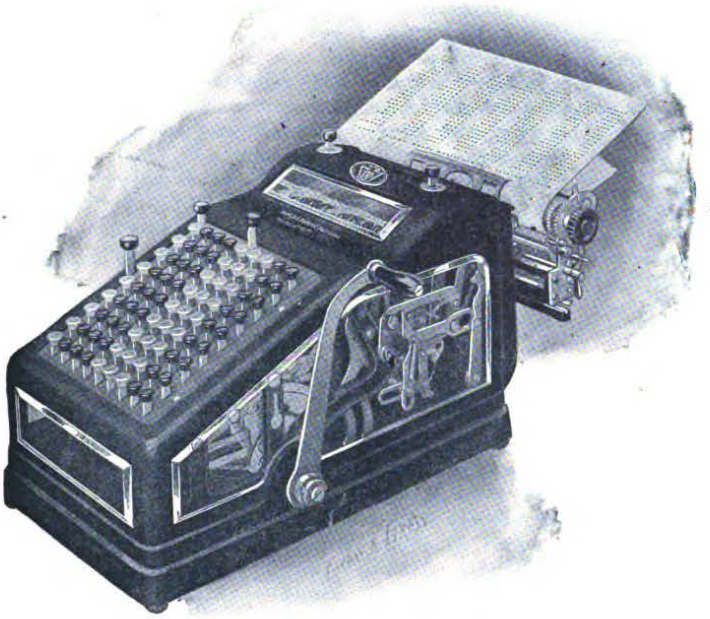
The Roycroft Fraternity

East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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WALES VISIBLE PROSPERS



Trust Tricksters Thwarted

JUDGE HALSEY, Equity Court, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on February 6th last, handed down an Opinion, a decision, that put a crimp in the newest-born Hope of The Adding Machine Trust. "Hands Off The Wales Visible!" said Judge Halsey. "The Evidence shows that these people are making the Best Adding Machine on the market, making it honestly, and selling it at an honest price.—Hands Off!" ¶ Some time ago, Trust Sales Managers recognized that unless a certain something happened to the Wales Visible Adding Machine, Business for them would wane. Discriminate Business Men everywhere asked, "In what way are your Machines superior to The Wales Visible?" Of course Trust Salesmen were stumped; some things can't be explained, nor belittled. A Bluff will not sell an Adding Machine to a Twentieth Century Financier. ¶ So Trust Sales Decreased. An "Indignation Meeting" was called. Old Trust Tricksters recommended a little "underground purchasing." You know, when fair competition fails, there are several other Methods left. Trust Heads decided to buy a controlling interest in our Company. ¶ Offering a price double the par Value of Our Stock, Trust Agents secretly purchased almost 33 per cent of the entire amount, before they reached the bone and sinew of Our Organization. There they stopped. Our Brains, Blood and Beeswax were concentrated in those remaining Shares. Prices soared. Feeling the positive need of annexing The Wales Visible, ridding The Trust of its Peerless Competitor, money was not spared. But no more Stock could be bought at any price. Stone-wall resistance on the part of Our "Old Guard" compelled a change of tactics. ¶ Then the Trust President in whose name the betrayal stock had been purchased, believed he could at least disrupt Our Company; he sought to "kill" our fine product by introducing internal strife. So he served notice on Our Trustees that he, *as a member of Our Company*, Owner of 943 Wales Visible Shares, refused to abide by their decisions or judgments; henceforth he would be a secessionist, a revolutionist. You see he hoped to frighten us into a quick, conciliatory sale. ¶ Right here we rallied to the Colors; we carried the Case to Court and asked the learned Judge to decide whether or not these Trust Brigands had any Right to interfere with our Legitimate Business. ¶ On February 6th, 1909, Judge Halsey scathingly condemned Trust Tactics, and decided the case in Our Favor. "Hands Off The Wales Visible!" said Judge Halsey. "The Evidence shows that these people are making the best Adding Machine on the Market, making it honestly and selling it at an honest price.—Hands Off!"

LET US EXPLAIN TO YOU

why The Trust wanted The Wales Visible Adding Machine. Let us explain to you how this machine serves the Business Man. Let us explain to YOU the exact Workings of this "Mechanical Brain." Write for Information

NO ERRORS! NO BACK TALK! NO DAYS OFF!

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., Factory and General Offices **WILKESBARRE, PENNA.**

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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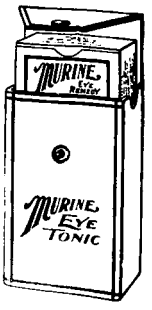
EX-INSPECTOR BYRNES of New York said: "Show me a man with a clear, clean eye, and I will trust him." Byrnes was a professional man-hunter. Long experience taught him that the eye rarely deceives. Stammering lips might mar the message—Ah, Yes! But the eye speaks a language of truth. So sensitive this "mirror of the soul," it reflects not only the thoughts of the moment, it tells stories of yesterday's yesterday, and of deeds of long ago. Life's Diary—the eye.

Byrnes believed that a criminal—a man who had committed a wrong—had a criminal's eye; that soul-guilt reflected on this magic mirror. Byrnes was right! Yet his theory can be reversed. A man who neglects his eyes, registers an irretrievable faux pas; he, also is a criminal.

¶ Folks suffering from troublesome eyes, overworked eyes, or naturally weak eyes, should not attempt to ignore the apparent,—one may rue his obstinacy later in life. Far-sighted (also near-sighted) individuals accept the Ounce of Prevention—as represented by Murine. Avaunt the problematical Pound of Cure!

Murine Eye Tonic

An antiseptic eye tonic, safe to use in the most advanced cases. A babe's irritated eye, or old grandfather's—dimmed by the calcium of years, alike are soothed by this Collyrium Remedy Preparation. To cool the tired, inflamed, angry, Medusa-like organ, needs but one drop of Murine every ten minutes or so. MURINE will defeat granulated eyelids, red, weak, weary, watery eyes and such afflictions, and forestall loss of sight, without struggle or annoyance. MURINE, Nature's Own Eye Doctor, contains no harsh, harmful, biting ingredients; conforms to requirements of the Pure Food Law.



Progressive Physicians who are advancing with the times, will prescribe MURINE for indiscriminate and continued use in the most sensitive eye. Also a marvelous "First Aid" in case of injury. Today—now—while you think of it, send us One Dollar for a De Luxe, "leather-bound" Package and some instructive books. You'll have no regrets

Murine Eye Remedy Company

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

STANDARD SIZE AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S, FIFTY CENTS

WHAT is this mystery that men call death?
My friend before me lies; in all save breath
He seems the same as yesterday. His face
So like to life, so calm, bears not a trace
Of that great change which all of us so dread.
I gaze on him and say: He is not dead,
But sleeps; and soon he will arise and take
Me by the hand. I know he will awake
And smile on me as he did yesterday;
And he will have some gentle word to say,
Some kindly deed to do; for loving thought
Was warp and woof of which his life was wrought.
He is not dead. Such souls forever live
In boundless measure of the love they give.

—Jerome B. Bell.

1. Thou shalt LOVE thy life and live IT.
2. Thou shalt LOVE the truth and say IT.
3. Thou shalt LOVE mankind and be IT.
4. Thou shalt LOVE to know and learn IT.
5. Thou shalt LOVE to learn and spread IT.
6. Thou shalt LOVE liberty and get IT.
7. Thou shalt LOVE health and have IT.
8. Thou shalt LOVE justice and demand IT.
9. Thou shalt LOVE nature and study IT.
10. Thou shalt LOVE thyself, for thou art IT.

—J. Frantz.

THE fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust;
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.

—D. A. Wasson.

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ROYCROFT SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE

ARRANGED BY ALICE HUBBARD

Lesson XL—Sunday, March 7, 1909.

Health suggestion: Get yourself a little plot of ground, no matter who you are or where you live, and get an education out of planting and reaping. Man is a land animal and the earth is our mother.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

[illegible]

FROEBEL THE CHILD

There is no such thing as one's being after the order of Melchisedec: without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life.

No Minerva ever sprang full-grown from her father's brain. Everything has a beginning—and a small beginning. All things are an evolution.

There are a father and mother to every idea, and all things have a cause.

Genealogists like to trace the line of ancestry back to some noble and heroic person, and that is where the professional genealogist stops. It is only the overzealous that go too far, and back of greatness find plebeians well planted in the soil. We are evolved beings.

But we find a cause always if we look for it. Something started things going: there are always relations.

We say that the last half of the Eighteenth Century was an age of unrest. Whether it was because of an accumulation of force or an era of mental activity, the fact remains, there was a cause. The world was awaking. Voltaire and Rousseau were expressing thought that effected all Europe. Men here, there and everywhere picked up ideas and were set on fire by them.

Napoleon did his great share to spread thought by making exchange of countries, of men, of ideas. People were in communication.

It was in the year 1782, April 21st (Shakespeare's birthday) that Friedrich Froebel was born. His father was a clergyman belonging to the Old Lutheran Protestant Church, the cure of five thousand souls, scattered over seven villages. His home was in Oberweissbach, a village in the Thuringian Forest, Schwarzburg,—Rudolstadt, Germany. Froebel's mother died before he was a year old, and when he was four years old he was given a stepmother, he says.

There are many bitter complaints about this stepmother by lovers of Froebel and also by Froebel himself. However, this woman may have been the cause of Froebel's power.

Sympathetic gentlemen are now inclined to give Xantippe credit for Socrates' greatness. Her bad temper drove him out where he could develop his philosophy undiluted by any softening, domestic influence. There was no love at home. ¶The lack of love drives one out into the universe to hunt for truth—it is the gad-fly of Isis.

Had Froebel been tenderly watched over and cared for by a mother who could and would remove from him every hardship and smooth the rough ways, he could not have had the problems to solve that have changed the entire teaching of all children, and placed the entering wedge for economic independence for women.

Stepmothers are credited with cruelty, unkindness and negligeuce, but the overindulgence and unwarranted attention mothers often give to their children, is an injustice which is too great to compare with the sins of any stepmother.

> Cast the bantling on the rocks—
> Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat,
> Wintered with the hawk and fox,
> Power and speed be hands and feet.

Friedrich Froebel had time to think and contemplate, and this introspection served him well when in his mature years he studied child-nature with results superior to any before known. ¶All things worked together for his good and to the benefit of all children to come.

He says he lived two distinct lives, the one with his inner self, and the one where he had to try to harmonize this inner life with the life of his outer circumstances.

His parents found him irritable, difficult to understand and a great trouble and care.

Away by himself with a book or with flowers and birds, he was happy and at rest.

And so this dreamer dreamed and struggled and combated circumstances until he was fifteen years old. Then his father apprenticed him to a forester, and for two years he worked, studied and roamed the woods. Here he had the opportunity for the first time in his life to harmonize his inner with his outer life.

He let his hair grow long and dressed to suit his mood. Sometimes he wore a green cloak and red cap with a long, black plume. At other times his clothing would fade into the brown-gray of the tree trunks and the fallen leaves.

And all this meant much to the moody, introspective lad who was forever trying to reconcile the two lives he lived.

Adolescence is that period when the emotional nature of the child is awaking. That teachers are trained now to respect the moods of this chrysalis stage of the human being, is due largely to the influence of Froebel.

He taught mothers and teachers that this time of the developing of the will must be respected and the child fed with the mental food he needs. The power of choosing is the most important attribute in life. The child is giving an expression of himself when he dresses according to his own desire.

Mothers make a grave mistake who thrust a style or color or fabric upon a child who has a decided choice about his garments. ¶Let the child choose and express himself. The individual is divine and the child's individuality is a sacred thing. We must reverence it if we would see God. It is all natural.

Froebel believed in nature in its every manifestation.

[illegible]

* * *

Lesson XLI—Sunday, March 14, 1909.

[illegible]

FROEBEL THE STUDENT OF LIFE

FROEBEL was the first man to clearly state and practically apply the truth that life is one and our education should be a unit.

The mother and kindergarten teachers must work together absolutely, the kindergarten must evolve into the primary school and the primary into the secondary. The university must be the natural result of the secondary school, and life a sequence of all—life must be education and education life. ¶It was a big idea and startling and Froebel was opposed by teachers and preachers.

This great man knew that the accepted education was made of unconnected and often unrelated fragments. The home was a place of refuge and rest and love. School meant discipline, conforming to rules and laws, rigid, severe and irksome. ¶The university was for men only and was more or less brutal in its practises. The learning was receiving impressions—not expression. The study was from books and the following of precedents.

Then life, the making one's living and entering the activities of the world, was another and entirely different thing, a new experience from anything that had gone before.

And be it said to our discredit, we have not entirely eliminated these foolish ideas from our minds, even now.

Froebel said that teachers must understand and teach this unit which begins with our birth and is continued throughout life.

Life is an evolution.

And here was a serious thing: Froebel said that the purpose of all teaching should be to build character. And in this teaching the child must learn to take care of himself first, and think of his relation to his neighbor.

The whole import of it all was expression, to create in the outer world this inner world in which the child's ego, his myself, lived. ¶Now all this irritated the German schoolmasters, for the rod and cat-o'-nine-tails had played an important part in education. ¶The preacher did n't like this either. He was the first teacher and his most important tenets for goodness were a belief in original sin and total depravity. These traditions had come down to the professional pedagogue, too.

It was no wonder that teacher and preacher made war upon Froebel and his helpers. And they did this, and in two instances drove him from the town in which he tried to found a school. ¶Froebel, like Luther Burbank, believed with Thoreau that

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one world at a time is enough—for children, at least. A child cannot comprehend this world nor even the house in which he spends the night, nor the yard and garden in which he lives the day. Why tangle the dainty, delicate threads of his intellect by thrusting upon him what Herbert Spencer calls the Unknowable?

One world at a time, my friends, one world at a time, for children—and grown-ups. Teach the child heaven here and now. ¶And of all things, do not say anything to him of fear. Teach him to have courage at all times: to meet the future when it becomes the present, and not before. To be trying to peep and peer into a future world is to neglect your work today. It is not even provident, much less profitable. It is an inestimable loss for in our fourscore years and ten we have time only to find out how to adjust ourselves to the present to the best advantage. The way to another world, if there is one, is via this one. ¶Know thyself!

Know thy surroundings! ¶Develop the intelligence by the study of plants, animals, the starry hosts of the heavens and the waters of the earth.

Froebel's idea was to help the child to evolve and express the joy that belongs naturally to him. All his surroundings are gift bestowed by a power outside of the child. And there comes the gift thought in the kindergarten teaching, which is one of its most important features.

The child is naturally expectant. Froebel would have him anticipating beautiful and wonderful things and then help him to find the beauty and points of interest in these gifts all about him.

He should have romantic surroundings, for above all the child is the product of the romance of love, of the sweetest and most sacred of which man knows.

It was on this last premise that he built his whole fabric of education. Hence his disagreement with the priest and churchman.

The following paragraphs are some of the principles that he wrote early in his experimental school at Keilhau:

I desire to educate man with all his [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

he worked. ¶"Man is born in sin and conceived in iniquity," sayeth the preacher. Not so, said Froebel.
He arose in the power of his might and shouted from the hilltops: "No! Man is born of God and conceived in holiness."
He declared that the impulse and entire tendency of the child was good and if developed aright would bring perfect results—the ideal that we all believe in and are looking for. If there were anything wrong, it was with the outside, the circumstances and surroundings. There was nothing out of harmony with the God within. ¶ Froebel may have had some cause for silence on the goodness of adults, for he was dealt with harshly by preacher and pedagogue. ¶ But the enmity of the pious was aroused when he proclaimed that we are all started right. However, he recognized difficulty and that is in the lack of harmony between the inner and outer worlds in which we live. If we were allowed free expression of our inner life and could blend our outer life with it, living naturally, all would be well. ¶He did not believe in original sin. He did not need the priest, and we cannot give greater offence to any one than to show him that we can live without him.
In Froebel's scheme there was no place for sin, the Devil and Hell. He recognized no limitations that could not be removed through evolution. ¶ He knew there was ignorance, but he avowed a clear, clean and pure source to all life.
And so the priest and pedagogue obtained from the State a commission to send to Keilhau, where Froebel lived, a committee to inspect his school there.
This school was practically communistic. The idea was that the children were to be educated by and through their work, and to have all education life, and all of life educative. There were sixty people at Keilhau, ranging from the very young kindergartners to the people of middle life.
The committee came to scoff, but remained to praise.
Froebel's plan was to give half the school-day to manual work and half to study from books: to have the child's senses exercised, and in this exercise was the child's development.
Rousseau had said that teachers of children did not understand children; that they were crowding upon the little ones methods that belonged to manhood; that they were forcing children into manhood and womanhood and thus into their graves. "Let childhood ripen in children," said Rousseau. And this was the basis of Froebel's teaching at Keilhau. The children were not "put to their books" early in the morning and held to them most of the day, then let to run wild or kept under military discipline for the remaining hours. The plan at Keilhau was to take advantage of the emotions and sensations of the child, make his play creative and develop his brain thro his sensations and emotions. And this Pestalozzi and the Romantic schools had not done. ¶ Froebel was the first to see this truth and put it into practice. ¶ He knew that books, as a general proposition, were not for children.
However, the committee found that the children at Froebel's school were farther advanced in the classics and in the subjects of the regular curriculum than were the children of the State schools, and beside this, these Keilhau children could create with their hands and make things unheard of by this committee. The enemy was beaten, but the commission must bring back something to criticise or be themselves censured. ¶So the people at Keilhau received the approbation of the State for instruction and general capability of the pupils. The inspectors commended especially the scrupulous cleanliness, neatness and good taste shown in the entire place. But they issued this command, that all the men and boys of the school must have their hair cut short, and that all the men, women and children must discard their individuality of dress, and clothe themselves just like other people. In other words, they must not show outwardly that they were different from others even if they were.
Froebel died June 21st, 1852, at Marienthal, before he could see how great his scheme for educating humanity was, and before Germany had awakened to its magnitude. But it was too complete a plan for one, two or even three generations to see worked out.
We today are not yet aware how great it is. Most of the instruction in universities is the old monastic idea of induction and not evolution. They have not improved on the methods of Pythagoras.
After Froebel died, Mrs. Froebel carried on the school at Keilhau until she found she could do more by going into a larger field and there demonstrating and working out the methods which she had helped develop.
It is only a short time since she died, and with her work the kindergarten teachers of today can touch finger-tips.
These women of the kindergarten era have changed the aspect of the world. Here, there and everywhere men and women are giving their time and their money to find a natural method; i. e., a practical education for humanity. Men and women are at work now to assemble the wisdom of the ages and apply it to usefulness for mankind. ¶And the basis of their thought is that of Froebel's and it is that which every animal has. ¶ We grow through exercise. No one can exercise for us. ¶ Teach the child first to take care of himself.

The Fra

Perpetrated at East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York

ELBERT HUBBARD, EDITOR

FIFTEENTH YEAR, and has not skipped an issue. It is the sawed-off and hammered-down of bibliozines, but carries the voltage. Every issue causes sudden cancellations from the grumpy, who subscribe not knowing it is loaded. That is the way we know we are moving. But the article that makes some hike and howl, tickles others to the skies—and so we make head, always make head.

One Taft Dolodocci per year, or ten cents a copy. Ask your Newsdealer!

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

The Caxton Brochures

"Self-Reliance"

by Ralph Waldo Emerson. By common consent we recognize Emerson as one of America's greatest writers, and if he had never written anything but "Compensation" and "Self-Reliance," he would still rank as a leader. "Let a man know his worth and keep things under his feet."

"Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"

the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, as translated into English verse by Edward FitzGerald. We have made a careful reprint of the first edition of 1859, including the introduction and notes.

These two numbers of the Caxton Brochures are the most bookish that we have yet offered. Beautifully printed on colonial paper, special ornaments and initials in color, and are a product of the most studious care in design and workmanship. We will mail you a copy of either of these delightful little Brochures for fourteen cents in stamps, or both for twenty-five cents. Send us fifty cents, silver, and we will mail you six Brochures, all different.

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In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, the Caxton Society has made a special volume of his masterpieces. As a piece of bookmaking, this volume excels anything we have yet produced. It contains those three masterpieces which made Poe famous: "The Raven," "The Gold Bug," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Printed from a new font of type, on rich, white, antique rag paper, rubricated initials, special ornamented title-page and head-bands by a master craftsman, bound in black boards with natural linen back, cover stamped in silver. The edition is limited to one thousand numbered copies, of which four hundred have already been subscribed for. The price is $1.25 per copy. If you are not acquainted with the Caxton Society and its work, send us $1.60, and we will send you a copy of this beautiful book, and twelve numbers of the Caxton Brochures.

The Caxton Society
Pittsfield in Berkshire, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

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xv—The Philistine	xxiv—The William Martin Johnson School of Art	Back Cover—Mitchell Motor Car Co.
xv—The Caxton Society		

Roycroft Inn Conference

at East Aurora, June 20th to 30th, inclusive. ¶ Socialism is coming. The question is, in what form, when, and how? To discuss this vital theme, viewing it from every standpoint will be the aim of this Convention. There will be various prominent men and women speak daily. In fact, it will be a School of Economics, for the topics of Labor, Interest, Rent, Profits, etc., will be taken up and treated individually. Incidentally there will be much Good Cheer and the spirit of Comradeship will prevail. Music, walks, talks and tunes at the wood-pile. The rate at The Roycroft Inn will be the same to Proletariat or Capitalist—Two Dollars a Day, American Plan. No extras charged for admittance to lectures, concerts or classes. For reservations address

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

In The Land Of Immortality

"Come To The Inn And Forget It."

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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CRESCA
IMPORTED DELICACIES
From the Deep Seas of Brittany to the Oases of Arabia

All lands and all seas produce some choice food of world-wide celebrity. We bring you scores of these delicious products, packed at their finest and guaranteed by the round Cresca Mark. ¶Off the coast of France fishermen are toiling far into the night, seeking the tiny fish that are found there, and there only.

ANCHOVIES—the raciest, tastiest little fish that swims—delicious as an hors-d'oeuvre, for sandwiches, salads, canapes and sauces.

SARDINES—real French sardines, you may have them boneless and skinned if you like, packed in pure olive oil—look for the Cresca Mark.

TUNY FISH—the joy of Roman Emperors and French Epicures. Only the few appreciate this delicacy.

SARDELLES—a fish that is close to the heart of the lover of good eating. Any one who does not know Sardelles has a pleasant experience awaiting him.

IMPORTED MACKEREL IN OIL—a savorsome little French mackerel, packed in oil like sardines—they are Cresca Mackerel.

There are dozens of dainties and novelties and delicacies from all over the world, now ready for your most critical appreciation—TRUFFLES, PATES and GOOSE LIVER, MARRONS, CEPES and MUSHROOMS, PIMENTOES, OLIVE OIL and PAPRIKA, CHINESE GINGER, FINANCIERES and ARTICHAUTS. Everything that the literature of gastronomy has made classic—all the rich savors and flavors of Orient and Occident are yours at their best under the Cresca Mark.

Are you fond of figs—ripe, thin-skinned, perfect Smyrna figs? The finest figs of the Orient come direct to our warehouse in Smyrna. That Cresca factory is a landmark, and some Smyrna officials think it the greatest object-lesson in cleanliness ever given to Asia Minor.

A handsome descriptive list of these products made famous by the cooks of Paris and Vienna has just come from the press. It is entitled, "Cresca Dainties," and contains recipes for some delightful new dishes, prepared by FANNIE MERRITT FARMER, of Boston. ¶The attached coupon shows how easy we have made it for every reader of THE FRA to serve her family with Cresca dishes, decorated in Cresca style. The booklet will be sent free.

We want all fastidious folks to know the Cresca products, the possibilites that they offer and how to secure them.

REISS & BRADY
Importers of the World's Delicacies. New York, Bordeaux, Smyrna
Fine Grocers Sell Cresca Products

Reiss & Brady, 351 Greenwich St., N. Y.
Enclosed find two cents postage. Please send me without further obligation one copy of "Cresca Dainties" and one French cutter.

Name_____

Address_____

Fra Coupon

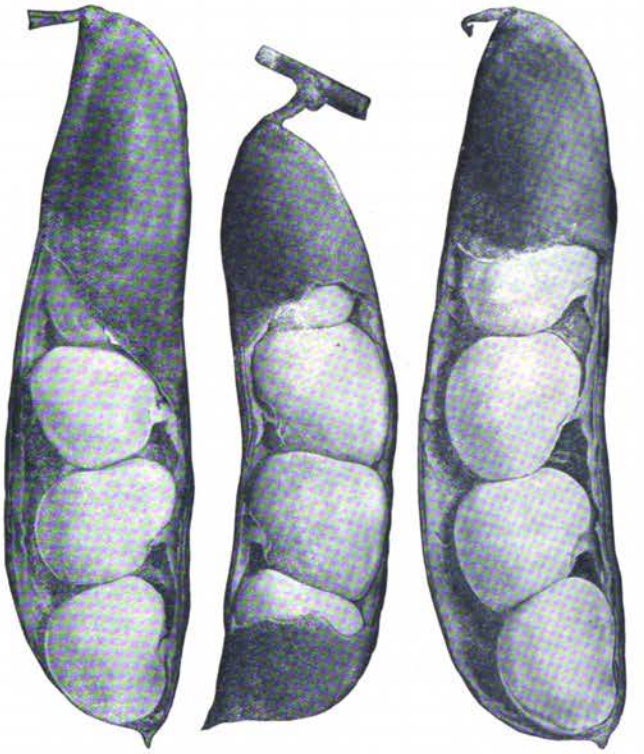
MORE THAN A LITTLE BETTER — CRESCA — NEW YORK AND BORDEAUX

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Fordhook Bush Limas

A Burpee Discovery



Only two years old, and the pet of all wise gardeners. The best-natured Limas that ever coaxed kind care from a tiller of the soil—and so grateful! Given half a chance, they will spring Minerva-like from the earth's crest in full bloom. Fordhook Limas yield two weeks earlier than any other Lima, and continue maturing pods until cut down by Jack Frost. ¶ This particular Lima finds its affinity nowhere in the Bean World. Lusty and Healthy, with Strength, Vitality and Sweetness, it grows to a height of two feet or more—in bush form, while the beans form and cluster in great handfuls of fourteen or more. Crops in proportion! ¶ Most Limas sprawl over the ground, rotting, while awaiting the gardener's hand. Not so the Fordhook Lima. Lifting its leaves and pods off the ground, it courts the air on all sides, and in consequence, the beans grow to astounding dimensions—pods are four to five inches in length, containing four to five beans. ¶ Nor do these Limas sacrifice flavor to size. Rich, mealy, creamy, buttery beans, shelling one pint to every twenty pods, they require very little help to make a complete and satisfying dinner. A garden-treasure when the "unexpected guest" arrives

A Joy to All Gardeners

Any Immortal who intends planting a garden this Spring, should reserve a few square yards or more for Burpee's Fordhook Bush Limas. The crop will surprise and delight you. ¶ *Why not order the seeds NOW!* ¶ Per package, 15c; 1-2 pint, 25c; pint, 45c; 4 quarts, $2.00; peck, $3.50; 1-2 bushel, $6.25; per bushel, $12.50

BURPEE'S—"THE SEEDS THAT GROW"

Free Farm Annual to FRA Followers

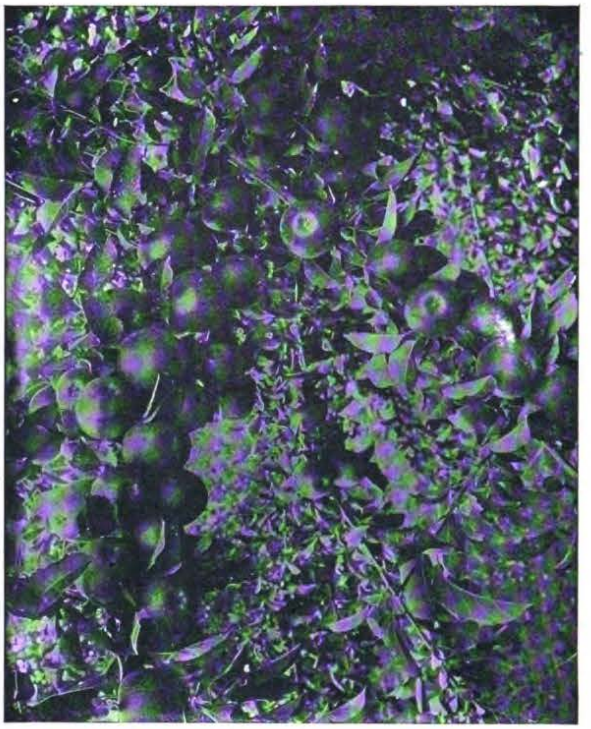
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Specialists

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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The Opportunity of The Hour

Washington Winter Apple ORCHARDS



This is the way they grow—They bring $2.00 a box—There are six boxes or more to a tree—There are seventy trees to the acre—Figure it out

If you could increase your income $300 or more a year would you be interested? ¶That's over $25 for each month during the year. ¶Surely that's worth while, *and you can.* ¶The "Apple Industry" in the State of Washington points the way. ¶Few realize the vast profits made by the Washington Apple Growers. ¶Mind you, I'm only referring to the long-keeping, high-class Winter Apple—the Washington fruit —*none other.* ¶This is the Apple that is sold in New York, Chicago, London, and in all the large cities, at a higher price per box than other apples bring by the barrel. ¶The demand for the Washington Apple exceeds the supply, AND ALWAYS WILL. There are reasons, of course. Well, now, you have it within your power—*this minute*—to become interested in the profits of the "Apple Industry." That is—if you'll save **$8.35** a month during a period of 48 months. This will purchase for you an "ORCHARD UNIT" of the MEADOW LAKE ORCHARD COMPANY, of Spokane, Washington, the annual earning power of which is $300 or more after your contract matures. You may contract for the purchase of as many *Units* as you wish. Each acre of this huge orchard is represented by *one orchard unit.* ¶Now—I've given you the idea in the abstract. The "Apple Industry" is, as stated above, "The Opportunity of the Hour." Descriptive booklet entitled

"WINTER APPLES FOR PROFIT"

Forwarded Free to FRA Followers

At the same time I'll write you and explain our plan in detail. I want you to know how you can *safely* invest your savings and *increase* your *income.* Few in the *East* realize the earning power of money in the *West.* This is *one* of the big INCOME PRODUCERS. Shall I send the booklet?

A. G. Hanauer

Meadow Lake Orchard Company, Spokane, Washington

A. G. HANAUER, President

LARGEST ORCHARD OPERATORS IN THE NORTHWEST

A. G. HANAUER, Pres.,
Meadow Lake Orchard Co.,
Spokane, Washington.

Dear Sir:—
Kindly mail me your Free Booklet entitled, "Winter Apples for Profit." I am interested.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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"You Do the Designing—We'll Make the Rug"

Thread & Thrum Rugs

The most artistic rugs made. Different from all others. Color scheme adapted to your room decorations, self-tones or contrasts. Seamless, any size up to 12 feet wide; any length. Wool or camel's-hair weft—heavy, reversible and durable. If your dealer does not sell them write for color card and price-list. Address Arnold, Constable & Co., Distributing Agents, New York

The Thread & Thrum Workshop, Auburn, N. Y.



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We want every merchant, dealer, bookkeeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings to prove for himself the worth and economy of the "little magician"—The

Rapid Computer Adding Machine

We'll send it to you on five days' free trial—if it pleases you, pay our price of only $25.00—if it doesn't, send it back at our expense. It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today you'd like to try one. Catalogue free.

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in one or more colors, of Illustrations for high-class CATALOGS and Advertisement Displays or Other Commercial Needs. BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS, COVER DESIGNS. ¶ Our 20 years of experience combined with extensive, well equipped facilities enable us to offer special advantages.

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The ONLY perfect, non-leakable stylo pens at a moderate price.



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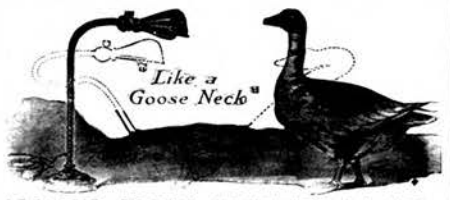
By mail, postpaid upon receipt of price.

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J. ULLRICH & CO.

Manufacturers

Dept. 8, Thames Bldg., 135 Greenwich Street, New York



ALMOND FLEXO ELECTRIC LAMPS

are adjustable to any position "Like a Goose Neck." They concentrate the light rays on the book or work, shade the face and protect the eyes. ¶ Equally adapted for use in the home, office, hotel, public building or factory, in fact anywhere that electricity is used for lighting purposes. ¶ Finishes: Nickel Plate, Copper Oxidize, Wrought Iron and Polished or Brushed Brass, with cord and plug ready to attach. ¶ Price $3.50 delivered east of Mississippi River. ¶ Ask your dealer or send to us direct for catalog showing all styles.

T. R. ALMOND MFG. CO., ASHBURNHAM, MASS., U. S. A.

Space for 200 Numbers



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Lawyers, bankers, and many other professional men will immediately appreciate the value of these features. When closed, it's an ornamental aluminum case attached to the phone. Simply pull down the card, (alphabetically arranged,) obtain number you wish, and card automatically conceals itself.

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE CARD INDEX

Saves many dollars' worth of valuable time, but costs, post-paid, only FIFTY CENTS. For sale by all leading stationers.

Utica Aluminum & Novelty Works, 360 Bleecker St., Utica, N. Y.

Railroad Terminal Bonds

YIELDING 4 1-2 PER CENT TO 5 1-2 PER CENT

IF there is anything which gives existing railroads a natural monopoly, it is the almost insuperable difficulty of new lines getting independent terminal facilities in the large cities. ¶ The First Mortgage Bonds on the terminal properties are usually guaranteed by the railroads owning them and we own and offer on a special "Terminal Circular L," some bonds of this description yielding 4 1-2 per cent to 5 1-2 per cent. Investors should have this circular which will be mailed on request.

SWARTWOUT & APPENZELLAR, Bankers

40, 42 and 44 Pine Street, New York City

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Stokes' Standard Seeds

I want every reader of THE FRA who is interested in growing vegetables or flowers to write for my new 1909 catalog—free. Explains my new way of selling seeds—the best in each class, relieving the buyer of the worry and risk of selecting. Shows photographs of what have actually been grown from my seeds and gives full directions to insure a successful, early garden. My

"Bonny Best" Early Tomato

is ready for the table before other varieties. Finest and most prolific strain ever produced. You should know about it.

Special Ten Cent Combination Offer: Write for free catalog, or send me 10c. in stamps—and mention THE FRA—and I will send the catalogue and three 10c. packets of seed—one each of my "Bonny Best" Early Tomatoes, "Stokes' Standard" Sweet Peas, and "Stokes' Standard" Single Poppy (Luther Burbank strain), each unequaled in its class. Write today.

STOKES' SEED STORE

Dept. C 219 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

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IF a judge is akin to either party he is barred from hearing the case—of course.

In laying out an advertising campaign, it might be well to call in some one who is not in any way affiliated with Publishers, Advertising Agency, Printer or Promoter. Some one who has no temptation to steer you Signward, Magazineward, Newspaperward, Carward, or to overload you for the sake of commissions.

It is estimated that "$100,000,000 is annually wasted in advertising." Who knows but this is largely due to too much relationship? A surgeon advises an operation. An architect should not own a brickyard. After all is said and done, the plan, scheme or conception is the only really important factor in advertising. Is your plan perfectly satisfactory? Let us talk it over and see.

JAY WELLINGTON HULL
ADVERTISING APPRAISER
600 Tribune Bldg., New York Hulbert Bldg., Cincinnati

Our Fleet Returned

Hampton Roads, Virginia, where the Merrimac and Monitor met in grueling combat, way back in '64, witnessed an inspiring sight Washington's Birthday: a fleet of Battleships and Ten Thousand American Sailor Boys, after a World's tour, arrived home. ¶ And such boys! Clear-eyed and Clear-skinned, radiating the freshness, the wholesomeness and sweetness of an Open Air Life. A splendid example Uncle Sam gives to parents! ¶ A Wise Man—Uncle Sam! He knew in advance that a trip far from home, with lots of work, and lots of play, and plenty of time for gun-practice, would make a Man-o'-wars-man of the mildest boy on his ships. ¶ Uncle Sam believes in cleanliness, responsibility, equal opportunity, the divinity of Labor, play, travel and a "square deal." But best of all he believes, he has faith in the Boy

SEND *YOUR* BOY ON A TOUR

Buy your son a Daisy Rifle, and send him on a trip; let him tour the woods these bright Spring afternoons, and you'll have no need for the Doctor or the Family Medicine Chest. Prove your faith in your son—let him carry a Daisy Rifle. You make a man of a boy by letting him shoulder responsibility: by teaching him Self-reliance. ¶ Mollycoddle men are boys who were never allowed to play with other boys, who were never allowed near the "ole swimmin' hole," who were never permitted to carry a rifle or ramble in the woods. Such boys grow up lacking confidence. They are the Mollycoddles

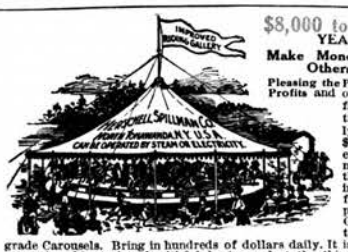
A DAISY RIFLE

was never intended to be an instrument of destruction; it was not made to kill things. Daisys are air-rifles of a high order. They shoot a BB shot that will hit a mark and teach your boy accuracy in handling a gun, but—they are not dangerous. Daisy Rifles. No smoke or noise, & perfectly safe in the hands of any boy. ¶ Daisy Rifles educate in the Better Way, they lure your boy into the Open; he communes with Nature first-hand.

1,000-shot Daisy, an Automatic Magazine Rifle, $2.00
Other Daisy Models, - - - - - - - - $1.00 to $1.75

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. The "Daisy" book telling all about them free; write for it.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Union St., Plymouth, Mich.



$8,000 to $10,000 YEARLY

Make Money Out of Others' Fun.

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from $8,000 to $10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousels. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. ¶ Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running, and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO., Park Amusement Outfitters
363 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, New York, U. S. A.

WHAT AND WHERE
is Truth in Religion?

PLAIN answers given on Rational Grounds only, by THE THEISTIC CHURCH, London. Found not in words alleged to be God's, but in WORKS, wrought by Him under our very eyes. By the Soul, through the Soul, to the Soul is the Truth revealed. ¶ Theistic literature will be sent gratis to any one applying to the Rev. CHARLES VOZERY, Annesley Lodge, Hampstead, London, N. W.



MONOGRAMS

of every description for Fobs, Purses, etc.—the smart, up-to-date jewelry for discriminating people. Handsome 2-letter monogram, gold-filled or sterling silver, 75 cents. Solid gold, $3.75.

FOBS of finest all silk gros-grain, without safety attachment, and 3-letter monogram in sterling silver or gold-filled, $4.00. Gold front, $5.75. Solid gold, $12.75.

SILK FOBS with 2-letter monogram, in silver or gold-filled, $1.25; in gold front, $1.75; in solid gold, $4.75. Safety attachments, $1.00 extra.

LEATHER FOBS of Finest Russian Calfskin with 2-letter monogram in sterling silver or gold-filled, $1.00; gold front, $1.50; solid gold, $3.75.



20-Year gold-filled Watch, Elgin or Waltham movement, your monogram on back of case, $8.50 thin Model. Our Special "Verythin," hinged case, $10.00. These watches come in handsome silk velvet boxes. Guaranteed for 20 years, kept in repair 5 years by written guarantee. Models for men and women. Solid Gold Scarf Pin in medium weight, $1.25; Heavy weight, $1.75. Monogram FREE. Any article sent anywhere on receipt of money-order, stamps, check or draft. Every article sold under an absolute guarantee or money refunded. Send 2c for beautiful catalogues. Lyman Monogram Jewelry Co., Dept. 6, Muskegon, Mich.



FICKS' BABY VEHICLES
TWO HUNDRED STYLES

Every known kind. Every appropriate material

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Prices Range from $1.50 to $40.00

The largest baby vehicle factory in the world—gives real value in baby vehicles. Even our cheapest styles get the benefit of patents used in the better grades. ¶ Any Ficks' vehicle shows the twenty years of experience and study behind it—its graceful design, its balance, upholstering and finish. ¶ We guarantee each one to be exactly as described. Our 1909 catalogue shows all the shapes and styles of collapsible wood and reed go-carts; baby carriages with parasols, hood or leather top; English baby carriages and carrettes. Send your name and the name of your local dealer and we will mail you our catalogue—free. Address

The National Carriage & Reed Co., 424 Findlay St., Cincinnati, O.

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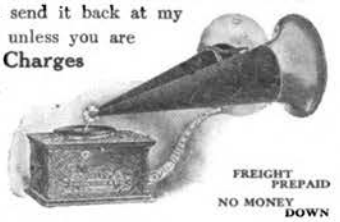
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LET ME SEND YOU THIS NEW MODEL
DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH

On seven days' trial. Play it a week in your own home, and if it does not prove to be the

Largest, Finest-Finished, Clearest-Toned Phonograph

you ever saw sold for the price I ask—why, just send it back at my expense by Freight. I don't want your money unless you are pleased with the Duplex. **I Stand the Express Charges on Shipment to You.** The new model Duplex contains a number of improvements which place it in a class by itself: A very much better motor; new finish on the metal parts; a larger number of free records; an improved feed and weight-regulating device, and several minor improvements. My literature tells all about prices and terms and why the Duplex is superior to other phonographs. **Get My Prices** before buying elsewhere. Tell me whether you want easy payments or can pay all cash for the Duplex. Write as fully as you choose—I am always glad to answer your letters. Free Catalogue. Records in any language.



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AN OPPORTUNITY
YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE

1 case, about 50 pounds, of GERALDSON'S FIGS in 24 or 60 cartons . . . . . $ 5.25
50 pounds finest, dried, ripe Bartlett pears from the CALIFORNIA Foothills . . . . . $ 6.25
Total to pay, including freight to your city $11.50

GERALDSON'S FIGS, you know what they are, well, these pears are just as good tho' intended to be cooked. They are almost equal to glacé fruit. Must ship in 100-pound lots to save freight.
Will ship 6 pounds of either anywhere in the United States by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 10 pounds if you pay expressage.
These goods cannot be excelled anywhere, at any price. Supply limited; better order promptly.

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY, Newcastle, California

IT is true that "The longest pole knocks the persimmon;"
As true as it is that "Time takes his toll;"
But give us a saw, or a song, or a hymn on
The readiest means of procuring the pole.

"It never rains but it pours," is not half so true as it is that it never pours but it rains.

The man who does you an injury will seldom forgive you for it.

Phthisis wears gum shoes; so does fresh air and exercise.

Smiles are filtered flashes of the soul's sunlight.

If it is worth doing and you can't do it, do at it.

Fight shy of the man who makes a business of piety.

You can not forget what you can not forgive.

"If you don't know what to do, don't." Moral, subscribe for The Fra.

Although we must all die, life (to the individual) is the rule and death, the exception. — Dr. W. C. Cooper.

If you do not wish for His kingdom do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it, you must work for it.—Ruskin.

Remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation, to apply this principle: That though this be a misfortune, to bear it nobly is good fortune.—Marcus Aurelius.

"While you live, drink," said Omar, "for once dead, you shall never return." Of course Omar referred to SCHILLING'S BEST

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Artistic Printing

THE ROYCROFTERS do not run a Job Printing Garage. However, they are willing to lend their skill, time and talent for the benefit of the Faithful who desire printed publicity in precise proportions. So if your dues are paid and you are fletcherizing and practising deep breathing, thinking well of everybody (or fairly so), why just send along your printing orders, and we will take care of them. We produce both Art and Artists, and what is better, we reproduce life. We can supply you phosphorus and original designs for *Folders, Letter-heads, Addresses, Memorials, Circulars and Booklets.* We print anything that is not kiboshed by Comstock. We fly the gonfalon of Health and Success, and never does our work border upon the gonpeterxyx. ¶ As before intimated, *if you want FINE PRINTING done De Luxe,* come and nestle under our Paisley

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

Tell them you saw it in THE FRA

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ASK THE EDITOR OF THE FRA this question, "Who is your favorite author?" and he, being honest as well as sincere, will promptly answer, "The man who writes the LITTLE JOURNEYS." ¶ Then being pushed for second choice he would say, "Robert Louis Stevenson." Robert Louis has been adopted by the English-speaking world, and given the gentle title of "Robert Louis, the Well Beloved." ¶ The Pastor of His Flock recommends precious few books. In fact, as a people he often says that we read too much and think too little. But Robert Louis is prescribed to all as a sure cure for an ingrowing ego. ¶ Robert Louis is a stylist, and therefore should be read by all who prize pure English. ¶ He is a thinker who doesn't think too deeply, and therefore should be read by those who do not care to be drowned in turgidity. ¶ He is a lover, and since all the world loves a lover, he should be read by everybody who has n't shed his saltness of time. ¶ He is a joker, and therefore should be read by those who would preserve their sense of values. ¶ Kipling got his style from Robert Louis, for Robert Louis taught him how to trust himself. ¶ And so all of you who have read the Inspired Word as herein recorded, and reverence your own Divinity as you feel it pulsing through your being, are requested, with sincere and loving hearts, to fill out the coupon below, and at the same time thank God that you are permitted to purchase the words of Robert Louis, the Well Beloved, at a price and upon terms which make excuse impossible and procrastination vain.



OUR OFFER: We will ship the COMPLETE SET of ten volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated, bound in 3-4 Persian Morocco, subject to your examination and approval, for only $24.50. Send no money with your order. Simply write your name and address on coupon and send to us and we shall ship you the complete set subject to five days' examination and approval. Take the set to your home and examine it carefully with no salesman or clerk to importune you to buy. If you are satisfied, then send us your check for $24.50 in payment, or if you prefer to remain in touch with nice people who will send you circulars of nice books from time to time, then send only 50 cents as first payment and $2.00 a month thereafter for twelve months and it will be just as satisfactory. If you are not entirely satisfied, notify us and we shall give you shipping instructions for the return of the set. MAIL COUPON PROMPTLY

The Riverside Publishing Company

INSPECTION COUPON

The Riverside Publishing Company
204 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

Please ship me subject to my examination and approval one set Robert Louis Stevenson's Complete Works, 10 volumes, Riverside Edition, 3-4 Persian Morocco binding, gilt top. If satisfactory I will send you check for $24.50 or 50 cents after five days' examination and $2.00 a month for 12 months as I may prefer. If the set does not meet my entire approval after five days' examination I will notify you and hold subject to your order as offered to THE FRA readers.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come! clear the way, then, clear the way!
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

—Edwin Markham.

ALL I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for what I have not seen. Whatever it be that the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous and in the great style of His works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties, of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.

—Emerson

NOW virtuous man, incensed,
Doth roar and bellow,
To have the law against—
The other fellow'

—Brand Whitlock

HEAVEN IS A HABIT, AND SO IS DRINK. ACQUIRE A HEAVENLY HABIT BY DRINKING *SCHILLING'S BEST*

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¶ This splendid edition is limited to two hundred and fifty sets, numbered, and autographed by Mr. Bierce. The price is $100 a set, payable $10 for each volume upon the delivery of the volumes to the subscribers. The publishers reserve the right to close the sale at any time and to advance the price of unsold sets. Such is the quality of the material and workmanship that in selling these books at $100 a set the edition is sold at little more than the actual cost of production. Further information as to the contents of the separate volumes may be obtained from the publishers.

Ambrose Bierce is best known as a satirist, a man whose pen delights to cut and slash—to draw blood, if need be, and revel in the crimson stain. Possibly the reason for this lies in the fact that many of his fellow-craftsmen, when writing of Bierce, have insisted upon this phase of his genius. Certain it is, whether or not this is the basis of this popular "characterization," that Bierce's satire has been dwelt upon to the exclusion of everything else—to the exclusion of his tenderness, his broad humanity, his grace, his lovableness. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says that Bierce has "the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race," and thinks that the "reserve and brutality" of some of his stories "produce an impression never attained by the most riotous imagination," while Mr. Robert Barr refers to the "vein of grimness in all his work, running even through his humor."

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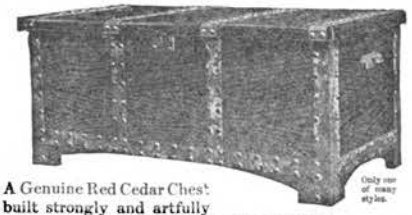
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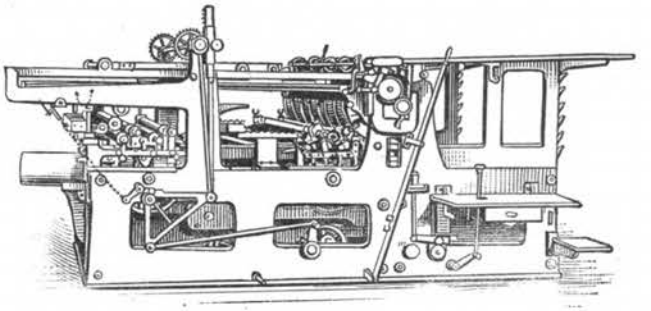
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To know there is no sin but ignorance, and do my best to remove that ignorance by listening to the wise and instructing the ignorant;
To love my brother, whom I have seen, and believe in him as the best evidence of God who is unseen;
¶ To ask nothing for myself that all cannot have on the same fair and equal terms;
To be guided by conscience, and try each day to improve my conscience;
To use what I earn as wisely as I can, and not fear the morrow;
To value friends as the best this world offers, try to be the friend I would have, yet serve truth and righteousness before friends;
To live above envy, hate and fear, and try in no way to conquer evil except by good;
To pray by words and deeds, but more by deeds than words;
To know that nothing can make me happy or unhappy, but myself, and so live cheerfully and bravely in the day, and when night comes rest in the faith of another to-morrow.

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The ass will bray even though his rider be the Son of Man. - Richard LeGallienne.

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ONE-HALF of the population of the United States is occupied directly or indirectly in the cultivation of the land, and fully one-half of the entire capital of the country is invested in farms and their belongings.

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Any Creature, or person that persistently seeks elevation, whether mental, moral, or physical, cannot escape intellectual advancement.

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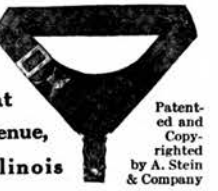
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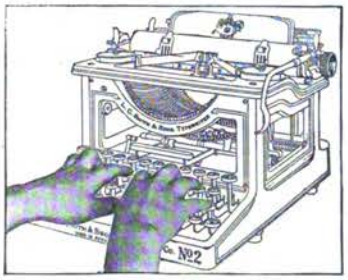
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A little later a Roman general issued an order that any Roman soldier mutilating a Greek statue, would be compelled to make one just as good. After eighteen hundred years, the unspeakable Turk completed the ruin which the Romans had begun. Then comes Lord Elgin, who sensed the value of these priceless relics of the grandeur that was Greece. The British Nation paid him seventy thousand pounds for the fragments, and they now repose in the Lord Elgin Room, the glory of the British Museum. "Be on time," was the motto of Lord Elgin.

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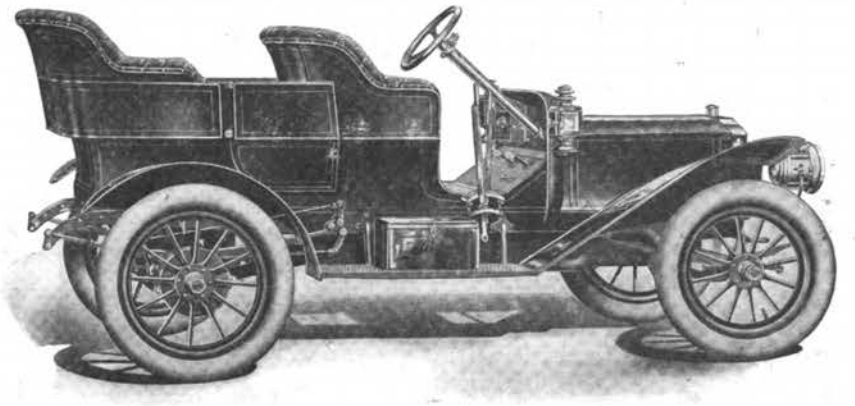
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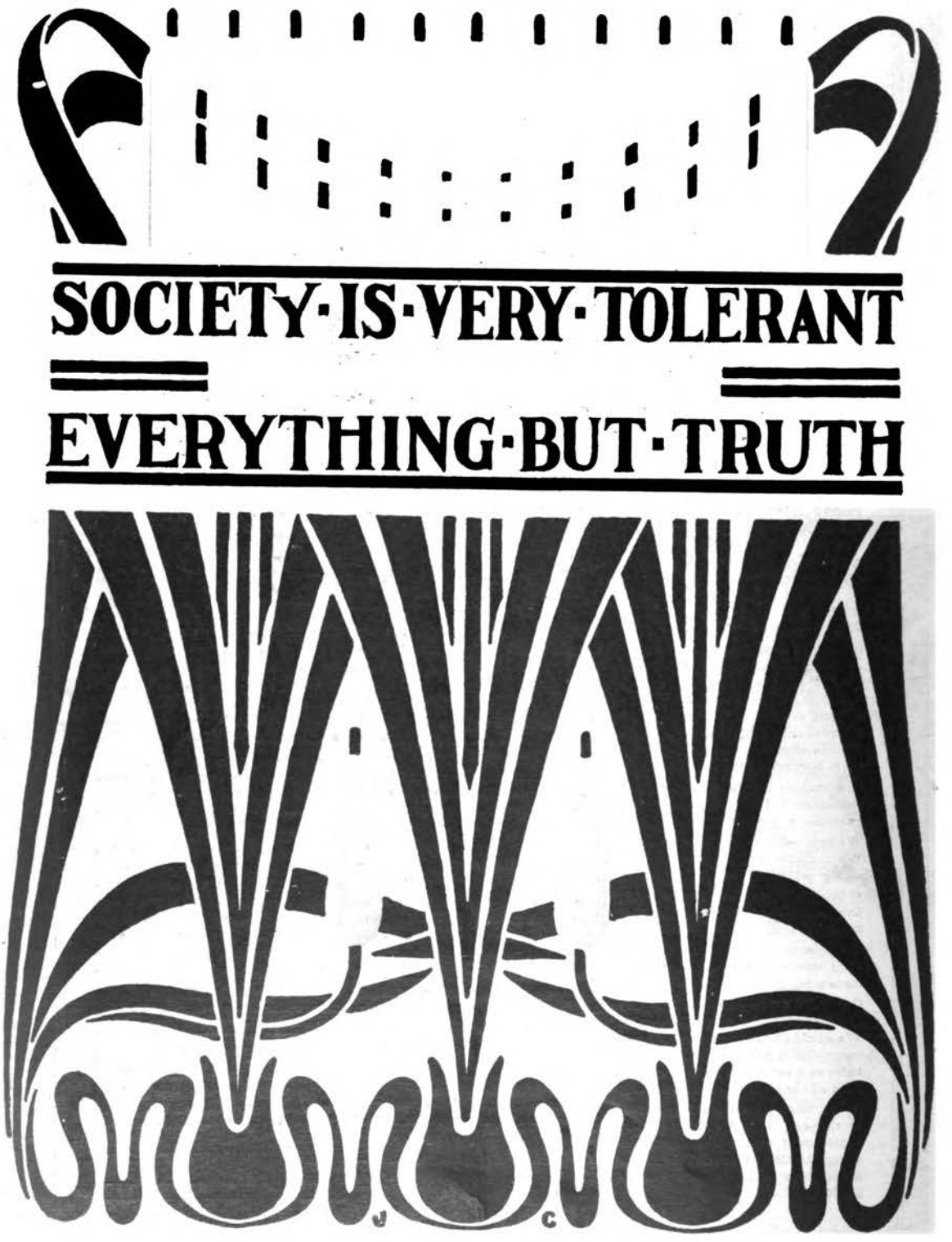
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